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THE

WORKS OF VIRGIL

Translated into English Verse

WITH VARIORUM AND OTHER NOTES AND COMPARATIVE READINGS

BY

JOHN AUGUSTINE WILSTACH
(COUNSELOR AT LAW)

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

Virgil.

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To

MY FRIEND, EDWIN ARNOLD,

AUTHOR OF

"THE LIGHT OF ASIA,"

WHO, IN THE CHARIOT OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE,

HAS BORNE

THE BRIGHTEST RAYS OF THIS LIGHT

AROUND THE GLOBE.

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THE VIRGILIANS.

UNDER the title of "THE VIRGILIANS" (a phrase which, in its use as a substantive, I ought, perhaps, to beg pardon of an offended public for originating) I propose to treat of all those scholars, including the unknown, but not unhonored, writers of the extant manuscripts, who, by their labors, their learning, or their genius, have contributed to perpetuate or illustrate the works of our author.

My performance will suggest, rather than fulfill, the programme which I announce; but it seems to me that even a meagre review of the long array of able and gifted names which crowd this department of literature will be esteemed, in the interest of classic annals, and as aiding to trace the laureled path wherein these peerless poems have walked for nearly twenty centuries, a not unwelcome nor unworthy service.

THE WRITERS OF THE MANUSCRIPTS.

The partial manuscripts, those into which has gnawed most deeply the tooth of time, are, naturally, the oldest; yet these are not known to reach back to the time of VIRGIL, or further back than the last century of the empire. To the writings of that age is applied a term which, in an abbreviated form, the Civil Code perpetuates, that of codex, a comparative modernization of caudex, a word descriptive of a leaf of wood, coated with wax, whereon the earlier Roman penmen wrote with an inkless pen, and bound, with its fellow-leaves,

in a square, or nearly square, form. The word distinguished the book from the more ancient and cumbrous roll called the volumen, a designation which in our word "volume" we have inaptly revived; but I prefer to use, instead of so obsolete and unexpressive a term as codex, the more convenient and sufficiently designative name of manuscript.

From the ark of the dark ages has come forth no original manuscript known to be of the Augustan era. As of Greece, so also of Rome, no traces of the works of her scholars or statesmen exist, except such as bronze or stone have preserved. These materials, interpreted by tradition or by minstrelsy, alone have rescued a few of the records of these once dominant, and still dominant, nations from successive storms of barbarism and successive centuries of neglect. All that suggests, in the history of those manuscripts which have survived to our times, that brilliant period of arts and arms and letters is the reproduction of one of the Vatican manuscripts, emanating, in 1741, under the editorship of the learned Bottari, from the Roman Apostolical Chamber at the Marble Foot. On my last visit to Rome, this same Marble Foot (sandaled, and in length not less than *four* feet), the fragment of an ancient colossus, probably of Minerva, was in position just opposite the site of Pompey's Temple of Minerva, on the sidewalk of the street connecting Minerva Square with the Corso, the *Via del Pié di Marmor*. This colossus VIRGIL himself may have seen; and it is safe to say that this foot has kept its place, with little change, as united with the colossus and as a fragment, through almost two thousand years, and yet survives, almost in the very track wherein it aided to uphold the gleaming form of the wise and pure Goddess.

Of the extant manuscripts, those which are supposed to be the most ancient are comparatively trifling remains of the text and of a commentary. The remains of the text are called the *Pithœan Fragment.* This manuscript is remarkable for the circumstance that its capital letters are of a size larger than those of any other extant manuscript. The remains of the commentary are known as the *Sangermanian Book.* Only glimpses of the commentary can be seen; only occasionally has the erasing hand spared a letter or a group of syllables, wherein the manuscript is seen to have possessed rare beauty of form; over it has been written a Catalogue of Illustrious Men, the work of some penman of the seventh century. The name of the Virgilian commentator appears to be Asprus, a rough name, if we understand it as spelled more fully Asperus, but probably a name not indicating his treatment of our poet.

Of manuscripts which approach completeness, the most ancient are those preserved in the Vatican Library, one of which I have just mentioned. They are of the fifth, possibly of the fourth, century. The one I have just mentioned embraces fragments of VIRGIL from the Third Georgic forward. The second is more complete, as it embraces the Pastorals, the Georgics, and the Æneid. The parts in which it is imperfect are the Eighth and Ninth Pastorals, the Second Georgic, and the Second, Third, and Fifth Books of the Æneid. This manuscript is profusely ornamented with miniature portraits of the principal characters mentioned by VIRGIL in the course of the poems. The third, which is known as the *Palatine Virgil*, because once in the Palatine Library, embraces the Pastorals, Georgics, and Æneid, but is in a wretchedly imperfect state.

Next in order of antiquity is a manuscript, once in the Vatican, and now in the Laurentian Library at Florence, known as the *Medicean Virgil.* In the year 494, still in the fifth century of our era, a learned reviser of the text, then a Roman consul, at a time when we may suppose manuscripts were numerous, placed his name and date at the close of the Pastorals: Turcius Rufius Apronianus Asterius. If we should pause again to note the peculiarities of proper names, I might suggest that Asterius is a name worthy to take the lead among the Virgilian stars.

By my cousin, Mrs. Mary Harris, a resident of Florence, I have been favored with a carefully-prepared facsimile copy of the first four lines of the Æneid of this manuscript: —

ARMA VIRVMQ: CANO TROIAE QVI PRIMVS AB ORIS
ITALIAM FATO PROFVGVS LAVINIA VENIT LITORA
MVLTVM ILLE ET TERRIS IACTATVS ET ALTO
VI SVPERVM SAEVAE MEMOREM IVNONIS OB IRAM

This manuscript excels all its rivals in completeness. The only portions which it lacks are the first five Pastorals and the sixth as far as the words:

> "Prœtides implerunt."
> With lowings feigned of *Prœtus' daughters filled.*

On this manuscript the Abbé Sestini, in 1722, published a dissertation.

The Library of Verona boasts a palimpsest, VIRGIL'S text partly erased, and over it written the commentary by Gregory the Great on the Book of Job. The manuscript of the commentary belongs to the eighth century, but the Virgilian text seems to have as great an antiquity as the palimpsest I have above described, the *Sangermanian Book.* By experts in the study of diplo-

matics it is assigned to the fourth or fifth century, while some of them are even inclined to assign it to a still earlier date.

The manuscripts which follow are inferior in age, and generally inferior in completeness, to those I have described, and I shall only throw upon them a hasty glance in recording the names of the revisers to whose zeal and diligence their preservation and comparison are due.

Among these later manuscripts, Joseph Pierius Valerianus gives us the names of those entitled the *Oblong* and the *Lombard:* the *Oblong* so called because distinguished by its shape from the more ancient codexes, which were in form square, or but little higher than broad; the *Lombard* so called because the pride of the scholars of Lombardy.

Two ancient manuscripts have been ennobled by the careful annotations of Petrarch. One of these, belonging to the Ambrosian Library, is known as the *Ambrosian* manuscript. The other is without name, but Baldelli records that in it Petrarch wrote a memorial of the death of Laura.

Coifanus found in the Vatican Library another ancient Lombard manuscript, and records the existence of manuscripts called the *Ascanian*, the *Galesian*, and the *Fulvian.*

Cardinal Bembo describes a manuscript in fragments, but afterwards thought by Bottari worthy to be edited by himself, and now in the Vatican Library. This cardinal mentions also another, containing, though in an imperfect state, the poems of VIRGIL'S boyhood, one of which, the Culex, he tried his hand at restoring; and another belonging to the Academy of Pontanus.

Ursinus describes still another Vatican manuscript,

another Lombard manuscript, and yet another of very great antiquity, whose only designation is that it had been the property of one Philelphus.

The works survive of Macrobius, a commentator of the fourth century, whose intelligent estimate of our bard exalted him beyond the reach of praise or censure: "Such is the glory of MARO that no man's praise can increase it, no man's censure can diminish it."

It was in this century that Constantine the Great added his name to the roll of illustrious and imperial scholars who have made of VIRGIL a special study, and who by writing and by speech have contributed to the elucidation of his works.

The labors of Manutius, Naugerius, Commelin, Beauclerc, Fabricius, and Pullman gave respectable aid in the correction and exposition of various manuscripts; and the merits should not be forgotten of Julius Pomponius Lætus, whose joyful surname has given occasion to his critics to speak of him, with facetious gravity, as Pomponius the Unfortunate.

Mentioning merely the Barthian manuscripts, three in number, we come to the thirty made memorable as the field of the labors of Nicholas Heinsius (more tersely known as Nic. Heinsius), a scholar who devoted to his Virgilian studies the learned industry of thirty years, pouring upon the text, by the enthusiastic testimony of Heyne, a flood of light. I may only mention among these the *Mentelian*, the *Montalban*, the *Vossian*, and those of the Venetian, Leyden, and Hamburg libraries, and the *Moretan* Fragment.

Follow these other manuscripts mentioned by Burmann, Cunningham, Martyn, and Scaliger: that of the Royal Library of Paris; those called the *Parrhasian*,

the *Francian*, the *Gothic*, and the *Tollian;* those of Claremont and Lubeck; those of Orville and Van der Wall, and De Witt of Amsterdam. The researches of Martyn related only to the Georgics, but for their illustration he had access to manuscripts in the Royal Libraries of London and Cambridge and the Bodleian at Oxford, to those denominated the *Arundelian*, and to those in the possession of Doctor Mead, a scholar to whom has been applied, with fond exaggeration, the epithet of immortal.

THE COMMENTATORS.

The names of some of the commentators have already been mentioned in connection with the manuscripts. The art of printing came in the fifteenth century, and the number of VIRGIL's works which "the art preservative of all arts" has thrown upon the world is matter of wonder. The last four hundred years have seen, each year, without, it is said, the omission of a single year, at least one edition; and at times, and not seldom, a single year, that the measure of the centuries might be overflowing, has produced three, or even four or more editions.

It is not my purpose to construct what would form a tedious and monotonous catalogue of these publications, but I shall endeavor to group the names not already given of the illustrious scholars who, in these latter centuries, have given to the public, in judicious and learned comments, the results of their zealous and intelligent labors.

The rising art was connected with the name of the Roman bard as early as the year 1467, when Bottari, the librarian of the Vatican, gave to the world, under the auspices of a scholarly and popular pontiff, Paul the

Second, the first printed copy of the Vatican manuscripts.

I may pause to note how Rome (and the same is true of all Italy), how all Italy is scrupulous to mention with prominent honor the names of her artists. The title-page of this monumental work records that it was made "in domo Petri de Maximo per Conradum et Arnoldum, Teutonicos" (in the house of Peter of the Most High by Conrad and Arnold, Germans). It will be observed that the designation of the printers, like that of the proprietor of the printing-house, is primitive. We know not the family name of the publisher, but the annals of the typographic art inform us that the full names of the printers were Conrad Sweinsheim and Arnold Pannartz. Many other editions of this work have followed, the first being in the year 1471, by the same printers, and under the superintendence of Joseph Andrea. And, in the mean time, in 1470, a sumptuous edition had been issued in Venice, known as the first Venetian edition, from the publishing house of Vindelimus de Spira.

Appeared also in 1471 an edition of the entire works of VIRGIL, including the Culex, Dirae, Copa, Est et Non (which may suggest the Everlasting Yea and the Everlasting Nay of Carlyle, and which will receive mention again in the Minor Poems) De Rosis, Moretum, and Priapeia, but issued under circumstances of singular modesty. Neither the title, nor any part of the work, nor any preserved history of its origin, allows us to know the names of its city, its editors, its publishers, or its printers. The date alone is preserved. A copy of this work, which is in folio, constitutes one of the treasures of the Library of Paris.

Before the close of the year appeared still other Ve-

netian editions, two in number. One of these was the first edition by Baldarfer, the errors in which were afterwards corrected by Barruffaldi. The other was a further edition by Baldarfer aided by Carbo. These editions were accompanied by the commentary of Maurus Honoratus Servius, a work of the fourth century.

In the same year was issued at Florence an edition accompanied by the same commentary ; and in the same year appeared other editions, accompanied by this commentary, in Rome and Ferrara.

The year 1472 produced four editions, three of them emanating from Venice. One of the Venetian editions contains the supplemental Thirteenth Book of the Æneid by Veggio Maffei, a poet of the fifteenth century, then recently deceased, whose performance is praised by Scaliger and Vossius, but of which it is sufficient to say that, although Virgilian in style, it is not VIRGIL'S. This edition is edited by the Fivizani Brothers, Jacob, Baptist, and Alexander. The fourth edition makes no revelation of its place of publication. Some conclude that the place was Ferrara, and that its publisher rejoiced in the name (at once suggestive of muscular Christianity and Christian muscularity) of Benedictus Hercules. It is known that this happily and forcibly named publisher did issue an edition two years afterwards. Others conclude that the honor of this publication belongs to Milan, and that the publishing house was that of Philippo di Lavagnia. No conjectures are offered as to the name of the editor.

The remainder of the fifteenth century, a period of only twenty-eight years, produced no less than sixty-nine editions, of which the more prominent editors were those then known as the five commentators: Servius, Landinus, Mancinelli, Donatus, and Calderini. In

some of these editions the Minor Poems, including the *Ciris* and the *Moretum*, are made prominent. Beroaldi was also conspicuous at this period as a commentator on the Pastorals and Georgics.

We come now to the sixteenth century, wherein the Aldine editions attained their celebrity and the five leading commentators increased to ten, the names of those increasing the favored list being Beroaldi, Probus, Dathus, Ascensius, and Pierius. New names were also Sabinus, Junta, Aldus, Torrentini, Erythæus, Van Meyen, Stephan, Melancthon, Stygelius, Scaliger.

It must be confessed that Aldus in his first edition easily earned his fame. His editorship was employed in making only five trifling suggestions as to the wording of as many unimportant phrases, which careless copyists of the manuscripts had made only in a slight degree obscure.

Among the Virgilian publications of this century appeared occasionally separate editions, devoted to the Pastorals and Georgics, or to the Georgics alone, and in some instances to the Minor Poems. Among these Virgilians, one with the sad name of Gogrevio published, in 1566, what he called a simple and dilucid metaphrasis (simplex et dilucida metaphrasis) of the Pastorals. And another, with the Hellenic cognomen of Pamph (going to the other extreme), published, in 1583, a translation of the *Pollio* in Greek. And, in 1585, Riccius attempted the Georgics in German (a work at so early a date unusual, if not unprecedented). In 1589 appeared Frischlein's paraphrase of the Pastorals and Georgics. The *Ciris* and an *Elegy to Messala* constituted the subjects of a separate brochure (of course in Latin), published at Paris in 1590. One of these commentators was Goveani, whose comments

Stephan characterizes as a sink of the foulest errors (fœdissimorum mendorum sentinam). We shall soon see that this style of criticism embraced England in its travels, and that Dryden made free use of it.

We arrive at the seventeenth century, the century of Daniel and Nicholas Heinsius, father and son, the latter of whom attained the greater eminence, and whose labors I have already mentioned.

Deserves mention here Gentilis, a professor of Jesus College, who prepared for his eight year-old son a series of Virgilian Readings on the Pastorals, wherein he took occasion to discourse learnedly and well upon the Roman Civil Law.

Other distinguished names of this era are La Cerda, Taubmann, Pontanus, Farnabius, and La Rue. The work of La Rue, published in 1675, and written in the Latin language, was prepared for the instruction of the Dauphin, the heir to the throne of France, and is known as the Dauphin edition, or "Editio Delphini." It has had a long and prominent and useful place in literature. To him and to Nic. Heinsius, Lauderdale and Dryden were largely under obligations.

To this century belong the famous Elzevir editions. The Elzevir family (finally established at Leyden) have entitled themselves to the gratitude of scholars, if only for their introduction of the distinctions in print between *i* and *j*, and *u* and *v*, — distinctions which the tendency of modern progress is to destroy again, and which, in fact, in recent editions of Conington, I find abandoned.

The eighteenth century gives us the dissertations of Averanius and Correa and Fogginius and Cooke; the criticisms of Holdsworth and Spence and Philippe and Wakefield and Warton; and the splendid editions of

Baskerville, published at Birmingham, and Bottari's edition of the Vatican manuscripts. And the more modern Virgilian literature claims with pride the names of Valpy, Wagner, Ribbeck, Nöhden, Walckenar, and Voss; Mattaire, Forbiger, Keightley, and Gossrau; and Bryce and Kennedy.

And now arose Heyne, whose labors, beginning in the year 1767 and culminating in the year 1775, entitle him to the praise of having attained the highest position among the critics of VIRGIL, — a position which, up to the present date (and it is now more than a hundred years since he wrote), he still maintains without a rival. Indefatigable in searching out and applying to his purposes every source of knowledge, he advances his opinions without presumption, and accompanies his comments, at times, with a pleasing facetiousness, which serves to show us the kindliness of his nature and his enjoyment of whatever of humor may sparkle in his field of effort. In the succeeding work I have usually bowed to his authority; but I have always reserved to myself the right to examine the arguments advanced by himself and others, and, at times, to advance and advocate those which my own examination of the text and of its history have suggested.

Two works, earnest and valuable contributions to this branch of literature, although intended in general for the use of schools, I have also consulted, and have found to contain valuable summings-up of Virgilian points and arguments, and these are the annotated editions of Cooper and Anthon, the latter being limited to the Æneid. Similar works, but not so extensive, are those of Hanson and Rolfe, and Stuart and Chase.

We now dismiss the editors of the text, and devote ourselves to the translators.

THE TRANSLATORS.

In tracing the progress in this regard of English Virgilian literature, we go back to the sixteenth century. The year 1540 marks almost the first steps taken by an infant, since grown to flourishing manhood. No other or further achievement had been made up to that date (if we except the Caxton mentioned below, and which was not a translation from the Latin) than the translation of five (this number being only one half of the ten) Pastorals, by translators whose names are lost; the Pastorals being (if we except the aggregate of miscellaneous and disputed poems and fragments), the smallest division of VIRGIL'S entire works. And yet this date was three hundred years after the birth of the English language, and one hundred years after the invention of the art of printing.

It might be said, parenthetically, that the English language, as we understand and speak it, owed its origin to the union of the Norman and English races following the Conquest. The Anglo-Saxon speech was not properly a language: it was only a modification of a German dialect. As a power in literature the Anglo-Saxon speech went out with the life of Harold, on the 14th of October, 1066, in the midst of the carnage of the field of Hastings. The conquering Frankish speech came in from Normandy. A hundred and fifty years after this battle brings us to the birth of what is properly called the English language, about the year 1200, the beginning of the thirteenth century. At that date a work by Layamon, entitled the *Romance of Brutus*, was found remarkable enough to cause its adoption as a monument to fix the point of origin of a new tongue, a composite one, blended of Anglish-Saxon, of Frankish

Latin, and of Latinized Greek, — that language which, for convenience named English, now challenges the mastery of the Empire of Literature. It seems worthy, too, of remark that the work of Layamon, which fixes the birth of the language, was a *translation* from a French poem by Wace, and that it traced the origin of the earliest dynasty of England to the adventures of a colonist from *Troy*, like Æneas a fugitive, even *with* him a fugitive from the flames of the same city.

The work of Wace is in extent immensely voluminous. Its translation by Layamon reaches the extraordinary number of nearly thirty thousand lines. A peculiar feature of Layamon's lines is that they are strangely blended of rhyme and blank verse, the latter predominating; and their chief characteristic is an euphonious alliteration, which the northern nations, following southern examples, prized above rhyme.

Before the year 1500 Caxton printed an English translation of Roy's translation of the Æneid, or rather of his paraphrase of the Æneid, into a French romance in the French language, a performance which excited the vehement contempt of Bishop Gawin Douglas, of Dunkeld, whose translation we will presently mention. "This no more resembles VIRGIL," says the Bishop, "than the devil does St. Austin."

In 1553 came the translation by our good Bishop (Gawin Douglas, of Dunkeld); ten or eleven syllabled and rhymed; an ambitious labor, and one to which he conceived himself invited by the voice of a heavenly herald in a dream; but this translation was limited to the Æneid (including the supplementary Thirteenth Book by Maffei), and was written in a Scottish dialect, almost unintelligible at the present time. Its choice was dictated, apparently, by considerations of patriotism, a

power which would seem to be felt even in the minds and hearts of churchmen: the heavenly herald wore, perhaps, the plaid of a Scottish clan, and the good Bishop doubted not that the speech of his native hills and lakes was rising to become the imperial tongue. The title of the Bishop's book is as follows:

"The xiii Bukes of Eneados of the famose poete Virgill Translated out of Latyne verses into Scottish metir, bi the Reuerend Father in God Mayster Gawin Douglas Bishop of Dunkel and Onkil to the Erle of Angus. Euery buke hauing his perticular Prologe.

Imprinted at Londõ 1553."

A brother of the Earl of Angus, and father of the Bishop, was that Archibald "Bell-the-Cat," whom Scott names in his "Marmion:"

"And from a loop-hole while I peep,
Old Bell-the-Cat came from the Keep,
Wrapped in a gown of sables fair,
As fearful of the morning air;
Beneath, when that was blown aside,
A rusty shirt of mail I spied,
By Archibald won in bloody work
Against the Saracen and Turk."

The Earl of Surrey next published, in 1513, his curious version, in an obsolete Scottish dialect, but noticeable as in blank verse, and limited to the Second and Fourth Books of the Æneid.

Phaer's achievement, which comes next in order, is of the date of 1558: the first seven Books of the Æneid, in fourteen-syllabled rhyme. Phaer, in his preface, says he wrote his translation in *defense* of the English language,—a language which he admits was, in his time, "discommended by many, and esteemed by some to be *more* than barbarous." Phaer afterwards translated further on, but stopped part way in the Tenth Book, and,

dying, Twyne performed, in 1584, the remainder of the translation, including the Thirteenth Book by Maffei.

The work, at that date, was a wide step in advance, and, to this day, unobscured by all its quaintness, it has obvious merits. We may pause to remark upon the rapidity of its accomplishment. My experience follows that which Johnson records as Dryden's, that a translation of seven lines of the original to the hour, making eight to twelve of the translation, is fair progress; yet here we have, by the entries made at the end of each Book, Phaer's own testimony that he translated the first seven Books in the astonishingly brief periods of eleven, twenty, twenty, fifteen, twenty-four, thirty, and twelve days, respectively, an average of less than eighteen days to each Book. On each Book he must therefore have worked with extraordinary application, and on the first not only in the hours of daylight, but far into the night of every day. Pious and accurate, his affix to each Book is in the Latin language. That to the first is as follows:

"DEO GRACIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, 25 Maij finitum. Inchoatum 9 ejusdem, 1555, in foresta Kilgerran South-Wallie. Opus 11 dierum."

Twyne followed, in this respect, his example, and thus recorded his completion of the Tenth and Thirteenth Books:

"DEO GRACIAS.

Inchoatum per Thomam Phaer, finitum Londini per Thomam Twynum, 23 Maij, 1573. Opus 7 dierum per intervalla."

"DEO GRACIAS.

Per Thomam Twynum finitum, 26 Octobris, 1583, Lewesiæ apud Meridionales Saxones, opus furtivarum horarum plurium."

Thus Phaer introduces to the world the first seven books:

"Maister Phaer's Conclusion to his interpretation of the Æneidos of VIRGIL by him converted into English verse:

"Thus far both (good readers) as well for defence of my countrey language, as also for honest recreation of you, the Nobilitie, Gentlemen and Ladies, that study no Latin, I have taken some trouble to express this most excellent writer as far as my simple abilitie extended."

And the dedication, by Twyne, of the Phaer and Twyne Æneid is to Thomas Sackvil : "the rare hope and *only expected Imp* of noble roots."

If we step over a chasm of a hundred and forty years, we find that Dryden has the honor of accomplishing, in 1697, the first English translation (with the unimportant exception of Ogilby) of the full works of VIRGIL (excepting only the Minor Poems and Fragments) in ten-syllabled rhymes. This was four hundred years after the birth of the English language. That language had ripened into a rich and flexible tongue, already worthy of its imperial destiny; and, although it has since improved, no author, either in England or America, has yet been found whose attempts have equaled in pretension or in popularity this achievement, the last great work of a poet who, for a time, wore the crown of Laureate of England.

But before we examine further his merits and demerits, let us take a general view of the field of Virgilian literature during all the time from the date of Phaer forward.

Since the date of Phaer, among the names famous in Italian, Spanish, and French Virgilian literature may be

mentioned those of Caro and Fabrini, Leon and Yriartes, Segrais, Catrou, Fontenelle (whom Dryden calls "the glory of the French"), Lille, Duperron, Desportes, Nisard.

And as to the English translators I recall the following:

In 1587 the Pastorals were translated by Abraham Fleming. His lines, which have earned him a favorable mention, were in twelve-syllabled blank verse.

And about the same time appeared the work of Richard Stanihurst, a translation of the first four Books of the Æneid in English hexameters, which has been made the subject of severe criticism, but which, in 1836, was reproduced by the Edinburgh Printing Society. Praised by Sir Philip Sidney, and styled by Camden "eruditissimus ille nobilis," he seems to have disfigured his work by some strange conceits of phrase. Instead of singing arms and men, he amazes one by saying that he "chaunts manhood and garboiles;" he makes Æneas say to Dido:

> "You bid me, O princesse, to scarifie a festered old sore;"

when Jupiter touches the lips of Venus, as a priest would touch the chalice containing the sacrificial wine, he describes the God as

> "Bussing his pretty prating parrot;"

and little Ascanius (parvulus Iulus), in the role of Cupid at the royal banquet, figures in his lines as "a dandiprat hopthumb."

Ogilby professed to give the Pastorals, Georgics, and Æneid, but his work failed to secure recognition. He received the praises of Phillips, the nephew of Milton, in his Theatre of the Poets (Theatrum Poetarum), but by other critics he has been made the subject of severe

handling. Pope pronounced him below criticism. One of the panegyrists of Dryden says of him that he was "mature in dulness and Holborn doggrel;" and another speaks of him as "the mangling Ogilby," and of his pen as "a presumptuous quill."

Brady attempted a translation of the Æneid. Of this attempt Dr. Johnson, using a domestic metaphor, says that, "when dragged into the light, it did n't live long enough to cry."

With not much better success Trapp, the Oxford professor of poetry, attempted a translation of the Æneid, and afterwards added to it the Pastorals and Georgics. "His book," says Dr. Johnson, in his life of Dryden, "may continue in existence as long as it is the clandestine refuge of school-boys." Indeed, the boys themselves seem to have treated their benefactor to a Pasquinade:

> "'Better than Virgil? Yes, perhaps!'
> 'Why, yes, by Jove, 't is Dr. Trapp's.'"

Pasquin here would serve to remind one of Martin's praise of the translation by Dryden of Horace's Ode to Mæcenas (the 29th of the Third Book), which Martin (a translator of Horace) declares surpasses the original, and of Hallam's story of Folengo, the inventor of the Macaronic verse, who, on hearing it insinuated by a friend that his epic was not better than the Æneid, flew into a towering rage, and destroyed the manuscript which possessed such extraordinary merits. But Heyne calls the Oxford professor the "Bonus Trappius," and he undoubtedly has many good points. The metre Brady employed I have not been able to learn; that of Trapp was blank verse. The misfortune of both these versions seems to have been their nearness to Dryden: his grand career had scarcely achieved its first quarter of a century.

To Addison and Cowley, translators of portions of VIRGIL'S works, and to the anonymous author of "The Power of Love," a translation of part of the Third Georgic, Dryden, in his postscript, acknowledges his obligations. In the same connection, he praises Lord Roscommon's Sixth Pastoral, *Varus*, and Stafford's Eighth and Tenth, *Enchantress* and *Lycoris*, and also Stafford's rendering of that part of the Tenth Book of the Æneid describing Camilla.

The names of Churchyard, Fanshaw, and Boyd are found among the Virgilians of this era; and Wroth, May, Waller, and Godolphin were translators each of a single Book of the Æneid.

Harrington, Borde, Lodge, Vicars, Howard, Davidson, Milbourn, Markland, Wakefield, Blackmore, Andrews, and Owgan I dismiss without date or other remark.

In 1794 appeared the Æneid in blank verse by Beresford; in 1807 Sargent published his translation of the *Culex;* in 1845 Henry his blank-verse version of the first two Books of the Æneid; in 1847 King's Æneid appeared, and in the same year Kennedy's; and in 1870 Worth's burlesque paraphrase of the Æneid in prose. And a good prose translation of VIRGIL'S entire works is the recent one by Lee and Lonsdale.

Wrangham translated the Pastorals, and Sotheby the Georgics, and my good opinion of both of these translators will be made manifest in my notes.

Among American publications, I recall the prose translation of the Æneid in 1796 by Alexander; and that of the first six Books of the Æneid in 1849 by McFarland; and that Bowen published, in 1866, the text of the Æneid with English notes. Vaill and Preston are also American names: Vaill's is a burlesque paraphrase

in rhyme of the First and Fourth Books of the Æneid, rendered with rare humor, and with unusual ease of versification, published in 1870; Preston's, a rhymed translation of the Georgics, published in 1881, on which I have sufficiently remarked in my notes.

We may at this point refer also to a name which belongs to both countries, England and America, — for although a native of Pennsylvania his bones repose abroad, — and that is Granville Penn, the grandson of the founder of Pennsylvania, and great-grandson and biographer of Admiral Sir William Penn. Granville Penn is an author of the beginning of our own century. Without attempting translation, his study of VIRGIL is said to have been wide and critical, and he produced an erudite volume, published with rare typographical elegance, devoted to the *Pollio* alone. I speak with praise of its erudition and typography, but I cannot praise its argument. It labors to prove the Cumæan Sibyl's prophecy, set forth in the *Pollio*, to be a mere prediction of Augustus and the Augustan Age, a labor in which he was compelled to desert even Gibbon, who with candor consents to the unanswerable proposition of the Emperor Constantine that this prophecy foretold Christ and Christianity.

Reference is also due to the Virgilian Dissertation of D. A. Casserly and that of W. L. Collins. I will refer, further on, in connection with the mention of Cranch, to the work of Sandys, the first American VIRGILIAN.

The translation of the Æneid by the Earl of Lauderdale, ten-syllabled and rhymed, existed in manuscript before Dryden betook himself to the task. Much of the fatigues of translation on Dryden's part consisted in copying Lauderdale's lines and phrases. In Dryden's preface he substantially admits this, in saying that to

the Earl he rests under obligations "not inconsiderable." As a matter of fact, statistically stated, the obligations consisted of the borrowing here and there of near four hundred of Lauderdale's verses with scarcely a syllable of change, and of the appropriation of a thousand more with very slight change. These loans, voluntary or forced, amounted in volume to nearly two Books of the Æneid, or one sixth of the entire work. These facts became patent when Lauderdale's manuscript appeared in print.

THE VIRGILIANS OF THE VARIORUM NOTES.

I begin now a series of hurried sketches of those VIRGILIANS, quotations from whose works make up my variorum notes. In those notes these translators are accorded the opportunity to speak for themselves, and the amplitude of comment I have allowed myself in the same connection leaves me but little to say here. As to some of them, indeed, I have already said all that I design to say. But as to others, especially those whose fame is linked with the Æneid, I deem it my duty to avail myself of this opportunity for the expression of both praise and censure, glad to award the former, and reluctant to inflict the latter.

DRYDEN.

The prestige of Dryden's fame, the inferiority of the productions preceding his own (excepting Lauderdale's), and the tame character of those succeeding his times, have combined to give him the field in this department of literature for nearly two hundred years, as Phaer held it before him for nearly a hundred and fifty. From the time of the death of Milton, in 1674, up to the date of his own death in 1700, Dryden retained the throne

of English poetry. England hailed him as her idol. His very vices of style and taste were appetized by that age: an age in which scurrility passed for wit, in which it was considered the proper thing for noblemen and poets to hire ruffians to cudgel their rivals, and in which the description of the corpse of a small-pox patient was selected as suggesting metaphors suitable for the début of a bard.

And this idolatry, as it had surrounded his person, remained with his fame. Even Macaulay, writing as late as 1828, joined the throng of the worshipers, with the statement, which seems to me to savor of the preposterous, that after Dryden's death English literature *retrograded*, and that a hundred years were necessary to bring it back to the point at which he left it. "With him," says Macaulay, "died the secret of the old poetical diction of England — the art of producing rich effects by familiar words. In the following century it was as completely lost as the Gothic method of painting glass." I find I cannot adopt this opinion, so forgetful of the earlier and later lights of the Eighteenth Century, of Pope and Thomson and Collins and Gray and Goldsmith and Cowper, and so egotistically leading one to the date of Macaulay's birth, the year 1800, the completed century from the death of Dryden. Macaulay, it seems to me, is as much mistaken in this as he is in his statement that Dryden had a special love for Shakespeare, one of the elements in the literary character of the Laureate which Hallam, a keener analyst than Macaulay, had found did not exist.

And as to the translation of VIRGIL, no critic of note, with the exception of Milbourn, could be found to pronounce against it until the year 1837, one hundred and forty years after the date of its publication, when

Hallam, like the Hebrew seer descending from Sinai, and bringing with him the tables and the thunders of the Law, thus smote the idol and thus chided the idolaters: —

"Of Dryden as a translator, it is needless to say much. In some instances, as in an Ode of Horace, he has done extremely well; but his VIRGIL is in my apprehension, the least successful of his chief works. Lines of consummate excellence are frequently shot, like threads of gold, through the web; but the general texture is of an ordinary material. Dryden was little fitted for a translator of VIRGIL: his mind was more rapid and vehement than that of his original, but by far less elegant and judicious. This translation seems to have been made in haste: it is more negligent than any of his own poetry; and the style is often almost studiously and, as it were, spitefully vulgar. . . . Nothing quenches the flame of poetry more than this fear of the prosaic multitude, this deference to mere men of the world, unless it be a community of habits with them, a life such as these poets generally led, of taverns and brothels, or what came much to the same, of the court. We cannot say of Dryden that 'he bears no traces of those sable streams;' they sully too much the plumage of that stately swan; but" (Hallam is careful to add) "his indomitable genius carries him upwards to a purer empyrean."

To pursue the metaphor of Hallam: some of Dryden's lines are good, those wherein he soars into the "purer empyrean;" many of them are bad, those wherein his plumage is sullied by those "sable streams;" while the majority of them are indifferent, those wherein he wanders over common fields or tracks the dust of the common highway.

He seemed to lack in high appreciation of character. Men he held in no esteem, except from motives of self-interest, and women he despised. It is the malignant libel or ignorant blunder of some anonymous writer, penning an introduction to Dryden's Æneid, that VIRGIL never mentions, in the whole Æneid, "one good woman!" The libeler or ignoramus learned this from Dryden himself, the *only* other person who ever said it; and it is said in utter and reckless contempt of the facts. "A superb copy, perfectly *clean*," was the praise of an old copy of Dryden's Virgil which I found lately in a book-list; but the remark had no application to the character of the author; it belonged exclusively to the careful printer and neglectful owner.

I infer, from a comparison of Dryden's translation with the text, that his knowledge of the Latin language was deficient. I infer, too, that his mind was dwarfed by constant staying at home; at least I cannot learn that he had ever traveled. He had certainly never been in Italy. His circle was limited, as he admits in his Dedication to Clifford, and his scorn of obnoxious individuals in that circle was intense. Of this a marked case in point is his treatment of his benefactor, Lord Howard. But others he hailed with enthusiasm, and listened to with loving appreciation, or held as willing captives to his own harangues. Will's coffee-house was glad to claim him as its oracle; and, when he came to bespeak patronage for his work, three Dedications in the same volume, and each to a several friend, attest his powers, even to volubility, in the use of courtly compliments. I find that even here Hallam condemns him, not for garrulity, but for vulgarity. "He forgets, even in his dedications," says Hallam, "that he is standing before a lord."

His dislike towards Italian authors seems to have been particularly pronounced. He thus breaks out upon Fabrini: "Fabrini I had sent me from Italy, but either he understands VIRGIL very imperfectly, or *I* have no knowledge of my author." And upon Caro: "His translation is *scandalously mean.*" But Caro was the Dryden of the Continent, and his lines enjoy the same censure which attaches to those of Dryden: they were wanting in condensation and in fidelity to the original.

I have already referred to the obligations under which he admitted that he rested to Lauderdale. In the matter of criticism he was under similar obligations to Segrais, which he admits, but with an air of petulance, possibly on account of the rival nationalities: "Him I follow, and what I borrow from him am ready to acknowledge to him; for, impartially speaking, the French are as much better critics than the English as they are worse poets."

In the first page of his work, his dedication to Clifford, the whilome Laureate speaks in pathetic terms of his work as the wretched remainder of a sickly age; and in his last pages, in his postscript to the reader, he deprecates criticism with the same pathetic appeal, declaring that he wrote struggling with wants, oppressed by sickness and curbed in his genius, expressions which only need the emphasis of the final fact that within three years from the date on which he thus addressed his patron and his readers he was numbered with the dead.

PITT.

Pitt's translation, which is also in ten-syllabled rhyme, appeared in 1729 and the five or ten succeeding years, and is limited to the Æneid.

This translation, even by the reluctant admission of Johnson, seems to have been a work of genius. "It 's as good as a play" to follow Johnson in his Life of Pitt, and see how what the good Doctor denies in one paragraph he concedes in the next. The zeal for debate, which was a leading characteristic of Dr. Johnson, even drove him at times to question the very thoughts of men. As in his Life of Swift, he does not allow Swift to state the cause of his own lack of health.

"The success of his translation of Vida's 'Art of Poetry,'" says the Doctor, "animated Pitt to a higher undertaking; and in his thirtieth year he published a version of the first Book of the Æneid. This being, *I suppose*, commended by his friends, he some time afterwards added three or four more; with an advertisement in which he *represents* himself as translating with great indifference, and with a progress of which himself was hardly conscious. *This can hardly be true*, and, if true, *is nothing to the reader*."

But the Doctor soon makes reparation for this assault, by saying that at last, without any further contention with his modesty or any awe of the name of Dryden, Pitt produced a complete English Æneid, which in all respects compares favorably with that of Dryden, and admits that he united to candid and pleasing manners eminent talents in poetry. The popular palm, however, still remained with the English Laureate; but Pitt won with the critics a wide and favorable reputation, which remains to this day. The adoption of the rhyming metre, identical with that of Dryden, presented the temptation of adopting at times the very words, the very lines, the very rhymes, of his predecessor, and this Pitt does not deny having yielded to, his delinquency in this respect extending,

according to his own statement, to the number of sixty verses.

Warton was the intimate and admiring friend of Pitt, and supplemented his Æneid by a translation of the Pastorals and Georgics by himself. The whole work, Pitt's Æneid and Warton's Pastorals and Georgics, were carefully published with the annotations and under the editorship of the latter.

SYMMONS.

The translation of Symmons, also in ten-syllabled rhyme, appeared in 1816, and is also limited to the Æneid.

The interval, it will be observed, between Pitt and Symmons is nearly or quite the round and lengthy term of eighty years. Pitt, although he found it convenient to follow sparingly the example Dryden had set in borrowing by wholesale from Lauderdale, possessed, besides his pure and pleasing manners, an independent soul. Not so Symmons. Still rhyming, still in the same metre as Dryden and Pitt, he sets up Dryden as his idol, indeed so much his idol that he devotes a laborious preface to his exaltation, and, that the act of slavish homage may be more complete, disparages, even abuses, in the same preface, Milton and Cowper.

His fulsome adulation of Dryden, his helpless prostration before VIRGIL, rob him of all manliness and make his name of translator a mockery. Indeed, he gives up the task in the beginning. In his very title-page he admits defeat in advance, in the words descriptive of a horrified dream which VIRGIL uses to describe the hunted anxiety of the unhappy Turnus about to fall by the sword of Æneas: —

> "Non lingua valet."
> And while we onward strain we fall, and *fails*
> *The palsied tongue.*

He prostrates himself before Dryden in the very attitude and words of the slaughtered Lausus before Æneas, and speaks of his translation as a mangled ghost, like that of the mutilated Deiphobus in the world of shadows.

The motive for so ostentatious and abject an assumption of inferiority it is hard for me to comprehend. To do something feebly and at a distance from an unapproachable master, and that mastership itself presumption in the attempt to perform impossibilities, seems to be the servile theory of this translator, himself possessed of grace of diction, and not wanting, on occasions, in dignity of style.

CONINGTON.

The translation of Conington appeared in 1866, and, like that of Symmons, is limited to the Æneid. Conington uses the rhymed eight-syllabled metre, like that of Sir Walter Scott, and it must be admitted that his lines have occasional charms. But, in my estimate, he throws away, in the selection of his metre, the opportunity to set forth his author.

Conington has also edited the text. In this editorship, too, it seems to me he is a hurtful guide, even to himself. In more than one instance his translation is at variance with his text. His text discards the improvements introduced by the elder Elzevir; and not only so, but goes back to the older, known as the rougher, more barbarous, modes of spelling. To follow such rude precedents argues not only lack of taste, but lack of learning. It is a concession to a supposed

morbid desire on the part of the public for anything novel. And, as matter of history, such rude following is really to depart from the more ancient usage, for the oldest manuscript in the Vatican follows not the rougher, but the smoother, pronunciation. It does not say *inpositi*, but *impositi*; not *adcelera*, but *accelera*.

CRANCH.

To pass again to America: the first attempt in America to translate any part of the works of VIRGIL seems to have come from Virginia. It was a translation, in 1682, of which I have not been able to find a copy, of a portion of the Æneid, by an author who revealed only his initials: "G. S." His surname has since been conjectured as Sandys. This author is possibly one of the descendants of a distinguished scholar and traveler of the same name, whom Pope and Dr. Johnson have made prominent as the translator of Ovid and other authors. English poetry, Pope declares, in his notes to the Iliad, owes much of its beauty to Sandys' translations, and Dr. Johnson places them in favorable contrast with those of Ogilby. Two brothers of this name, Sir Edwin Sandys and George Sandys, were successively colonial treasurers of Virginia, and the latter retained his office until the dissolution of the London Company by King James in 1624. In speaking of the first treasurer, Bancroft says: "The system of representative government and trial by jury was thus established in the new hemisphere as an acknowledged right. . . . The London Company merits the fame of having acted as the successful friend of liberty in America. It may be doubted whether any public act during the reign of King James was of more permanent or pervading influence, and it reflects glory

on the Earl of Southampton, Sir Edwin Sandys, and the patriot party in England, who, unable to establish guaranties of a liberal administration at home, were careful to connect popular freedom so intimately with the life, prosperity, and state of society of Virginia, that they never could be separated."

George Sandys published, in 1615, a book of Asiatic, Egyptian, and Italian travels, and in 1621 a translation of the first five Books of Ovid's Metamorphoses. In the same year he became colonial treasurer of Virginia, where it is recorded that the useful arts owe to his inventive powers the building of the first water-mill ever constructed. He continued his classical labors, and published, in 1625, after his return to England, the remaining Books of the Metamorphoses. He also wrote metrical versions of Job and the other poetical Books of the Old Testament. His works were reproduced in England, in 1872, under the editorship of Hooker. The son or grandson, nephew or grand-nephew, of this poet, statesman, traveler, or inventor, the second or third George Sandys, may be the "G. S." of our annals, as it is natural that he should seek a country where his ancestor had established so enviable a fame.

After the American Sandys, one hundred and ninety years elapsed, when *the first American translation of the entire Æneid in verse* was made. This was the work of Cranch, produced in blank verse in the year 1872. My criticism upon the work of Cranch is that, possessing, as the author does, a rich fund of poetical gifts, he has made, in his zeal for fidelity, too tame a rendering; that he has descended to the literal and succumbed to the prosaic.

To condense: the first English translation, therefore,

of the full works of VIRGIL (the Minor Poems and Fragments excepted) dates as of the year 1697, nearly two hundred years ago; and up to the date of the undertaking I now have in hand no American translation has yet appeared of the full works. It is now proposed, in the year 1882, nearly seven hundred years after the birth of our language, and, if this date be important, four hundred years after the discovery of America, two hundred years after the first American attempt, and nearly two hundred years after the English achievement, with our language in its full, perhaps its greatest, development, and with the rich accumulations of Virgilian efforts, successful and unsuccessful, at our service, to build a new translation of the full works.

But we must pursue, in the order of their dates, our mention of the other VIRGILIANS of the Variorum Notes.

MORRIS.

Before the honored name of Morris, duty and inclination alike lead me to make an act of homage. His work, in quaint fourteen-syllabled rhymes, made its appearance in 1875, and is, within the limits which he prescribed for himself, a perfect and unique achievement. In one respect, indeed, Morris's work borders on the marvelous. In that respect it seems to me to belong to the miracles of literature. I mean its faithfulness to the original, and that faithfulness in the most difficult feature, — a faithfulness which I would have said was impossible, unless Morris, by his singular and exalted success had demonstrated its possibility; had shown himself at the head of an escarped height which all had declared insurmountable, standing there (in Milton's phrase) "with his garlands and his singing robes about him." This achievement consists

in his having followed VIRGIL line for line; so that when you read in his margin the number of his line, you read also the number of VIRGIL'S, and when you have arrived at the end of the entire Æneid you have read as many lines of Morris as there are of VIRGIL, and none more, and none less. And this is, as far as I know, an unique and unparalleled achievement. Thus, in that passage in the Second Book which describes the serpents who overpowered Laocoön, select, if you please, the 210th line of the text: —

> "Ardentesque oculos suffecti sanguine et igni."
> Their ardent eyes suffused with blood and fire.

You will find that Morris's 210th line is the same:

> "The burning eyes with flecks of blood and streaks of fire are stained."

Take the 440th line of the Fifth Book: —

> "Aut montana sedet circum castella sub armis."
> Or with his bands
> Some mountain-fortress strong besieges close.

You will find that Morris's 440th line is the same: —

> "Or round about some mountain-hold the leaguer setteth down."

Turn to the close of any book, and you will find that VIRGIL's lines and Morris's number exactly the same. Thus the last line of the Eighth Book is the 730th: —

> "Attolens humero famamque et fata nepotum."
> While lifts he high as reach his shoulders broad
> The fame and fortunes of the future Rome.

And the last line of Morris's is the 730th: —

> "And on his shoulders bears the fame and fate of sons to be."

The difficulties of Morris's task may be inferred from the fact that an American author who attempted it in blank verse (Vaill) gave it up after the first seven lines

of the First Book; and completed the remainder of that Book in rhymed couplets of fourteen syllables each, without reference to identity of line for line; and in pursuing his work (the Fourth Book) lapsed into the convenient ten-syllabled rhyme, still without heed of the hopeless task of translating line for line.

But these bonds Morris has found incompatible with entire clearness of style and entire independence in the selection of words. He has loaded his genius with shackles, but the beauty, the dignity and the grace of his utterances shine through them all, like these entrancing qualities in the Greek Slave shining through the marble shackles of Powers. And even in his assumed quaintness Morris does not depart far from his original. For, in certain portions of his narration, VIRGIL seeks, in preference, for quaintness, and goes back to antiquated phrases. Thus the "olli" and "aulai" and "aquai" of VIRGIL, may, at least in part, excuse the "wains" and "gear" and "garth" of Morris.

A most adroit and cultured latinist, his line for line with VIRGIL mars not the harmony of his periods, nor detracts from their elegance and pathos. Each long Alexandrine of the Briton represents faithfully each stately hexameter of the Roman. Not often do the tenderest shades of meaning of the Roman suffer. The list of Morris's ignorings is not lengthy. My study of his version has been a continuous journey of delight. I had not before known that one could so appreciate and so represent him who deserved the titles of Dante:

> "Glory and light of all the tuneful train!"

PIERCE.

There has been a time when VIRGIL was popularly appreciated. The Emperor Alexander Severus placed

the image of the poet, as an object of worship, among his penetralian Gods; the women of Mantua held a tree near their city sacred to their beloved bard, and there resorted for religious worship, and, under the new faith, joined his name in their litanies with that of St. Paul, who, it is said, on his visit to Naples, wept at his tomb, grieving that his apostleship came too late to claim as a convert to Christianity the author of poetry so full of divinity. VIRGIL, by a popular apotheosis, was ranked with Diana and Mercury; the daughters of Atlas, the Pleiades, were known as the Virgilian stars; his birthday, the 15th of October, was kept as a public holiday; the learned ladies of Rome wearied their husbands and friends with recitations of favored portions of Pastoral, or Georgic, or Æneid, and with discussions on the respective merits of the several poems. Nothing in the career of the detestable Caligula earned him more of public horror than his expressed desire to destroy the works of VIRGIL. Even the cynical Niebuhr went as a pilgrim to his tomb, and preserved as relics the sprays of laurel which he gathered there; and the fond superstition of the middle ages invested him with magical powers, imagining that he built in Rome a palace of wonder, wherein every whisper in the city could be heard, and where stood a miraculous statue of bronze, and shone the light of a lamp which continued to burn long after the fall of the Empire; and that the palace was surrounded by a garden more beautiful than that of Paradise, and abounding in varied fruits, charming to the eye, and luscious to the taste.

I hope I may contribute somewhat to restore this appreciation. The task seems to be a needed one. For it is only a few months since I was thrown into business

relations with a gentleman of some fame in literature, who warmly resented the casual, and as I supposed incontestable, remark on my part that "the Æneid is a military poem." It is, however (the wrong-headedness of this able gentleman to the contrary notwithstanding), a story of battles and sieges and the storming and sacking of cities. Such a story loses something if it be not treated by one under military prepossessions. It were better if the treatment were from one having military experience. And it is precisely herein that the translation of Pierce is of value.

At the date of his translation a captain in the 21st Infantry, his work was done in camp in the intervals of military employments, in the lulls between protracted campaigns on a frontier crimson with perpetual battle. The result is a translation which forms, in one of the most important points, a valuable addition to Virgilian knowledge. For, until Pierce, VIRGIL was a better soldier, and knew more of the names and manœuvres that belong to war than any of his critics or of his translators.

His work is in rhythmic prose, and appeared in the year 1879, and is limited to the Æneid.

LONG.

The translation of Long also appeared in 1879. It is in blank verse, and is limited to the Æneid. This translation has some merits, as my notes will show, but it would have been a better performance if the author had given to it a wider scope of study and more time.

HISTORY OF MY METHOD.

Intending, at the outset, to attempt only a translation of the First Book, or, at the utmost, the First and Sec-

ond Books of the Æneid, I began the present work (which now embraces a translation of all of Virgil's works, including notices of the Minor Poems and Fragments) on a day which I did not at the time know was a day described by VIRGIL as propitious, — the seventeenth day of the month, the month being January of the year 1880. Proceeding to the close of the last Book of the Æneid, I bethought me to make my work complete by adding the Pastorals and the Georgics. I finished the full work of translation with the last line of the last Georgic on the fourteenth day of April, 1882. The time employed, therefore, in the full original work of translation was two years and twenty-seven days, and this in the intervals of leisure spared from other duties. To this time should be added some days more, employed in preparing the notices of the Minor Poems and Fragments. And the general labor of revision and engrossing occupied still further time. As the work of translation progressed, the article now under my pen, to which I have given the name of "THE VIRGILIANS," took form. The entire time employed, while greatly exceeding in its ratio that employed by Phaer, fell short of that employed by Dryden. He, however, ignored Phaer, and, though leaning upon Lauderdale, derived no aid from Ogilby, his immediate predecessor, and the ill health of the veteran made his labors lag. I have had the benefit not only of the labors of Dryden, but of all the other Virgilian commentators and translators of whom I have just closed the review.

As I proceeded in the work, my own curiosity prompted me to note the variorum readings, and a large number (not all) of the instances wherein my predecessors had, from what cause soever, *ignored* important words or features of the text. Opportunities

I observed which my predecessors had neglected, of worthily setting forth the text. Occasions, too, I observed where, as I understood the text, they had misrepresented it. These notings make the respective Tables of Ignorings and New Readings, which will be found in their proper places. I noticed, further, how persistently VIRGIL put his heroes, and even his Gods, under the dominion of Fate (a force representing our Great First Cause); and how he intended to give his works (a thing unnoticed by former Virgilians) a *dramatic* cast, and to that end had inserted certain lines lacking length, that the lack in length might be supplied by an emotional pause or struggle of feeling, as in the works of the dramatists; and in the same connection I noticed his speeches and his similes. Of these matters, fate lines, imperfect lines, speeches, and similes, I have also prepared tables, which will be found in their proper places.

I have sought also to illustrate the text by certain comparative readings, from poets antedating VIRGIL, as Theocritus, Hesiod, and Homer, whom in certain passages he imitated (usually to improve upon his originals), and from poets succeeding VIRGIL, as Tasso, Thomson, and Collins, successors who imitated at a distance and feebly, as the moon reflects the light of the sun.

My notes embody, also, my personal observations of the localities and objects mentioned in the several poems.

Other minor matters, as the nomenclatural, the numerical, and the definitional novelties, came to me as I proceeded in the work, and I believe will be found a great assistance to the understanding of the subjects treated in the poems, and to the consultation, by learned

people, of the original text in combination with my work and the works of others. The nomenclatural novelties embrace new titles to the books of the Æneid: *Juno*, *Troy*, *The Sea*, *Dido*, *Sicily*, *The Sibyl*, *Latinus*, *Evander*, *Turnus*, *Pallas*, *Camilla*, *Peace;* new titles to the Georgics: *Crops*, *Fruits*, *Stock*, *Bees*, and new names to three of the Pastorals: *Varus*, *The Enchantress*, and *Lycoris*. The Pastorals have also a new classification, suggested by their dates and subjects. The definitional novelties embrace definitions of the words Æs, Avernus, Fama, Numen, Vates, Tufa, Juvenis, and others. Sometimes an old and forgotten definition supplants a modern usurper. There are certain Latinisms, as armipotent, ignipotent, armisonant, ultraly, vulnific, palæstral. For these I do not apologize, as I deem all such coinings a judicious addition to the current medium of literary values. The method of numbering the lines takes no note of the lines of the translation, but gives only those of the original text. VIRGIL'S Preface to the Æneid is newly produced. So is the Invocation to Venus, a marvel of high Latinity, heretofore disregarded in the common mass of his fragmentary writings. The several books have new arguments, prepared with special care for this work. An ample index supplements the work. I know of no metrical translation having any index whatever, and only one prose translation which possesses one, and that inadequate.

It will thus be seen that my work is, necessarily, a self-criticising work; and that it criticises also all other works in Virgilian literature.

I am persuaded, too, that its metre, blank verse, is the only fit vehicle of the heroic, and that it is impossible to make faithful translations in rhyme.

THE IGNORINGS.

In the twenty-third year of the reign of Elizabeth (as shown by the third chapter of the statutes of that year) the Parliament of England passed, and the Queen approved, a law providing that "no fines, proclamations upon fines, or common recoveries shall be reversed for false or *incongrue* Latin (this was in the year 1581), rasure, interlining, misentering of any warrant of attorney, or of any proclamation, misreturning or not returning of the sheriff, or other want of form in words and not in substance." In the same spirit of benignity and benevolence, I would propose (and do now propose) in the parliament of letters, that no translations, annotations, verses, rhymes, hexameters, Alexandrines, long or short, or iambics, pure or impure, be the occasion of striking the same from our lists of studies, wherein may be found false or incongrue *English*, ignorings, amplifications, misinterpretations, or non-interpretations, or other want of form in words and not in substance. Indeed, I would go further, and in the sweeping and incredible terms of a resolute law of the twenty-eighth year of Henry the Eighth (1537), as shown by the twenty-eighth section of the seventh chapter of that reign, I would move the lords and commons of literature that such benignant, benevolent, and curative statute should never be repealed, and that "any *future* act contrary to the effect thereof shall be void and of no value nor force." But where the lack is in substance, and not in form, I claim the right to speak. And at the same time I claim credit herein for absolute good nature and moderation. It is in no spirit of bitterness or superciliousness that I make these comments on the carelessness or the disdain of gifted and learned men.

Had I noted every ignoring, this feature of my work would have seemed to swallow up all others. So, to many of these peculiarities I closed my eyes. To those which came thronging upon me I gave a stately, rather than a cordial, welcome. I refused to look for others. I applied a softer name to many. And it is a pretty and charitable question to ask, how many of these ignorings which demand recognition result from haste, and which from convenience. From whatever cause, however, they originate, they are equally undeniable. Those resulting from haste, it might be supposed, would be supplied in editions following the first. If they continue to be adhered to, we must conclude that haste had nothing to do with the offence, and that the translator has sought to waive aside, in the manner of Podsnap, that which he could not comprehend.

THE FATE LINES.

VIRGIL'S verses adopt the philosophy of that Tuscan picture commemorated by Orelli: the form and shape of all the structures of man are fixed by Fate; and in the highest roof-tree of the palaces of Kings and of the temples of the Gods, Fate drives her adamantine nails. Fate is the supreme magistrate, who, according to the Tuscan usage, which the Romans adopted, keeps the record of the year by driving, at the ides of September in each successive year, a nail into the wall of Jove's own temple. The public annals were kept, as Livy phrases it, "clavo ab dictatore fixo." This doctrine of Fate seems to conform to the Christian one of a Great First Cause, still superintending and controlling the career, and keeping the record, of creation. To this Fate VIRGIL makes the Olympian Gods bow in submission: the Fate of VIRGIL is higher than the Gods.

The initial sentence of the Æneid declares Æneas to be by *Fate* a fugitive ; and at times the Fates, in the plural, are mentioned, as is natural in a system recognizing a plurality of Gods ; and at times, also, Fate is recognized under the name of Fortune or Doom, as in the speech which Juno addresses to the unhappy Juturna, an unsuccessful suppliant for her aid : —

> While Fortune seemed to grant and Fates allow
> To Latium prosperous days, so shielded I
> Thy brother and his walls. Now I behold
> His warrior-heart by Fates unequal met.
> Hastens the day which doom for him reserves
> And hostile force. . . . It may so be that time
> Hath for the wretched better things in store.

THE SHORTER LINES.

The imperfect lines, to be found throughout the Æneid, to the number of forty-nine, have been always a subject of curious comment. My theory as to these lines is that, in the majority of instances, they were intentional : in the narrative portions, to mark an interval of time in the narration ; or in the spoken portions, to note the emotion of the speaker. In the small minority of the instances it is also possible that they mark the hesitation of the poet. Two of these hesitating instances, now, of course, not noticeable in the text, are said to have occurred in successive lines, the 164th and the 165th, of the Sixth Book : —

> "Misenum Æoliden . . .
> Ære ciere viros . . . ."

The first the poet supplied in the leisure of his study, the second in the heat of recitation before Augustus, so that the completed lines were made to read as they now appear : —

"Misenum Æoliden quo non præstantior alter
Ære ciere viros Martemque accendere cantu."

Misenus son of Æolus, than whom
None more excelled by bronze in stirring men,
And whose keen blasts might fire e'en Mars himself.

A story as to the series of imperfect lines connects itself with the names of Varius and Tucca, and also of Augustus himself. Varius (who was a poet of note, but of whose writings scarcely a fragment now remains) seems to have been what we would call his literary executor; Tucca his general executor; and, as written wills were then the rule in Rome, it may yet eventuate that some happy archæologist may, in some library or in some Pompeiianed depository of archives, stumble upon the written will of VIRGIL, covered with the dust of thousands of years. Varius and Tucca, it is said, were commanded by VIRGIL, on his death-bed, to add nothing to his shorter lines. They heard his dying request that the Æneid should be destroyed. They observed to him that his friend the Emperor would not permit it. "Be sure, then," he said, "to add nothing to those lines of the poem which I have left apparently incomplete."

At least, such is the account by Donatus, adopted by Moreri. The account given by Pliny, Aulus Gellius, and Macrobius only differs in this, that it was Augustus who enjoined the executors to add nothing to the shorter lines. The difference seems not of much moment. Both accounts tend to establish the general proposition that the lines were regarded by VIRGIL, or by Augustus, the special patron of his work, and presumably in possession of his reasons and wishes, as not requiring further completion. The poet could hardly have desired the whole poem destroyed because there

existed in it a few uncompleted lines, — lines which he had years before published to the world as parts of his poem. But the true reason, I think, must be looked for in the innate modesty of VIRGIL, which, in his last moments, seemed to master even his knowledge of his popularity and his ambition for posthumous fame. He had proposed to himself the stupendous task of following Homer and walking in his footsteps, of bringing down the Tale of Troy to his own times, of connecting it with the annals and the families of Rome. He supposed he had failed; he was anxious that his failure should be buried in the charity of the tomb; but his own contemporaries and all posterity have thought otherwise. The voice of the people has declared the disciple to have been worthy of the master, Paul to have well deserved of Gamaliel, and the Greek poems of Troy and of Ulysses to have received new lustre and significance from their Italian companion of Rome and Æneas.

I may add that Cowley, in his Davideis, leaves imperfect lines in imitation of VIRGIL, who, he contended, designed to leave them imperfect. This opinion Dr. Johnson combats, but Cowley, it seems to me, is right. Johnson himself observes of Cowley that he was among those who freed translation from servility, and, instead of following his author at a distance, walked by his side.

It may be interesting to note the numbers of the Speeches, Similes, Fate Lines, Shorter Lines, Ignorings, and New Readings. There are, as I count them, of the Speeches, three hundred and seventy-seven, including nineteen colloquies, three singing-matches, six soliloquies, five songs, and twelve invocations; of the Similes, one hundred and seventy, or, if the groups be separated, two hundred and thirty; of the Fate Lines,

seventy-nine, which further search might increase to a hundred; of the Shorter Lines of both descriptions, fifty-six; of the Ignorings, which involve two hundred and ten passages of the text, four hundred by the several translators examined; and of the New Readings, fifty-eight.

The number of Speeches in the Minor Poems and Fragments is two; in the Pastorals twenty-three; in the Georgics forty-nine. The Book of the Æneid having the largest number is the Seventh, containing thirty-nine. It will be remembered that this Book contains the conferences between the Æneans and the Latins, and the excited rumors and gossip among the Latins themselves leading to the war. The Books having the smallest number are the Third and Eighth, containing seventeen each, and each recording a voyage, and devoted principally to the description of natural scenery.

The number of Similes in the Minor Poems and Fragments is four; in the Pastorals thirty-four; in the Georgics thirty-two. The Book of the Æneid having the largest number is the Tenth, containing twenty. The book having the smallest number is the Third, containing four.

No Fate Lines are noted in the Minor Poems and Fragments; in the Pastorals one only, the utterance of the Sibyl in Pollio; in the Georgics seven. I have noted none in the Third Georgic, and only one in the Second, the "inexorabile Fatum" of VIRGIL himself. The Book of the Æneid having the largest number is the Seventh, a Book full of Doom, containing ten. The Books having the smallest number are the Second, Sixth, and Twelfth, containing four each.

The Shorter Lines are a peculiarity of the Æneid

alone. They appear in the greater number in the Second Book, a Book abounding in intense feeling, where there are nine. None are found in the Twelfth Book, except a short line complete : —

"Turnus ad hæc:"

These facts seem to sustain my theory that, in general, the lines not obviously complete are emotional. These emotional lines are wholly wanting in the Twelfth Book because, as I think, there was no call there for pauses of feeling ; the story was hurrying to its close.

No Ignorings are noted in the Minor Poems and Fragments, and the First, Second, and Fifth Pastorals. The number noted in the other Pastorals is fifteen; in the Georgics seventy-seven. The Book of the Æneid having the largest number is the Fifth, containing twenty-eight; the Book having the smallest number is the Second, containing sixteen. And as to participation in the Ignorings by the several translators examined, my figures enable me to make the following report : —

PASTORALS.		
Wrangham	14	*greatest.*
Dryden	7	*least.*
Lee and Lonsdale	1	(prose).
GEORGICS.		
Sotheby	40	*greatest.*
Dryden	37	
Preston	31	*least.*
Addison (translator of only part of Fourth Georgic)	8	
Cooper	9	(prose).
Lee and Lonsdale	7	(prose).
ÆNEID.		
Dryden	61	*greatest.*
Conington	38	

Symmons	35	
Pitt	30	
Cranch	21	
Pierce	19	
Morris	12	
Long	9	*least.*
Segrais (only portions of his translation examined)	4	
Addison (translator of only part of the Third Book	3	
Byron (translator of only part of the Ninth Book)	3	
Cooper	4	(prose).
Lee and Lonsdale	4	(prose).
Anthon	3	(prose).

In the matter of Ignorings the greatest offender among all the translators is Sotheby, who, in the Third Georgic, without any explanation or apology, ignores no less than one hundred and seventeen lines, divided into six several Ignorings of ten, two, six, twenty-two, three, and seventy-four lines each, being nearly one fourth of the entire Georgic.

I suggest no New Readings in the Minor Poems and Fragments and the First, Fifth, Seventh, Ninth, and Tenth Pastorals. The number suggested in the other Pastorals is six, and in the Georgics fourteen. The Books of the Æneid having the largest number are the Ninth and Tenth, containing seven each. The Books having the smallest number are the First and Sixth, containing one each, the word given to Æneas, and pious promptitude conceded to the Æneans.

THE IMITATORS OF VIRGIL.

I come now to mention, rather than to treat of, my Comparative Readings. And here I might give a wide

latitude to my steps, but I have placed them within limits which my readers, I think, will pronounce reasonable.

In speaking of a modern Latin work by Guarini, called the "Piscatory Eclogues," written in Latin verses, and in imitation of VIRGIL, Dryden says in the favorite style of his times: —

"I will say nothing of these, because no modern Latin can bear criticism. 'T is no wonder that, rolling down through so many barbarous ages, from the Spring of VIRGIL, it bears along with it the filth and ordure of the Goths and Vandals."

This opinion of Dryden, even apart from its offensiveness in point of expression, will not bear criticism; for, to say nothing of Ceva, Rapin, Lille, and Santeuil, Addison and Johnson wrote Latin verses which compare favorably with those of Horace and VIRGIL, and Ben Jonson had declared, with absolute truth, that the talent of imitation is one of the endowments indispensable to constitute a poet.

Indeed, in whatsoever language our poet was imitated, the original seemed to have the virtue of making the imitation a success. On such imitations Garcilaso de la Vega made his Spanish Pastorals a success; from such, Rapin derived the bloom and fragrance of his French "*Gardens;*" the graceful melody of the imitations of Nic. Heinsius made him famous as "the swan of Holland;" and every hum of the Italian "*Bees*" of Rucellai, and every drop of honey in their hives, is borrowed from the bees and the hives of VIRGIL.

This virtue, reaching to the language of England, formed an element in the fame of Thomson, as the Comparative Readings I have given in many places will

amply attest; and Tasso has so largely drawn upon VIRGIL for the materials of his "*Jerusalem*" that I ask pardon for enumerating here a large number, not all, of the incidents in his magnificent poem, in which he is little more than the mere copyist of his countryman.

In his Fourteenth Canto, Tasso leads into Paradise Godfrey to see Hugo, who counsels the recall of Rinaldo, the incident and the interview being plainly suggested by the descent of Æneas into the Lower World, and his interview with Anchises. And, in the very manner of Aristæus visiting, under the guidance of Arethusa, the cave of the Nereids, to lay his woes before his mother Cyrene, Tasso makes an ancient hermit lead two knights, Charles and Ubaldo, into the submarine residence of a "courteous wizard," to ask counsel of him. In the Thirteenth Canto, Tancred in the enchanted forest is merely a repetition of Æneas in the sack of Troy, and Tancred and the shade of Clorinda are mere reproductions of Æneas and the shade of Polydorus. In the Sixteenth Canto he paints on the panels of Circe's palace-doors the battle of Actium, almost in the very words which VIRGIL uses in describing the same scene on the shield of Æneas. And in his Seventeenth he invests Rinaldo with a miraculous shield, on which are pictured the glories of his descendants. And as in VIRGIL'S story of the fraud of Sinon, so Tasso sends Armida into the Christian camp to attempt a deceit upon Godfrey; but Tasso, as though instructed by the error of Priam, makes Godfrey refuse her his confidence until Eustace had strongly urged him, Godfrey declaring that his consent was given against his own judgment. So, in his Seventh, in imitation of VIRGIL'S story in the Fourth Georgic, Tasso paints a frugal bee-keeper on the banks of the Jordan,

who grants an asylum to the hapless Erminia. Tasso's Clorinda is a mere copy of VIRGIL'S Camilla, with but few new touches, although it must be said that these new touches glow with the brilliant tinting and abound in the luxurious elegance of style peculiar to the author of the modern epic.

To mention other parallels: In the Fifteenth Canto Dido's anger towards Æneas is repeated in Armida's anger towards Rinaldo; in the Eighteenth, the Archangel Michael addresses to Godfrey the same words which Venus addresses to Æneas at the sack of Troy; and in the Nineteenth the incidents of the death of the pagan Argantes follow those of the death of the atheist Mezentius; in the Eleventh, Godfrey and Erotinus and an angel are merely the wounded Æneas and Iapis and Venus, and Godfrey is healed with the same dittany. So in his Twelfth, when he describes the descent of Clorinda and Argantes into the field of battle, he merely translates the speeches and parodies the incidents of the attack by Nisus and Euryalus upon the Latin camp; and Arestes tells of Clorinda the history which, in the Æneid, Opis tells of Camilla. Rinaldo, breaking down the doors of the Temple of Solomon, is merely another Pyrrhus cleaving his way through the doors of Priam's palace. And in the last Canto he describes Godfrey at the head of his army in Jerusalem in almost the identical words in which VIRGIL describes Æneas at the head of his army in Carthage. He even uses VIRGIL'S names, describing with imitatory profusion of phrase the state and power of *King Latinus from the Tiber.*

In the interest of Ariosto, Galileo labored to prove that Tasso was in large measure the imitator of Ariosto. He need not have stopped at Ariosto. He should have gone back to the fountain-head, VIRGIL.

THE CHOICE OF VARIETIES OF VERSE.

In the best age of Roman literature VIRGIL himself has given us the examples of the different uses of the two leading modes of rhythm: when he would ridicule a rival poet, he employs rhyme; when he would build the lofty eulogy of Rome, he uses blank verse.

Dr. Johnson, although one of the champions of rhyme, admits, in his life of Thomson, that rhyme is alike unfavorable to the wide reach of general views and to the detail of special circumstances, and that one of the necessary effects of rhyme is the cutting up of the sense. This seems to me an arraignment of rhyme as severe as any of its enemies could desire. It condemns it not only as tending to injure the expression of expanded thought, but as hindering a due method in the arrangement of circumstances.

Pope himself, as though conscious that, in his translation of the Iliad, he had made an unwise selection of rhyme as his vehicle, took, in his British epic, the chariot of blank verse, — a selection which awakes the ire of Johnson, wholly devoted (except when writing the biography of a blank-verse poet) to the rhyming method. So Johnson proceeds to flout the whole enterprise. The hero of the new epic, he says, was Brutus the Trojan (he who we have seen in our review of the Translators presided over the birth of the English language). Brutus' establishment of a colony in Britain he declares to be a ridiculous fiction: the subject one belonging to the fabulous age; and the actors a race upon whom imagination had been exhausted.

Dryden says (in his Preface to VIRGIL'S Pastorals) that on the close of their empire the Romans *doted* into rhyme.

This is testimony from an expert: and it suggests the question, Why did Dryden (except to gratify a low public taste) *dote* into rhyme?

Dryden complains that VIRGIL'S opulence in words had, towards the close of his translation, beset him with difficulties almost insuperable of finding English equivalents. This is not strictly true: VIRGIL'S opulence in words is here exaggerated. Even with VIRGIL'S unexampled opulence in words, he had, before reaching the close of his poem, exhausted, and was driven to repeat the vocabulary of phrases and epithets; and the same phrases and epithets, military, rural, and historical, meet us again as old and welcome friends. Dryden had another and a greater fatigue, which harassed him to the end, and that was to devise English rhymes, and those for a translation the original of which was unrhymed, and where, in obedience to the demands of rhyme, he was constantly compelled to sacrifice the sense of his author.

But I know that this question is largely one of taste, and therefore I forbear to press the argument. I find that even Symmons, mild and humble usually, as a divine should be, yet, in his advocacy of rhyme, becomes pragmatical and overbearing; and, naturally enough, his chief argument against the advocates of blank verse is that *they* are pragmatical and overbearing. This seems a fair analysis of Symmons' preface on this point (and his preface is almost exclusively devoted to the point), and I think it must be admitted is a fair analysis of every argument which touches upon questions of taste.

I may say, however, that rhyming leads one, and sometimes compels one, to say what the sense without the rhyme would have suggested to have left unsaid.

Hence the soaring poet has little use for rhyme, and none at all in his highest flights. To Homer and Horace it is unknown, and Shakespeare and Milton use it only in inferior essors. Dante used the triple rhyme, and he is said to have claimed that his rhymes never interfered with the shade of meaning which rested in his mind; but, if he is truly reported, and such interference never existed, the fact must be classified as exceptional, and it seems to me to constitute a proof in itself sufficient to stamp Dante as the possessor at once of rare intellect and of rare fortune. And it is only necessary to turn to the pages of any poet using rhyme, unless we must except Dante, to find instances where rhyme attaches a ludicrous air to subjects and situations not lacking in dignity, and which in those less dignified is an active lever of the laughable. Thus Addison rhymes in his "Ode to St. Cecilia:" —

> "Consecrate the place and day
> To music and Cecilia."

Thus, with less impropriety, he makes his Rosamond say: —

> "Let me appear, Great Sir, I pray,
> Methodical in what I say."

And he closes, quite properly, his comedy of the Drummer with the rhymes: —

> "For which, in humble wise we thank the donors,
> And so we bid good night to both your Honors."

Preston, in the Fourth Georgic, makes "Tartarus" rhyme with "tortuous" (this on the principle, probably, that Tartarus deserves to be spoken against) and "Proserpine" with "divine," — a rhyme which seems to me to stand in need of some form of discipline.

But to return to seriousness: it is worthy the noting that Hallam, in sitting as umpire on Lord Howard's

calm advocacy of blank verse as the vehicle of the heroic, and Dryden's angry defence of rhyme as its vehicle, easily decides in favor of blank verse.

The balancing sing-song of rhyme seems ill adapted to the direct vehemence of heroic action. If this proposition needed any illustration, the example of Shakespeare would seem to conclude it. He reserved rhyme for his sonnets and for his minor scenes, but for his debates, his combats, the more important of his soliloquies, and even for those of his episodes wherein dash and vigor enter, he could not dispense with heroic verse, even with all his genius, and with all his ability to make any form of words, with some measure of success, the vehicle of his thought. Two reasons, indeed, out of many, exist which decide, in my opinion, the question of availability in favor of blank verse. One reason is that the speeches require it. No speech can be well rendered into rhyme. Another is that the combats require it. No combat can be well rendered in rhyme. And for ease of description and vigor and sustained elegance of narration, blank verse seems to bear away the palm.

I know that rhyme will pleasantly find its way among unrhymed verses, when dignity does not forbid or cautiousness prevent. VIRGIL's own verses illustrate this remark.

The closing hundred and thirty lines of the Fourth Georgic have a remarkable succession of lines closing in the vowels and in the syllables *us*, *as*, *is*, *um*, and *em*. I quote a few of them: —

> "Verum ubi ulla fugam reperit fallacia, victus
> In sese redit, atque hominis tandem ore locutus:
> Nam quis te, juvenum confidentissime, nostras
> Jussit adire domos."

"Immanem ante pedes hydrum moritura puella
Servantem ripas alta non vidit in herba."

"Quos circum limus niger et deformis arundo
Cocyti tardaque palus inamabilis unda."

"Atque Ixionii vento rota constitit orbis.
Jamque pedem referens casus evaserat omnes,
Redditaque Eurydice superas veniebat ad auras,
Pone sequens, — namque hanc dederat Proserpina legem —
Cum subita incautum dementia cepit amantem."

"Arvaque Rhipæis nunquam viduata pruinis
Lustrabat, raptam Eurydicen atque irrita Ditis
Dona querens."

"Quator his aras alta ad delubra dearum
Constitue, et sacrum jugulis demitte cruorem."

"Ad delubra venit, monstratas excitat aras,
Quatuor eximios præstanti corpore tauros
Ducit, et intacta totidem cervice juvencas.
Post, ubi nona suos Aurora induxerat ortus,
Inferias Orphei mittit, lucumque revisit."

And this rhyme we meet with at the 190th line of the Tenth Book of the Æneid: —

"Populeas inter fondes umbramque sororum
Dum canit, et mœstum musa solatur amorem."

And these at line 804 of the same Book: —

"Ac velut, effusa si quando grandine nimbi
Pracipitant, omnis campis diffugit arator,
Omnis et agricola; et tuta latet arce viator,
Aut amnis ripis, aut alti fornice saxi,
Dum pluit in terris."

In the Pollio we have: —

"Aggredere o magnos (aderit jam tempus) honores,
Cara deum suboles, magnum Jovis incrementum!
Adspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum;
Terrasque tractusque maris cœlumque profundum."

And in the Second Georgic, at line 406: —

"Et curvo Saturni dente relictam
Persequitur vitem attondens fingitque putando.

> Primus humum fodito, primus devecta cremato
> Sarmenta, et vellos primus sub tecta referto;
> Postremus metito . . . laudato ingentia rura,
> Exiguum colito. Nec non etiam aspera rusci
> Vimina per sylvam, et ripis fluvialis arundo
> Cæditur."

And it would not be difficult to find many similar illustrations from translators of the classics. Take this, for instance, from Cowper: —

> "But Hector at the Scæan gate and beech
> Meantime arrived, to whose approach the wives
> And daughters flocked of Troy, inquiring each," etc. . . . .

Under such sanctions I have not cared to prevent the genial intruder from occasionally lurking in my own fields.

In the Tuscan ship "Apollo," Abas, an auxiliary of Æneas, brings, to the war, troops, of whom Populonia contributed six hundred;

> And Ilva's isle three hundred more, an isle
> Whose generous mines a store exhaustless yields
> Of Chalybs' steel; nine hundred thus his score.

Turnus, rising to the stroke, supposed that he had bisected Æneas;

> But breaks the treacherous sword, and in mid-stroke
> Deserts its burning lord.

When Juno warns Juturna that the Fates are against Turnus,

> She, from the height which Alban now
> Is called (though then no name it had, nor naught
> Could claim of honor or renown), looked down
> And saw the field and town.

I may even be excused for alliteration and accidental rhyming occurring all in the same sentence. For VIRGIL's text offers many instances of this peculiarity.

The following, from the Eleventh Book (line 705), may answer as a single instance: —

> "Si femina forti
> Fidis equo? Dimitte fugam, et te comminus æquo. .

Where there was a choice, or sometimes a necessity, of making the line shrink or swell, I have preferred to make it swell: in syllables I have given full count rather than short measure. And I think that, in this particular, the public are inclined to put their poets on the same platform as their purveyors of provisions: they like the baker's dozen of buns; they hail the pound of butter that nimbly turns the scale. I am willing to plead guilty to the offence which brought down upon the minstrel-King of Bucharia the censures of the chamberlain of Lalla Rookh: —

"As to the versification, it was, to say no worse of it, execrable; it had neither the copious flow of Ferdosi, the sweetness of Hafez, nor the sententious march of Sadi; but appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to have been modeled upon the gait of a very tired dromedary. The licenses, too, in which it indulged were unpardonable; for instance, this line, and the poem abounded with such: —

> "'Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.'

"'What critic that can count,' said Fadladeen, 'and has his full complement of fingers to count withal, would tolerate for an instant such syllabic superfluities?'"

The closing of the line, as of the sentence, with one of the minor parts of speech seems a thing desirable to avoid, but this avoidance is not always attainable. VIRGIL did not always attain it. Indeed, it is not always desirable. It sometimes stands in the way of extraor-

dinary force of expression. I might point to numerous proofs of this in VIRGIL, but let one suffice, from the Twelfth Book (line 19): —

> "O præstans animi juvenis! quantum ipse *feroci*
> Virtute exsuperas!"

It is King Latinus speaking of the *savage* valor of Turnus.

The management of the tense, in the narrative parts, has been difficult. It lapses from past to present, and back again from present to past, in ways that seem capricious. The zeal of composition, the play of imagination, excuses them in VIRGIL, and may partly excuse them in his translators.

In general, I have endeavored to attain a literal rendering wherever possible, but not so far pursued as to lead to stiffness, or the appearance of affectation, or inversion, or eccentricity. I have aimed at maintaining, rather, a close adherence to the *sense* of the text, and this so far pursued that, if necessary, four English words, or, if necessary, a whole English line or more, shall do the work of one Latin word, or four English lines (as happens in at least one instance) shall do the work of a single Latin line. And when these two objects have been reached, the reconciliation, as I might call it, of the literal words and the real sentiment, to go no further, to stop at that point, even (in the case of condensation) if words have been saved, and if ten words or less have said in English what a dozen or more have said in Latin. The "eking-out tautology," as Strangford well names it, a blemish in epic poetry from Homer to Camoens, I have sought to avoid.

MY NOTES.

As to my notes and observations: I have endeavored, usually, to adapt myself to the average intelligence of reading people, and in the more learned parts to the average culture of scholars; and besides, in these more learned parts, I have the vanity to think that the most sedulous student will, at times, find himself gratefully impressed by some remark of mine which suggested a fact long forgotten, or a train of thought obviously appropriate to the passage in hand.

There seems to have grown into this branch of literature a fashion for which I can conceive no good reason or excuse. I mean the withholding all notes and observations. These, it seems to me, in writings so suggestive as those of VIRGIL, should find their place in the margin of the translation, and not be left as the sole thunder of the school-books. The sorry fashion to which I allude probably originated with Dryden, who had an ambition to pack all he had to say into a Dedication, — a long, discursive treatise on poetry prefixed to the Translation or to parts of the Translation. These prolix Dedicatory Prefaces are no longer used, but, as returning reason lifts aloft her voice, I think we should return to the explanatory note. Dryden, besides his disquisitions in the Dedications, has notes, in an appendix; but for these he apologizes, calling attention to the fact that they are few, and explaining that they are "*par manière d'acquit*," because he had obliged himself, by articles, "to do somewhat of that kind."

Sotheby, too, in his preface to his translation of the Georgics, apologizes for the introduction of notes. He does it, he says, not of his own judgment, but because

urged to it by others. But what must be thought of notes which are prefaced by an apology?

Conington has twenty-three brief notes to the whole Æneid; Cranch twenty-four; Morris, Pierce, and Long, none.

Pope's method (and I think a still more absurd one than Dryden's) was, in the preparation of the notes to the Iliad, to let out the contract to brother poets, whose work was almost exclusively mechanical, and, in great part, poorly mechanical. This plan naturally fixed the notes in their proper cemetery, an appendix. Pope herein, in arranging a division of labor between poet and annotator, followed the hurtful system prevailing in the English practice of the law, — the division of labor between attorney and barrister. These duties should be united in the same person. In the United States the attorney is that person. The attorney is his own barrister. He may invoke associate counsel. The poet or translator shauld be his own annotator. He may invoke the entire tuneful train to aid himself by their counsel, but not to assume control of any part of the work. Great achievements in literature are not apt to result from the labors of a committee. The study, not the committee-room, originates great works.

In my comments upon my author I have endeavored to avoid the gush and sentiment, the flow of adulation, the *abandon* of panegyric, the excess of eulogy, which, to too great an extent, forms the stock in trade of learned commentators. In this I have sometimes suspected these appreciative people of some business art. For not seldom, at the base of a lame translation, on the pedestal, as it were, of a limping statue, we are called upon to read, "How beautiful is this!" . . . . "How sublime!" . . . . "We are lost in admiration!"

. . . . and like ejaculations. Pitt's ardent and unsophisticated nature makes him, in this vehement style of appreciation, the very Polonius of note-makers. In the First Book of the Æneid, for instance, (at line 148) the scene is Neptune stilling the tempest. Pitt says in a note: "This is a most beautiful and picturesque description. Poussin never painted a more solemn scene. The lines are *very* poetical." And, in the Second Book of the Æneid (line 610), the description of Neptune using his trident in the manner of a crow-bar upon the walls of the doomed city: "This imagery is *prodigiously* sublime," etc.

Nor have I presumed to instruct the learned or the unlearned reader at the recurrence of every classical word or phrase: but I indulge the legal presumption that they already comprehend that Iulus and Ascanius are identical; that the Cocytian maid, Alecto, is so named from Cocytus, a river in Erebus; that Danaan, Argive, and Greek are convertible terms; and that Ilium means Troy and Troy means Ilium. I hope I have avoided the application to myself, by the learned who may honor my work with a perusal, of the remonstrance addressed by a Chief Justice of the Federal Supreme Court to an advocate of my own State: "There are some things, Sir, which you should presume that the Court already knows."

MY STUDY OF THE TRANSLATORS.

It may be that I shall be charged with having profited largely by the hints of others. I admit it and proclaim it. I desire to have it understood that in this business I have done just as I would have done in any other: I have sought information from the best sources.

I claim it as a merit that I have consulted other trans-

lators. If I wanted, at any turn in the text, some aid in a definition or a phrase, or in fixing the sense of a passage, I have sought, in Dryden, what the favorite poet of his age thought of it two hundred years ago; or what Pitt, following the Laureate in the succeeding century, as the representative of a purer era in letters, may have advised; or with what beauty of diction Cónington may have surrounded it; or in what quaint and melodious measures, full of British force and truth, Morris may have sung it; in Pierce, what a soldier might think of it; in Cranch, what shape it might take, coming from the pen of a poet of my own land. I have not gone far beyond these, because the matter of taste is limited, and these, as far as concerns apt translation, apart from the sphere of criticism and comparison, are its chief modern exponents. I have not waked professors out of their sleep for learned hints, nor talked to people on railway trains, where, in the midst of the click-clack of the wheels, I might learn from some half-stifled traveler, husky with dust and cinders, that he bought his Heyne in forty dollars, and that it cost him Boston.

I do not say that I have always found what I sought. My notes and my tables will show some of the results of my searches.

Much diversion have I had at what I might call the airs of certain translators, their affectation, on this very subject, of ignorance of the sayings and doings of all other VIRGILIANS than themselves — hardly excepting VIRGIL.

The airs place the VIRGILIANS who affect them in the same position before the bar of opinion as the unhappy prisoner before the bar of justice, who, for want of a plea which goes to the merits, conjures up the ghost of an alibi, or relies upon a non-scienter. "I was

not with these men, you know." "I had no knowledge of what any of these men had said, you know." The "*if* I remember" of Cranch serves to remind one of the response made by the Italian witnesses in the case of Queen Caroline: "*Non* mi recordo;" I *don't* remember — witnesses who could not but have remembered.

Symmons, for instance, admits that he knew of Pitt, but takes pains to say, in the same breath, that he was deadened, wearied, and chilled by his tameness, diffusiveness and frigidity, — the plain English of which is, that, to be sure, he saw him, but he had been better off if he had not seen him. So of Trapp, he praises his scholarship, his power of criticism, his flowing numbers, his poetic diction, but is careful to say that, for the long reach of time between his school-days and his old age, he had *never* opened his pages! ("Never," probably, in a Pinaforistic sense.) He adds, ingenuously, that he *now* feels surprise at the neglect into which Trapp has fallen. The plainer English of which is the incredible statement that he is quite familiar with Trapp, only he acquired that familiarity *after* he had written his own work. Of translations prior to Dryden's he says, they lie "in a sepulchral rest" on bookshelves. He, however, has heard of Phaer — *from a friend who traveled into Pembrokeshire.* Douglas he has seen — plunged, *by report* (why by report, if he has seen him?) in the impenetrable darkness of the Scottish dialect, "profoundly veiled" in a cloud, like Æneas by his mother. What he chiefly knows about Surrey's translation is — that its author was murdered. Stanyhurst he has not been able to see; saw an extract from him once — *in a periodical.* He "*believes*" that Brady's version fell still-born from the press. He has heard of a translation by Andrews, and has seen just

one line of it — also in a periodical. He remembers, *in a note*, that he has seen a version by Morrison, but takes pains to say that the author was a boy, and only translated two Books of the Æneid.

Conington shyly admits that he saw the versions of Dryden, Pitt, and Symmons — *in his school days;* says he "*believes*" there may be some coincidences of his lines with those of Pitt; and makes a merit of saying that his knowledge of the different blank-verse translations is "very slight and occasional."

Cranch displays still greater nonchalance. "I have not troubled myself *greatly*," he says, "about consulting the various *English* translations of the Æneid." (What other translations would he consult?) He has not been able to find Trapp; has a slight acquaintance with Dryden and Conington: has "glanced at the Earl of Surrey;" "Phaer translated the Æneid," he says, into fourteen-syllabled rhymes, "if I remember." He directly remembers that he has made a "*cursory*" examination of Phaer. Pitt he has no acquaintance with. Symmons he acknowledges to have seen, "but *only* in parts" — "and since I completed my own." He thanks Anthon for valuable notes and occasional *renderings*, and says he *may* owe something to a certain *prose* translation. He should have said that this prose translation is in English, but this he is cautious to leave to inference.

Long, too, makes a merit of his incredible averment that he had not seen any of the other translators before completing his own. "It is accidental," is his exact language, "if coincidences with other translations occur, *none of which I had seen before finishing my own.*" He immediately proceeds to say that he has examined "some of them" — *since.* His explanation, in a second edition, is that he refrained from reading other transla-

tions because he would have found it "almost impossible" to read them without following the forms of words they suggested. All of which allows us to infer that this VIRGILIAN has a highly impressible nature, and is in the possession, if not of a serious, at least of a cereous mind.

The chief merit of my work I claim to be that it searches for and adopts all the good in all former Virgilian efforts; and that, in doing this, and acknowledging its sources of aid, it suggests, when it can, what it submits as desirable and attainable improvements.

ESTIMATE OF VIRGIL.

My accurate and thoughtful readers will thank me for prefacing this part of my article with the reminder that VIRGIL was born on the fifteenth day of October, in the six hundred and eighty-third year after the foundation of the City, this date being seventy years before the Christian era; and that he died, in the fifty-first year of his age, on the twenty-second day of September, in the seven hundred and thirty-fourth year after the foundation of the City, this date being nineteen years before the Christian era.

It is the cue of a class of critics to introduce any general estimate of VIRGIL by the patronizing remark that the Æneid, his chief poem, is full of faults. After the expense of this first step it is easy to continue to say that the author has no heart; that he lacks invention; that he was a groveling courtier and fawning sycophant; that he had no comprehension of genuine patriotism; that his Æneid wants unity and plot, force and fire; that he was a copyist, and not a skillful one; that the character of Æneas is insipid and unreal; that (to do full justice to the subject) none of the characters are happily drawn.

So that Richter, with severity, would (like VIRGIL, with fastidiousness) condemn the whole Æneid to the flames, — Richter, with the very spirit of an iconoclast, desiring thereby to destroy Æneas, even if with him were destroyed the episodes and descriptions, the loss of which, in such a contingency, Richter is so charitable as to deprecate; or that the avowed iconoclast, Niebuhr, should, without compunction or reservation, condemn the whole poem from beginning to end as a misconceived idea, a mere wild notion, having no foundation in fact or sense.

For myself, however, I see nothing except what I may, in a greater or less degree, commend. I am even tempted to follow the lead of that great German Shakespearean critic of whom Irving speaks, in his account of the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap, and argue that his greatest faults were his greatest beauties. I see everywhere the amiable citizen, the lover of nature, the expert in rural occupations; the enthusiastic patriot, the unrivaled bard of an imperial court; and all these characteristics so harmoniously blended that, with our republican, and even democratic, prepossessions, we may forget the courtier in the bard and the bard in the man. I see everywhere the attractive blending of farmer and poet, of rare practical sense with wide learning and insight; and not alone learning of the earth, but of the heavens; not alone knowledge of fields, and animals, and plants, and men, but of the stars. I find that our poet scarcely falls behind, in invention, the blind bard of Greece. Even in his lines which lack length, and sometimes sequence or close, I discern a sensibility which is a feature of that pathos wherein he bears off the prize, and which adds to his verses a charm which neither Homer nor Shakespeare can claim. And, though he

may not equal the Greek master in sublimity, nor the English in versatility, yet he excels them both in judgment and in sweetness.

The Poems of VIRGIL were written to amuse, as well as to instruct, an age conscious of its enlightenment, a court which felt itself supreme. They contain the incomparable collection and exhibition of the legendary lore of an imperial people. They gratified their national pride. They justified their love of military glory. They paid homage to their religious sentiments. They painted, in colors such as had never been theretofore used, the tenderness of filial attachment. And they exalted to the stars the overpowering enthusiasm of patriotic zeal. Such poems, besides being interesting to scholars, cannot be without their significance to the American people. For the American people represent, in their political principles and in their social constitution, those elements of thought and action which give them a right to the name of the new Romans.

There seem some who challenge VIRGIL'S piety, his sense of humor, his appreciation of the homely merits of every-day men, and his insight into nature. Such challengers have forgotten his Tell-like adroitness, the result of practice and habit with the very weapons which he never lays aside. They have forgotten (as they who challenge his respect for women have forgotten his Sibyl and his Amazon) that he wrote of Dares and of Euryalus. And they have forgotten, too, that it is none else than VIRGIL who wrote and felt such verses as these: —

> Happy the man whose mind the causes grasps
> From which depend all things we see or know,
> And who beneath his feet hath placed all fear
> And with it Fate, inexorable Fate,
> And all the roar of greedy Acheron's waves.

Meanwhile his lips
Around, his children sweet cling close, preserves
His chaste abode its modest grace, his cows
Let down from swelling bags their streams of milk,
And on the smiling turf his kids browse fat,
Or, in their sports, with vigorous horns contend.

Such lives of old the ancient Sabines led;
Such were the brethren twain whose infant limbs
And hungering lips the wolf caressed and fed;
So grew Etruria strong, as well ye know,
And so arose, of things most beauteous, Rome.

There are some who strive to argue that his rural tastes are affected. The only ground for such a suggestion is that he so exquisitely combined rural simplicity with profound learning. The statement of the ground is the refutation of the argument. Of this charming union we meet with an instance in the Third Pastoral. There he paints Menalcas betting with Damœtas a choice cup carved from beech-wood, the carved work that of the "divine" Alcimedon, whereon the figures wrought suggested the works of a mathematician and an astronomer: —

Flows round the graceful rim a gentle vine
O'er clustering ivy leaves, and then below,
Upon the middle of the beauteous work,
Are signs of Conon's power, — and, too, of him,
That other one — who was he? — that traced out
To all the nations, with his circling rod,
The orb entire, and times for planting showed
And times to plow.

It is fashionable to say that VIRGIL is an imitator of others: in his Pastorals of Theocritus, in his Georgics of Hesiod, in his Æneid of Homer. Doubtless he imitated where he saw beauties which he could appropriately weave into his story, and heighten with an art in which his predecessors were his inferiors. But VIRGIL'S aspirations, if we are to believe what he tells us

himself, were for loftier heights than any poet had before his time attained. He renounced all plodding in the beaten paths of former bards. His aspirations were to tread the untrodden heights of song; to seek the spray and rainbows of Castalian fountains through the wild waste of nature, where his footsteps would tread among spontaneous shrubs and vines, among native flowers and fruits.

> Draws me the love of sweet Parnassus' air
> Through her deserted heights, heights which I love
> To seek, whence to Castalia's fount leads forth
> No easy path by former poets trod.

Needless to enlarge upon the varied range of attainments which the works of VIRGIL show him to have possessed. This range embodied, besides a knowledge of the works of imagination extant in his time, practical agriculture, botany, history, law, diplomacy, the military art, navigation, and astronomy. Educated for the bar, VIRGIL never pleaded but one cause, and in that is said to have cut but a sorry figure. His legal learning, however, like that of Shakespeare, or Bacon in Shakespeare's dramas, is manifest in his poems.

In the appreciation and study of the physical heavens, in the comprehension of astronomical learning and illustrations, VIRGIL had this advantage, probably, over modern poets: that the ancient nations cultivated astronomy as a popular study, and regulated by the constellations the operations of husbandry. Take the First Georgic (at the 204th line), and ask which of our modern nations could say, or more, which of our modern nations has attempted to say, in the wildest license of its poetic diction, that its farmers keep days indicated by the motions or the positions of Arcturus and the Kids, and the lucid Dragon, the White Bull with its gilded

horns, or the Dog retreating backward toward the horizon, followed by the Ship Argo moving stern forward? Who among us (except dry scientists) watch, like Palinurus, the bands of Orion, the Bears, the Crown of Ariadne? Who, like men who paid worship to Hercules, watch, with their adoring eyes, the milk shed across the heavens from the exuberant breasts of Amalthea his mother? True, the fashion is to depreciate all this as astrology; but astrology had its foundation in wide research, in patient observation, in Baconian induction, in profound mathematical learning.

And he knew for whom he was writing, for by this knowledge the farmer of VIRGIL'S time could have followed such a Boreal Aurora as I witnessed on the night of the 16th and 17th of April, 1882. He would have seen and measured that amazing arch of pale and delicately tinted and throbbing light spanning the Constellations of Lyra, Cepheus, Cassiopeia, and Perseus, the waving banners of immensity, the pencils of pearly and rose-hued light, mingled with ebony chasms of darkness, that marched and pulsed up to the zenith; he would have seen and measured, with added awe, a second arch, extending from Alpha in the Northern Crown, through the Great Bear, to Capella in Auriga, whence he would have seen long swells and bursts of sheet lightning roll across the entire vault of heaven; and at midnight he would have beheld and hailed Arcturus in the very height of that immense theatre, surrounded by a nimbus of colored lights, green and blue and rose-red, whence went gleaming to all the horizon infinite streamers, tinted with all the emeralds and topazes and rubies of Wonderland. Lost in the night, the shepherd of to-day may fix his eye on a particular star, and guide himself thereby, but can he tell its name and its relation to the systems of the universe?

I am sometimes asked, as to the Æneid, "Which do you consider the best Books?" Sometimes the question is put in this form: "Are the first six or the last six of the twelve Books of the Æneid the best?" I know that Dryden preferred the last six. But I have sometimes been inclined to adopt a theory which I believe is a new one, and that is that by design VIRGIL made the Books of the Æneid alternate one with another in excellence, and that in pursuance of this design he gave the greatest excellence to the even-numbered Books: the Second, the Fourth, the Sixth, the Eighth, the Tenth, and the Twelfth. These Books, in my method of nomenclature, take the names of Troy, Dido, Sibyl, Evander, Pallas, and Peace. The other Books, the odd-numbered ones, are made, of purpose, inferior in excellence, that they may serve as foils to set off their luckier brethren. The foils, the lay figures, are Juno, The Sea, Sicily, Latinus, Turnus, and Camilla, excellent all, but not equal in excellence to the others. Troy tells the "Tale divine;" Dido paints the Tyrian queen; Sibyl deals with the abodes of the dead; Evander takes us into primitive Rome; Pallas presents us Æneas in battle; Peace closes in triumph the whole wonderful story. Now contrast these with the others: Juno depicts the hatred of the Goddess; the Sea details the sufferings of the wanderers; Sicily describes games in honor of the dead; Latinus is the story of an unhappy King; Turnus is a lover discarded; Camilla a heroine slain in battle.

In Montaigne's Essay on Books (Essays, Book Second, Chapter Tenth), he says he considers the Fifth Book the most perfect of all. He does not give the grounds of his opinion, and I am at a loss to conjecture them. If I were to make a comparison I should be in-

clined to say that this Book is in my opinion the *least* perfect of all.

And I am well persuaded that it is a mistake to suppose that the merits of the Æneid lie chiefly in the first six Books. The first six Books, it is true, are full of wide and varied learning and of rich and brilliant poetry, but the latter six, especially the Eighth and Tenth, are those which smack of the true flavor of Roman heroism. The first six embrace the two which were read before Augustus. This was because of the imperial compliments which they contained. As an economic measure this reading was, besides, a distinguished success. VIRGIL received a sum equal to twelve to sixteen thousand dollars, which, in the modern rise of values, would now be worth forty to sixty thousand dollars, for a single reading. This success yields to no rival within my recollection, except the success of Dickens in a single lecture tour in America, and that a limited one, wherein he received the net sum of one hundred thousand dollars. But the fame of VIRGIL depended upon the reception of his poem by the Roman *people* and all posterity, and with them varied learning and imperial compliments would not attain the end. He must touch the heart of men and nations. He must show himself the master of the noblest emotions of the soul. This he does in the latter six Books, especially the Eighth, Tenth, and Twelfth. In the Eighth he takes his hero to see the good king in original Rome; in the Twelfth he makes him scorn the hoarded wealth of a rich house in the absorbing grief brought upon him by the death of a friend and ally; and in the last Book, and very close of the Poem, he makes the same Æneas hesitate in the struggle of emotions between a noble generosity and a noble sensibility.

And to conclude: the poems of VIRGIL still retain, and will forever retain, their hold not only upon the men of my own land, but of all lands, because, apart from the lofty story which they tell, they faithfully portray the best elements of human character — reverence for religion, honor to parents, parental affection, love of country; portray them, too, with a pathos which melts the listener to tears, and with a modesty which trembles in the public gaze. Here is a poet who deserves to live forever, if only for his regard for womanly worth, for, in the regard of VIRGIL, woman and flower (as in one of the tongues of the Orient) were expressed by one and the same word. It was a woman whom the thrilling pathos of his lines brought to his feet in a swoon, and from whose munificence he received the richest largess prince or princess ever gave to bard; and his story of Æneas is but that of a hero shielded from all the horrors of the sea and of the land, from the nimble lightning of the tempest and the thirsty sword of battle, by a mother's love.

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In pejus ruere, ac retro sublapsa referri.
Non aliter, quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum
Remigiis subigit, si brachia forte remisit,
Atque illum in praeceps prono rapit alveus amni."
Virgil 199

3. "Rerum Fato prudentia." *Virgil* 416

Second Georgic:

4. "Inexorabile Fatum." *Virgil* 491

Fourth Georgic:

5. "Invisum Fatis." *Aristæus* 324
6. "Sic Fatis ora resolvit." *Proteus* 452
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10. "Si Fata sinant." *Virgil* 18
11. "Acti Fatis." *Virgil* 32
12. "Quippe vetor Fatis." *Juno* 38
13. "Ubi Fata ostendunt." *Æneas* 205
14. "Fatis contraria
Fata rependens." *Venus* 239
15. "Tuorum Fata." *Jupiter* 258

Fate Lines.

No.		Line
	BOOK SECOND:	
16.	"Fatis repulsi." *Æneas*	13
17.	"Trojæ sic Fata ferebant." *Æneas*	34
18.	"Fatis aperit Cassandra futuris ora." *Æneas*	247
19.	"Hos cape Fatorum comites." *Hector*	294
	BOOK THIRD:	
20.	"Quo Fata ferant." *Æneas*	7
21.	"Fatis ingressus iniquis." *Æneas*	17
22.	"Iliacis exercite Fatis." *Anchises*	182
23.	"Quæ Fata dedere." *Andromache*	337
24.	"Sic Fata Deum rex Sortitur, volvitque vices, is vertitur ordo." *Helenus*	375
25.	"Fata viam invenerent." *Helenus*	395
26.	"Fata canit." *Helenus*	444
	BOOK FOURTH:	
27.	"Fatis incerta feror." *Venus*	110
28.	"Me si Fata meis paterentur ducere vitam Auspiciis." *Æneas*	340
29.	"Conscia Fati sidera." *Virgil*	519
30.	"Fata Jovis." *Dido*	614
31.	"Dum Fata Deusque sinebat." *Dido*	651
32.	"Eadem me ad Fata vocasses." *Anna*	678
	BOOK FIFTH:	
33.	"Oblitus Fatorum" *Virgil*	703
34.	"Quæ Fatorum posceret ordo." *Virgil*	707
35.	"Quo Fata trahunt, retrahuntque, sequamur." *Nautes*	709
36.	"Iliacis exercite Fatis." *Shade of Anchises*	725
37.	"Si dant ea mœnia Parcæ." *Neptune*	798
	BOOK SIXTH:	
38.	"Non indebita posco regna meis Fatis." *Apollo*	67
39.	"Et te tua Fata docebo." *Shade of Anchises*	759
40.	"Hunc tantum Fata, neque ultra esse sinent." *Shade of Anchises*	869
41.	"Si qua Fata aspera rumpas, tu Marcellus eris." *Shade of Anchises*	882

Fate Lines.

No.		Line
	BOOK SEVENTH:	
42.	"Filius huic Fato divum." *Virgil*	50
43.	"Salve Fatis mihi debita Tellus." *Æneas*	120
44.	"Anchises Fatorum arcana reliquit." *Æneas*	123
45.	"Fata per Æneæ juro." *Ilioneus*	234
46.	"Sed nos Fata deum egere." *Ilioneus*	239
47.	"Hunc illum Fatis portendi generum." *Latinus*	255
48.	"Hunc illum poscere Fata." *Latinus*	272
49.	"Et Fatis contraria nostris Fata Phrygum." *Juno*	293
50.	"Immota manet Fatis Lavinia conjux." *Juno*	314
51.	"Frangimur heu Fatis!" *Latinus*	594
	BOOK EIGHTH:	
52.	"Fatis regem se dicere posci." *Latinus*	12
53.	"Fatis Junonis iniquæ." *The Salian Priest*	292
54.	"Fatis huc te poscentibus adfers." *Evander*	477
55.	"Fata indulgent." *Evander*	512
56.	"Si Fata reservant." *Evander*	575
57.	"Famam et Fata nepotum." *Virgil*	731
	BOOK NINTH:	
58.	"Quo Fata vocas? . . . Cui tanta deo permissa potestas." *Jupiter*	94
59.	"Tempora Parcæ debita complerant." *Virgil*	107
60.	"Nil me Fatalia terrent." *Turnus*	133
61.	"Sat Fatis Venerique datum." *Turnus*	134
62.	"Fata extrema secutus." *Euryalus*	204
	BOOK TENTH:	
	In the succeeding three passages (making in combination one) Jupiter surrenders all his power to Fate:	
63.	"Quæ cuique est Fortuna hodie, quam quæque secat spem." *Jupiter*	107
64.	"Fatis Italum castra tenentur." *Jupiter*	109
65.	"Fata viam invenient." *Jupiter*	113
66.	"Audentes Fortuna juvat." *Turnus*	284
67.	"Fatis adductus iniquis." *Virgil*	380
68.	"Turnum instantibus eripe Fatis." *Jupiter*	624
69.	"Te quoque Fata prospectant paria." *Orodes*	740

Shorter Lines.

No.		Line
	BOOK ELEVENTH:	
70.	"Horrida belli Fata vocant." *Æneas*	97
71.	"Nec veni nisi Fata locum sedemque dedissent." *Æneas*	112
72.	"Fatalis murorum moles." *Drances*	130
73.	"Ego vivendo vici mea Fata." *Evander*	160
74.	"Fatalem Ænean manifesto numine ferri." *Latinus*	232
75.	"Fatis debitus Arruns." *Virgil*	759
	BOOK TWELFTH:	
76.	"Fata docens." *Æneas*	111
77.	"Nunc juvenem imparibus video concurrere Fatis." *Juno*	149
78.	"Conjugis attonitus Fatis." *Virgil*	610
79.	"Jupiter ipse duas æquato examine lances Sustinet et fata imponit diversa duorum." *Virgil*	725

TABLE OF THE SHORTER LINES

IN THE ÆNEID:

IN NUMBER 56: OF WHICH IN FIRST SERIES, 7; IN SECOND SERIES, 49.

I. THOSE INTENTIONALLY SO LEFT, AND WHICH, ALTHOUGH SHORT, ARE COMPLETE:

BOOK THIRD.

No.		Line
1.	"Stans celsa in puppi:"	527

BOOK EIGHTH.

2.	"Rex prior hæc:"	469

BOOK NINTH.

3.	"Tum sic effatur:"	295

Shorter Lines.

No.		Line
	BOOK TENTH:	
4.	"Pauca refert:"	17
5.	"Quem Turnus super adsistens:"	490
6.	"Cui Liger:"	580
	BOOK TWELFTH:	
7.	"Turnus ad hæc:"	631

II. THOSE INDICATING AN EMOTIONAL PAUSE, OR WHOSE BREVITY IS ATTRIBUTABLE TO SOME CAUSE UNKNOWN:

No.		Line
	BOOK FIRST:	
1.	"Hic cursus fuit."	534
2.	"Dardanidæ."	560
3.	"Munera, lætitiamque dii."	636
	BOOK SECOND:	
4.	"Disce omnes."	66
5.	"Numina conclamant."	233
6.	"Audierit."	346
7.	"Telorum interea restat genus."	468
8.	"Ferro accincta vocat."	614
9.	"Numina magna deum."	623
10.	"Vos agitate fugam."	640
11.	"Abluero."	720
12.	"Stant circum."	767
	BOOK THIRD:	
13.	"Ora fame."	218
14.	"Ne dubia: nam vera vides."	316
15.	"Quæ tibi jam Troja."	340
16.	"Addit equos, additque duces."	470
17.	"Rumpite."	640
18.	"Solameque mali."	661
	BOOK FOURTH:	
19.	"Germanique minas."	44
20.	"Italiam non sponte sequor."	361

Ignorings.

No.		Line
21.	"Infabricata fugæ studio."	400
22.	"Ergo jussa parat."	503
23.	"Et matri preceptus amor."	516
	Book Fifth:	
24.	"Nisus et Euryalus primi."	294
25.	"Tertius Euryalus."	322
26.	"Fertur equis."	574
27.	"Hæc effata."	653
28.	"In regnis hoc ausa tuis."	792
29.	"Unum pro multis dabitur caput."	815
	Book Sixth:	
30.	"Externique iterum thalami."	94
31.	"Projice tela manu, sanguis meus."	835
	Book Seventh:	
32.	"Exitiis positura modum."	129
33.	"Iliadumque labor vestes."	248
34.	"Immemor est nostri."	439
35.	"Bella manu, letumque gero."	455
36.	"Pulsa palus."	702
37.	"Te liquidi flevere lacus."	760
	Book Eighth:	
38.	"Concessere deum."	41
39.	"Laturam auxilio."	536
	Book Ninth:	
40.	"Insomnem ludo."	167
41.	"Euryali et Nisi."	467
42.	"Missilibus certant."	520
43.	"Bellatorque animo deus incidit."	721
44.	"Egit in adversos."	760
	Book Tenth:	
45.	"Audentes Fortuna juvat."	284
46.	"Ora cruor."	728
47.	"Incipias conferre manum."	876

Ignorings.

No.		Line
	BOOK ELEVENTH:	
48.	"Qui vocat."	375
49.	"Semper erit."	391

TABLE OF IGNORINGS

(WHICH INVOLVE TWO HUNDRED AND TEN PASSAGES OF THE TEXT) TO THE NUMBER OF FOUR HUNDRED BY THE SEVERAL TRANSLATORS EXAMINED.

IGNORINGS IN PASTORALS.

No.		Line
	DAPHNIS:	
1.	"Hinc usque ad sidera notus." Wrangham	43
2.	"Et ista carmina." Wrangham and Lee and Lonsdale	54
3.	"Pinguis olivi." Wrangham	68
	POLLIO:	
4.	"Talia," "stabili." Wrangham	46
5.	"Parcæ." Dryden and Wrangham	47
	PALÆMON:	
6.	"Ne forte recuses." Dryden and Wrangham	29
7.	"Alter." Wrangham	34
8.	"Molli." Dryden and Wrangham	45
9.	A number of ignorings by Wrangham necessitated by his attempting to limit the alternate Latin couplets to two English lines, as "lasciva puella," "arborem," "quæ locuta," "Apros," "Amaryllis," "solus," etc.	
	MELIBŒUS:	
10.	"Arguta." Dryden and Wrangham	24
11.	"Vati futuro." Dryden and Wrangham	28
	ALEXIS:	
12.	"Quid volui misero mihi," and "Perditus." Dryden and Wrangham	58

No. Line

ENCHANTRESS:

13. "Timavi." Dryden and Wrangham 6
14. "Cothurno." Dryden and Wrangham 10

LYCORIS:

15. "Procul a patria." Wrangham 46

IGNORINGS IN GEORGICS:

FIRST GEORGIC:

16. "Ulmos." Preston 2
17. "Mundi lumina." Preston 2
18. "Alma." Dryden and Sotheby 7
19. "Pingui." Dryden and Sotheby 8
20. "Inventis." Dryden and Preston 9
21. "Agrestum." Preston 10
22. "Munera vestra cano." Preston 12
23. "Inventrix." Preston 19
24. "Monstrator." Preston 19
25. "Quæ currus a tergo torqueat imos." Dryden . . 174
26. "Puppibus." Sotheby and Preston 304
27. "Fato." Sotheby 416
28. "Multa." Sotheby and Preston 449

SECOND GEORGIC:

29. "Oraque centum." Preston 43
30. "Temptatura olim vincturaque." Dryden, Sotheby, and Preston 94
31. "Preciæque." Dryden and Preston 95
32. "Foliis depectis." Preston 121
33. "Sumptis." All 125
34. "Metalla." Cooper 165
35. "Marsos." Sotheby 167
36. "Vesevo." Sotheby 224
37. "Sceleratus." All 255
38. "Neve." All except Preston 302
39. "Vestigia." Sotheby 402
40. "Referto." All 409

Ignorings.

No.		Line
41.	"Sidera." Sotheby	427
42.	"Equum." Dryden	542

THIRD GEORGIC:

43.	"Memorande." Dryden and Sotheby	1
44.	"Acer equis." Dryden and Sotheby	8
45.	"Centum quadrijugos currus." Dryden	18
46.	"Cuncta mihi, Alpheum linquens lucusque Molorchi." Dryden and Sotheby	19
47.	"Torvæ." Sotheby	51
48.	"Turpe." Sotheby	52
49.	"Cornibus." Dryden	55
50.	"Cornu." Dryden	57
51.	*Ten lines* (63 to 73), beginning "Interea superat," and ending "Armenta sortire quot annis." Sotheby	63
52.	*Two lines* (73 and 74), "Tu modo . . . laborem." Sotheby	73
53.	"Auribus." Sotheby	84
54.	"Fremens." All	85
55.	"Duplex agitur per lumbos spina." Preston	87
56.	*Six lines* (94 to 100), "Hunc quoque . . . . incassum furit." Sotheby	94
57.	"Magistri." Sotheby	118
58.	"Patriam Epirum." Sotheby	120
59.	*Twenty-two lines* (123 to 145), "His animadversis . . . procubet umbra." Sotheby	123
60.	*Three lines* (135 to 137), "Hoc faciunt . . . interiusque recondat." Lee and Lonsdale	135
61.	"Cervicis." Dryden	186
62.	*Seventy-four lines* (209 to 283), "Sed non ulla . . . et non innoxia verba." Sotheby	209
63.	"Signa movet." Preston	236
64.	"Scabiem." Sotheby and Preston	299
65.	"Podagras." Sotheby and Preston	299
66.	"Frigida rura carpamus." Sotheby	324
67.	"Amyclæum." Sotheby	345

No.		Line
68.	"Cressam." Sotheby	345
69.	"Intereunt pecudes" Sotheby and Preston	368
70.	"Dignum." Preston	391
71.	"Loquacibus." Sotheby	431
72.	"Phyllyrides Chiron, Amythaoniusque Melampus." Dryden	550
73.	"Donec humo tegere ac foveis abscondere discunt." Preston	558

FOURTH GEORGIC:

74.	"Hædi petulci." Addison	10
75.	"Matris." Dryden and Preston	64
76.	"Concussa ilice." Addison	81
77.	"Memini me." Addison	125
78.	"Premens." All except Dryden	131
79.	"Verbenas." Dryden	131
80.	"Scilicet." All except Lee and Lonsdale	225
81.	"In numerum." All	226
82.	"Ora fove." Dryden, Addison, and Sotheby	230
83.	"Læsæ." Addison	236
84.	"Animasque in vulnere ponunt." Preston	238
85.	"Purpura." Preston	275
86.	"Rerum." Dryden	382
87.	"Compositis." Dryden	417
88.	"Luis." All	454
89.	"Vento." Sotheby	484
90.	"Manes." Dryden and Sotheby	505
91.	"Numina." Dryden	505
92.	"Viduata." Dryden and Sotheby	518

IGNORINGS IN THE ÆNEID.

BOOK FIRST:

93.	"Primus." Dryden	1
94.	"Ære." Symmons	35
95.	"Omnipotens." Pitt, Symmons, and Pierce	60
96.	"Scilici scintillam Achates." Segrais	174
97.	"Æna." Symmons	213

Ignorings.

No.		Line
98.	"Alma." Pitt and Symmons	306
99.	"Jura, magistratumque legunt, sanctumque Senatum." Symmons	426
100.	"Iulus." Segrais	556
101.	"Polus dum sidera pascet." Dryden	608
102.	"Juvenes." Morris	628
	Book Second:	
103.	"Pater." All	2
104.	"Insignia." Pitt	389
105.	"Postes sub ipsos." Symmons, Pitt, and Pierce	442
106.	"Neoptolemus." Dryden and Conington	500
107.	"Neoptolemus." Dryden and Conington	549
	Book Third:	
108.	"Arenæ." Symmons	38
109.	"Fatis." Symmons	182
110.	"Neoptolemus." Dryden and Conington	333
111.	"Fides." Dryden, Pitt, Symmons and Conington	374
112.	"Petilia." Pitt and Symmons	402
113.	"Casti." Pitt, Conington, and Cranch	410
114.	"Neoptolemus." Dryden and Conington	469
115.	"Nec cedit honori." Dryden, Pitt, and Symmons	484
116.	"Sidera lambit." Addison	574
117.	"Nova forma." Addison	591
118.	"Tegumen." Addison	594
119.	"Saniem eructans et frustra cruento Per somnum commixta mero." Segrais	632
	Book Fourth:	
120.	"Omnipotens." Dryden, Symmons, Conington, Morris, and Pierce	25
121.	"Infreni." Pitt	39
122.	"Malum." Conington	174
123.	"Tuta." Symmons and Conington	373
124.	"Improbe." Pitt	386
125.	"Ter." Pitt	511
126.	"Omnipotens." Dryden, Conington, Morris, and Pierce	693

Ignorings.

No.		Line
	Book Fifth:	
127	"Medio." Dryden, Symmons, and Conington	157
128.	"Medioque in gurgite victor." Cranch and Pierce	157
129.	"Subtrahiturque solum." Pitt	199
130.	"Agmine celeri." Dryden, Pitt, and Symmons	211
131.	"Phorcus." Conington	240
132.	"Ovans." Dryden and Pitt	331
133.	"Alta." Symmons and Long	508
134.	"Nodos." Symmons and Conington	510
135.	"Nodos et linea." Dryden, Pitt, and Symmons	510
136.	"Vincula linea." Pierce	510
137.	"Malo ab alto." Dryden, Pitt, Symmons, Cranch, and Pierce	511
138.	"Alto." Conington, Morris, and Long	511
139.	"Atra." Symmons, Conington, and Cranch	512
140.	"Atra nubila." Dryden	512
141.	"Lætum." Dryden, Pitt, and Conington	531
142.	"Casu concussus acerbo." Dryden and Pitt	700
143.	"Bello vivida virtus." Dryden	754
144.	"Phorci exercitus omnis." Dryden	824
145.	"Exercitus omnis." Symmons	825
	Book Sixth:	
146.	"Magnam." Dryden	30
147.	"Opere in tanto." Dryden	31
148.	"Attonitæ." Dryden	53
149.	"Errantesque." Cranch	68
150.	"Agitataque numina Trojæ." Dryden	68
151.	"Summo." Dryden and Cranch	123
152.	"Maximus." Conington and Cranch	192
153.	"Maximus heros." Dryden, Symmons, and Pierce	192
154.	"Dux Anchisiadæ." Dryden and Conington	348
155.	"Pater." Symmons, Cranch, and Pierce	592
156.	"Nivea." Dryden	665

Ignorings.

No.		Line
	Book Seventh:	
157.	"Æternam." Conington	1
158.	"Donis." Pierce	284
159.	"Sine mora lymphata." Symmons and Conington	377
160.	"Omnipotentis Saturniæ." Pitt	425
161.	"Omnipotens." Pitt and Symmons	434
162.	"Æreus." Pierce	743
	Book Eighth:	
163.	"Gente." All	36
164.	"Parrhasio dictum Panos de more Lycæi." Dryden, Conington, and Cranch	344
165.	"Colo." Morris	409
166.	"Longo." Dryden, Symmons, Conington, and Cranch	411
167.	"Penso." Dryden and Symmons	412
168.	"Alta petunt." Dryden, Symmons, Conington, and Cranch	691
	Book Ninth:	
169.	"Fides." Pitt, Pierce, and Long	77
170.	"Quo Fata vocas." Dryden	94
171.	"Furto." Pitt, Symmons, Byron, Pierce, and Long	350
172.	"Fervidus." Morris	350
173.	"Hic furto fervidus instat." Dryden and Conington	350
174.	"Et signa sequentum." Byron	394
175.	"Fulmineum." Dryden, Symmons, Byron, and Cranch	442
176.	"Emathiona." Dryden	571
177.	"Corynæum." Dryden	571
178.	"Manu." Dryden, Conington, Cranch, and Morris	702
	Book Tenth:	
179.	"Omnipotentis." Dryden, Conington, and Pierce	1
180.	"Præfigere puppibus arma." Dryden, Pitt, and Symmons	80
181.	"Omnipotens." Dryden, Conington, and Pierce	100

Ignorings.

No.		Line
182.	"Ergo." Dryden, Symmons, Conington, Morris, and Long	104
183.	"Quæ cuique est fortuna hodie quam quisque secat spem." Dryden	107
184.	"Haud illi stabunt." All	494
185.	"Optima." Dryden	557
186.	"Omnipotens." Conington	616
187.	"Omnipotens." Dryden	668
188.	"Procul." Dryden, Pitt, and Cranch	835
	Book Eleventh:	
189.	"Cum me mittent in magnum imperium." Conington and Pierce	47
190.	"Equius." Dryden	115
191.	"Meritis." Dryden	176
192.	"Pedes." Pitt	506
193.	"Celeres." Dryden, Symmons, and Conington	603
194.	"Fratre." Dryden, Symmons, and Conington	604
195.	"Virginis." Dryden, Symmons, Conington, Cranch, and Pierce	604
196.	"Cum flumina pulsant." Dryden	659
197.	"Pater omnipotens." Dryden, Pitt, and Conington	789
198.	"Patria alta." Dryden	797
199.	"Alta." Cranch, Pierce, and Long	797
200.	"Mandata novissima." Symmons	826
201.	"Gemitu." Conington	831
202.	"Gemitu." Pierce	952
	Book Twelfth:	
203.	"Ingente mole." Dryden and Pierce	161
204.	"Improbus." Dryden, Pitt, Symmons, Morris, and Pierce	250
205.	"Improbus." Pitt	262
206.	"Avum." Morris	346
207.	"Et summum degustat de vulnere corpus." All	376
208.	"Seseque in bello remittant." Dryden	390
209.	"Omnipotentis." Pitt	791

No.		Line
210.	"Litem ut discerneret." Dryden, Cranch, and Long	898

The total number of VIRGIL's words, phrases, and passages noted is two hundred and ten.

The total number of ignorings by the several translators examined is four hundred.

TABLE OF THE NEW READINGS

SUGGESTED IN THE TRANSLATION OF THE WORKS OF VIRGIL:

IN NUMBER 58.

NEW READINGS IN PASTORALS.

MŒRIS:

1. "Causando."
   In *prattling* thus, thou dost postpone our joys . . 56

DAPHNIS:

2. "Et ista
   Jampridem Stimicon laudavit carmina nobis."
   And Stimicon, long since, has praised to me
   Such songs, *such* tributes to exalted worth . . . 54

POLLIO:

3. At line 48: The cutting-off, as VIRGIL's own lines, the latter part of this Pastoral, which it is usual to attribute, with the antecedent lines of the Sibyl, to her and not to VIRGIL. The Sibyl's words refer to Christ: VIRGIL's to the son of Pollio 48

PALÆMON:

4. "Puero sylvestri ex arbore."
   I place the boy, instead of the apple-tree, in the woods 70

New Readings.

No. Line

ALEXIS:

5. "To where the green hibiscus bids them browse," the hibiscus *switch* driving, and the hibiscus *bushes* inviting them 30
6. "Ista."
My flute, and *such* a flute! 38

NEW READINGS IN GEORGICS:

FIRST GEORGIC:

7. *Villainous* labor, as a translation of "labor improbus." 145
8. The control of *the running-depth* of the plow . . . 174

SECOND GEORGIC:

9. The vineyard stakes *carried back again*, as a translation of "referto" 409

THIRD GEORGIC:

10. The mares *nipping* the meadows. (Translation of carpere.) 191
11. "Duris lupatis." Translated: with *the wolf's-teeth curb* 208
12. The attitude of the ministering priest surrounded by unpropitious omens 490

FOURTH GEORGIC:

13. I well remember me — as the translation of "memini me." 125
14. "Ultro," translated *ultraly* 203
15. "Stat fortuna domus" used in a mercantile sense, as the good will of the house 209
16. "Scilicet" translated by the colloquial *you know* . . 225
17. "In numerum," translated as referring to the notes of the musical scale 226
18. The horses and the fishes discriminated 388
19. "Luis," translated *a pestilence.*
20. The "Manes" assigned to the Powers above; the "Numina" to those below 505

New Readings.

No. Line

IN ÆNEID.

Book First:

21. "Ilioneus" and the other chiefs. The Speech of Æneas; not the narrative of Virgil 610

Book Second:

22. "Juvat ire." Allegory and wonder of Joy 27
23. "Postesque sub ipsos:"
Below the posted *men* 442
24. "Custodes lecti Phœnix et dirus Ulysses." 762
Translated "and Phœnix and dire Ulysses," to aid the sense.
25. "Matresque, virosque
Collectam exsilio pubem miserabile vulgus."
Translated "and a rabble wretched," to aid the sense 798

Book Third:

26. "Arcturus there;" and the other stars. The Speech of Palinurus; not the Narrative of Æneas . . . 515

Book Fourth:

27. "Dicam." (Shall I speak?)
Parenthetical and interrogative in a broken sentence 43
28. "Non ego cum Danais Trojanam," etc. The Message to Æneas eliminated from the Entreaty to Anna 436

Book Fifth:

29. "Latebroso in pumice." Tufa 214
30. "Nodos et vincula." String and knots 510

Book Sixth:

31. "His actis propere exsequitur precepta Sibyllæ."
The commands of the Sibyl had thus been fully executed. *Had been* already executed 235

New Readings.

No.		Line
	BOOK SEVENTH:	
32.	"Pressit." He urged the *meaning* of the Exclamation of Iulus; (not that he "pressed in his mind," animo understood, as the old reading has it.) . .	119
33.	"O fidi Trojæ": O ye faithful men of Troy and ye Penates, not "O ye Penates faithful to Troy." . .	121
34.	"Natos." *Boys*, not babes or infants	519
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35.	"Gente." The *Nation*, as distinguished from the individual	36
36.	"Animæ." Not "wind from the bellows," but *genius*	403
	BOOK NINTH:	
37.	"Nil me fatalia terrent." My New Reading consists in making this an answer to a taunt as to the Fates. The phrase occurs in the sophistical and scolding speech of Turnus on the occasion of Cybele's transforming the ships into Nymphs	133
38.	"Sat Fatis," etc. A similar New Reading, and for a similar reason	136
39.	"Conjuge prærepta." My New Reading consists in employing an interrogation-mark at the close: "Conjuge prærepta?" as the quotation of a sneer which had been cast at Turnus by Drances or some other opponent. I have concluded that if the modern diligence in quotation had existed in VIRGIL'S time he would have employed an interrogation-mark. He probably did so; but, at all events, I now do it for him. Without it THE VIRGILIANS have been compelled to give of this passage a flat and tame rendering; and this in the midst of a fiery speech. "At non audaci Turno fiducia cessit!"	138
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New Readings.

No. Line

41. "At non viderunt," etc. Herein my New Reading consists in making this also a quotation from the taunting questions of his opponents 144

42. "Addunt se protenus omnes Etrusci socios." Same remark and same New Reading as at line 144 149

43. "Themillas." Prior translations say erroneously Themilla 579

Book Tenth:

44. "At que hæc mea figite dicta Quandoquidem." My improvement consists in putting a comma instead of a period after dicta 104

45. "Æneia puppis Prima tenet." One-lined and emphasized 156

46. "Deum gens Ænea." Æneas, *race* of Gods 228

47. "Haud illi stabunt Æneia parvo Hospitia." It will *stand* him in no small sum to entertain Æneas 494

48. "Infectos linguens profugus hymenæos." The ironical sense of this passage I claim to be my original discovery 720

49. "Alieno vulnere." An alien wound: a foreign wound; a wound received in a foreign land, by Antores of Argos. This sense is new. The usual rendering is "a wound aimed at another" . . . 781

50. "Jussa aliena pati." The new sense of aliena. In both these instances the old sense is also preserved 866

Book Eleventh:

51. "Cum me mitteret in magnum imperium," in the sense of being commissioned as commander of the Arcadian troops 47

52. "Equius." Not more just, but more kind, more favorable, more equitable 115

New Readings.

No.		Line
53.	"Belli propinqui." Not wars at hand or wars begun; but wars between neighboring nations	157
54.	"Meritis." In a bad sense, as applicable to Turnus	176

Book Twelfth:

55.	"Seseque in bella remittant." Let *all* return to the field	390
56.	"Abrupto sidere," a star turned from its course . .	451
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THE MINOR POEMS OF VIRGIL.

THESE are principally the productions of the earlier years of the poet; as compared with his later and more elaborate poems they possess inferior merit; the authenticity of some of them is doubtful; the more meritorious portions of them found their way into VIRGIL'S later writings; and the critics find it impossible to agree upon any list which shall include all the authentic and exclude all the spurious. In this unsettled state of the question as to what writings constitute the minor poems of VIRGIL, I shall defer to the decision of HEYNE, the prince of Virgilian critics, and I shall devote to this division of VIRGIL'S works only a limited space. He decides for the *Culex*, the *Ciris*, the *Copa*, and the *Moretum*, and certain *Fragments*, and rejects the *Diræ*, *Est et Non*, *Vir Bonus*, *Rosæ*, *Priapeia*, and *Ætna*. The *Epitaphia* he gives, for what they may be worth, in connection with his sketch of the life of VIRGIL. They seem, however, to be merely the trials of a few phrases, which found their way at last into that memorable couplet which were carved upon the urn enclosing his ashes, and which we will meet with among the *Fragments*.

CULEX.

This work has arrived to our times in an imperfect condition, and the work of restoring it, or rather por-

tions of it, has employed the mingled art and learning of the editors of the manuscripts, but the work is conceded to be from the pen of VIRGIL. Its date is not accurately fixed.

Its dedication to Octavian, afterwards Augustus, shows that it must have been written before the 710th year of the City (B. C. 44), and probably during the last triumvirate.

Much of Culex is reproduced in sentiment, and sometimes almost in words, but always in words of greater polish, in those portions of the Georgics which praise a country life, and in those portions of the Pastorals which depict rural scenes.

The story is of a shepherd who, in guard of his flock, falls asleep by the margin of a stream. Approaches him a venomous serpent, a water-snake. The hydra has erected his neck and is taking his aim, and in another moment will have inflicted a fatal sting, when a *gnat*, lighting upon the corner of the sleeper's eye, stings him into wakefulness, and is at once killed by his hand. Awake, the shepherd has just time to change his position and defeat the aim of his assailant. The shade of the gnat haunts the dreams of the shepherd, and accuses him of ingratitude, and seeks his assistance to find for him a better place in the shadowy realms of the dead than had been there assigned to him. The shepherd recognizes his obligation to his tiny friend, and erects in his honor a mound of turf planted with the choicest flowers of the year, to which he affixes a legend which is supposed, rather than known, to have been worded by VIRGIL, as follows:

Parve Culex, pecundum custos tibi tale merenti
Funeris officium vitæ pro munere dedit.

To thee, thou tiny Culex, who dost well
Such honor merit paid the slumbering dead,
The shepherd of the flock in glad return
For his life saved these gifts doth consecrate.

We have here, probably, the original of the German nursery tale : a hunter is about to bring down a dove, a bee stings his wrist and disturbs his aim. The grateful dove finds, in a few days afterwards, the bee struggling in the water, all drabbled and helpless, and places beneath his benefactor a leaf which lifts him from the flood and enables him to dry his wings in the sunshine, and seek in safety the hive.

CIRIS.

The Ciris is admitted, on all hands, to rank as a dignified, ornate, and sometimes brilliant composition; but its authenticity has been, always, a debatable point. It is not found in the oldest manuscript of VIRGIL'S works. Some of the very lines of VIRGIL are certainly found in it, but they are supposed to have been translated into it by some other hand than VIRGIL'S, from the Pollio, the Varus, the First Georgic, and the Second Book of the Æneid. It must be admitted, however, that a passage of considerable extent bears such resemblance to, without being identical with, the account in the First Æneid of the voyage of the Æneans through the Grecian Archipelago, that the argument in favor of the authenticity of the poem must stand.

The verses are dedicated to Marcus Valerius Messala, and the diffuse dedication occupies the first fifth part of the poem. Nor was an elaborate dedication unmerited. Messala, in military, civil, and social life, was estimable. At the head of one of the best legions in

the army of Brutus, he was conspicuous as a republican commander at the Battle of Philippi. The night before the battle he supped in private with Cassius in his tent. At the close of the repast Cassius took leave of him in Greek, deploring the necessity which compelled him to stake the fortunes of his country upon a single battle without the delays which policy suggested. He afterwards united his fortunes with those of Antony, but disgusted with his career took command under Augustus, and at the Battle of Actium was second only to Agrippa, and part of the time in the supreme command, and the year after the battle was made consul. His private life was pure, his integrity unquestioned, his republican principles were never compromised in the midst of high trusts under the empire, and his resources of pathos and eloquence were such that when in the Senate he bestowed upon Augustus the title of "the Father of his Country," the recipient was moved to tears.

The date of the poem is wholly matter of conjecture, but, as compared with that of the Culex, it is supposed to have been somewhat later.

The story is of Scylla, the daughter of Nisus, that King of Megara from whose forehead hung a golden or purple lock, which, remaining on his head, secured his own life and the safety of his kingdom, both doomed to cease so soon as the lock should be removed. From the walls the girl (a Greek Tarpeia) saw approach to the siege her father's foe, Minos, king of Crete. Smitten with a sudden passion for the invading monarch, she sought her father's bedchamber at night, and while he slept, severed the fatiferous lock, and bore it as a love-present to the hostile camp. The father died. The kingdom fell. But the victorious monarch, although he availed himself of the treachery, despised

the traitress, and on his return to Greece, that his fleet might not be contaminated with her presence, tied her to the stern of his ship, that there she might find death by drowning in the waves. Poetry adds that Nisus was changed into the sea-eagle, and Scylla into a bird called the Ciris, which the eagle, intent on inflicting punishment for so infamous a crime, incessantly pursues.

HEYNE records that an English author, EDWARD BARNABY GREEN, published, in 1780, an edition of this poem with explanatory notes, which HEYNE set himself about to utilize if possible, but that he found a rein thrown over his pen by the circumstance that very few of the notes were not vicious in language and sluggish in sentiment.

COPA.

A brief poem, very probably VIRGIL'S, of which the text might be: "I will take mine ease in mine inn." The Caupona was a species of humble guest-house, still not unknown in Italy and elsewhere, whereof the proprietor is a woman, Copa, who amuses her guests by dancing to the music of the castanets, and perchance by trilling the national ballads, which ever find a ready welcome in the ears of a patriotic yeomanry. The perfume of flowers sweetens the air, the games go on, the dice are rattled, and song and the hum of voices and clink of flagons make a melody which now, as then, in spite of the frowns of the prudent, finds enthusiastic admirers and untiring participants.

The date of the poem is uncertain. It probably belongs to VIRGIL'S rather boyish years, before the friendship of the great had monopolized his leisure and made him familiar with courts.

MORETUM.

Here, too, is a tribute, conceded to be from the pen of our bard, to common things and plebeian associations. The lines are laudatory of early habits and rustic poverty. They close with a description of the ingredients and mode of preparation of a salad composed of garlic, parsley, rue, and onions, seasoned with cheese, salt, coriander, and vinegar, and finally sprinkled with oil.

The poem is a brief one, of uncertain, but probably early date. But, brief as it is, and insignificant as it seems to be, certain of its words formulate the talisman of our National Government:

> It manus in gyrum; paullatim singula vires
> Deperdunt proprias; color est *E pluribus unus.*

> Spins round the stirring hand; lose by degrees
> Their separate powers the parts, and comes at last
> *From many several colors one that rules.*

So that we may say, with probable truth, that, in describing an Italian salad, a frugal shepherd of the Roman Republic dictated that motto which has served as the symbol of union for States in a hemisphere then unknown, for a Republic which uses, with enthusiasm, even the language of that illustrious government to which it is indebted, under so many forms, for safe precedents and wise examples.

FRAGMENTS.

Here HEYNE gives as authentic the lines *To Tucca; To Caius Annius Cimbrus; Against Noctuinus; In Favor of the Epicurean Philosophy; Of Sabinus; To*

Varius; To Syro's Villa; To Marcus Valerius Messala (to whom we have seen that the *Ciris* was dedicated); *To Antonius Musa; On the Death of Octavius* (not Augustus); the half dozen lines *Against Pompey* or *Against Mithridates*, (it is uncertain which); *The Invocation to Venus;* and a letter *To Augustus concerning the Æneid.*

These Fragments indicate, by their respective titles, the friendly or hostile character of each. Tucca, Varius, Syro, Messala, Musa, Octavius, and Augustus were, with Varus and Pollio and Mæcenas, the poet's special friends, bound to his heart by links of steel. The others he attacks, but not with severity; his weapon is ridicule rather than denunciation. Of these fragments, those which have other than a personal interest are the lines against Pompey or Mithridates, the Invocation to Venus, and the Letter to Augustus. The interest of the first is of a civil war, a war such as nations seek to forget; and that of the two latter belongs to the Æneid. The Invocation to Venus will be found prefixed to the Æneid. Of the Letter to Augustus concerning the Æneid I here present a translation:

> Yes, I do get from thee frequent letters. Of my Æneas, if I had yet prepared anything worthy of thine ears I would freely send it; but the work is only inchoate; so undigested that I sometimes think my mind is deranged to have thought even of entering upon such a work; especially when, as you know, I am entering upon other studies preparatory to the work and even greater than the work itself.

Such is the Letter. The words "my *Æneas*," follow the original.

Besides these, there is VIRGIL'S Preface to the Æneid, which will be found in the note prefacing the Æneid.

And, besides those which HEYNE specially mentions, but among the undoubted fragments of our author, are those which his biography discloses.

Among these should be mentioned those affixed by him to the door-posts of the imperial palace, and which introduced him to the favor at once of the Emperor and of the people:

> Nocte pluit tota, redeunt spectacula mane;
> Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.

> All night it rained; but yet when dawn appeared,
> Came back the people to the spectacles:
> Thus Cæsar empire shares with heavenly Jove.

And his indignant exposure, in a postscript, of the fraud of Bathyllus, who claimed their authorship:

> Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.
> Sic vos non vobis. . . .

The "Sic vos non vobis" being a challenge to the impostor.

> These little verses were by me composed:
> The honors which were mine another claimed:
> Thus for yourselves not ye. . . .

The poet's biographers inform us that the Emperor, interested in the affair, desired the completion of the lines. Bathyllus, who had taken honors and rewards which belonged to another, was disconcerted; he did not, could not, comply with the request, and VIRGIL thus completed them, thereby making Bathyllus the laughing-stock of Rome:

> Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves;
> Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves;
> Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes;
> Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.

> Thus for yourselves not ye, birds, build your nests;
> Thus for yourselves not ye, sheep, wear your wool;

Thus for yourselves not ye, bees, make your quests;
Thus for yourselves not ye, bulls, ploughshares pull.[1]

We may infer, also, from what VIRGIL himself says, in the Second Pastoral, Mœris, that certain of his fugitive pieces, if not of his fuller compositions, are lost. He there quotes his lines, (which he says were then not yet perfected) in praise of Varus, and a more important work in honor of the Julian star representing Cæsar deified, and a Pastoral which would seem to have been entitled "Galatea," and a love-song addressed to Amaryllis, and not lacking in a touch of humor at the expense of a rival.

There is also an allowable inference from what we read in the beginning of the Fifth Pastoral, that our author had, before the date of that Pastoral, made attempts at epic, or at least at historical verses.

And, finally, come the lines which he composed in his last illness. These will also be found in the note prefacing the Æneid.

[1] This exposure of Bathyllus by Virgil, and the Similes employed in it, will constitute, respectively, the first of the series of Speeches and Similes in VIRGIL. Of these head-notes will be made, as here, throughout the Pastorals, Georgics, and Æneid, and a Table of the full series of each will be found in its proper place.

THE PASTORALS OF VIRGIL.

TABLE

OF THE PASTORALS OF VIRGIL.

The First Pastoral, TITYRUS, known as the First Eclogue.
The Second Pastoral, MŒRIS, known as the Ninth Eclogue.
The Third Pastoral, DAPHNIS, known as the Fifth Eclogue.
The Fourth Pastoral, POLLIO, known as the Fourth Eclogue.
The Fifth Pastoral, VARUS, known as the Sixth Eclogue.
The Sixth Pastoral, PALÆMON, known as the Third Eclogue.
The Seventh Pastoral, MELIBŒUS, known as the Seventh Eclogue.
The Eighth Pastoral, ALEXIS, known as the Second Eclogue.
The Ninth Pastoral, THE ENCHANTRESS, known as the Eighth Eclogue.
The Tenth Pastoral, LYCORIS, known as the Tenth Eclogue.

The change in the places of these poems results from a new classification of them, suggested by their dates and subjects. A grouping showing the old and the new order, and the reasons for the new, is as follows : —

The Pastorals.

Old Order.	New Order.	TITLE.	A. U. C.	A. C.
		Personal History.		
I.	1	Tityrus	713	41
9	2	Mœris	713	41
		Prophecy.		
5	3	Daphnis	712	42
IV.	4	Pollio	715	39
		Pastoral of Creation.		
6	5	Varus	714	40
		Singing-Matches.		
3	6	Palæmon	711	43
VII.	7	Melibœus	716	38
		Love-Songs.		
2	8	Alexis	712	42
8	9	Enchantress	715	39
X.	10	Lycoris	717	37

I thus retain the First, Fourth, Seventh, and Tenth Books in their usual places, but (for the sake of a better grouping) change the places of the other six. Neither the old nor my new arrangement exhibits the true chronological order of the dates at which the respective poems were written, which is supposed, rather than known, to be as in the foregoing table. I take the liberty of changing the name of Silenus to Varus, of Pharmaceutria to Enchantress, and of Gallus to Lycoris.

NOTE AS TO THE MARGINAL NUMBERS.

THE numbers in the margin are those of the original text of VIRGIL. As applicable to the lines of the translation, they will be found to occur irregularly. But with this suggestion they will be intelligible to the reader, and will be found to promote his ease and convenience in any comparison he may desire to make between the text and the translation. This method of numbering originated with the present translator.

THE FIRST PASTORAL,

TITYRUS,

KNOWN AS THE FIRST ECLOGUE.

ARGUMENT.

This pastoral (Tityrus) and the next (Mœris) chronicle events in the personal history of VIRGIL. In the conscription which followed the battle of Philippi, VIRGIL'S farm was assigned to a soldier (Arius, a centurion), who kept possession by strong hand: it is said that VIRGIL saved himself from his violence only by swimming across the Mincius, or, as Phaer phrases it, "in the hurliburly about dividing of landes he was very near slaine." On the intercession, as it is supposed, of Mæcenas or Pollio, the farm was restored to VIRGIL, and thereupon the Mœris was written. They were both written in the year of the City 713 (B. C. 41).

THE PERSONS SPEAKING:

TITYRUS, *a Shepherd representing* VIRGIL.
MELIBŒUS, *a Shepherd, representing a neighbor of* VIRGIL'S.

THE SCENE: VIRGIL'S *farm near Mantua.*

FIRST PASTORAL.

MELIBŒUS:[1]

RECLINING 'neath the roof this spreading beech
Thee, Tityrus, gives, upon thy slender reed
Thou dost the woodland Muse invoke: but we
Our country's bounds, poor fugitives, its fields,
Our country's lovely fields, must leave, whilst thou,
At ease within this pleasing bower of shade,
The woods dost teach to echo far and wide 5
The praise of beauteous Amaryllis' charms.

TITYRUS:

O, Melibœus, made for us a God
These hours of ease.[2] For unto me will he
A God forever be. Oft from our folds
The tender lambs his altars shall imbue.

[1] The Colloquies, the Songs, the Soliloquies, and all other utterances of the persons who tread the *Virgilian* stage have been classified under the general name of Speeches, of which a Table will be found in its proper place. Similar classifications and tables have also been made of the Similes, the New Readings, and the passages ignored by translators, and the fate lines and shorter lines of the Æneid.

[2] "Deus nobis hæc otia fecit." The compliment is to Augustus. Julius Cæsar was deified by decree of the senate before his death, and VIRGIL here accords to Augustus the same honor. "Nobis" may here, as elsewhere, be understood as either in the dignified singular or the indefinite plural. The words of Tityrus wander from plural to singular and again to plural, and once more to singular: now "nobis," now "mihi," now "nostris," now "meas." As shown by the word "pueri," at line 46, VIRGIL's object is not only to express to Augustus his individual obligations, but those of his neighbors as well.

For he my oxen, as thou seest, did grant,
To wander as they please, and me to play 10
Upon my rustic flute what airs I will.

MELIBŒUS:

Not envy feel I at thy happy state,
But wonder rather,[1] in the fields around
So widely reigns the wildness of the hour.
Behold me sick ; thus far I drive my goats,
My mother goats. This one I scarce can lead.
Just now her twins, the hope of all the flock, 15
Born on the naked flint, alas! she left
Among the hazels dense. And if my mind
Had not been idle, often had I known
This evil was to us foretold when oaks
Were torn in storms by thunderbolts, or when
From out the ilex came the sinister note
The raven croaks. But, Tityrus, come, just now
Some God thy lips did mention ; let me know
What God is he so moves your gratitude.[2]

TITYRUS:

Full often, Melibœus, have I thought, 20
Dull, silly I, the City men call Rome
Was like to ours, whereto we shepherds drive
The firstlings of our flocks, just as to dogs
Their whelps are, or to dams their kids. Great things

[1] "Non equidem invideo, miror magis."

[2] This question, as it will directly be seen, receives no answer. This evasion is, doubtless, a part of the art of the poet. He takes care to answer it further on in the poem.

With small would I, in such a mode, compare.
But over other Cities this her head 25
Exalts as soars the cypress' lofty spire
Above the feeble willows at her feet.

MELIBŒUS:

And what was thy so great occasion, pray,
Of seeing this so fair and powerful Rome?[1]

TITYRUS:

'T was Liberty; though late, on me she smiled,
On slothful me,[2] after my beard had fallen
Full white beneath the barber's shears; but yet 30
She smiled, and though her time was late, she came,
Came after Amaryllis sought my love
And after Galatea left.[3] For whilst
Me Galatea held (this I 'll confess),
No hope of Liberty had I, no care for thrift:
Though many a victim from my sheep-folds went,
And many a rich cheese, to the ungrateful town, 35
Ne'er came my right hand home weighed down with gold.[4]

[1] It will be observed that here is, artfully, another evasion, not as complete as the other, but still an evasion; for "liberty" was rather the result of his visit than the occasion of it.

[2] "Quæ sera, tamen respexit inertem."

[3] "Postquam Galatea reliquit." The passage is probably a reference to VIRGIL's low birth. His father, or himself, was probably a freedman.

[4] To this Melibœus gives no direct answer, but only a rallying apostrophe to the new sweetheart.

MELIBŒUS:

I wondered often, Amaryllis, why
Thy sad laments were uttered to the Gods;
For whom upon thy trees the apples held
Their blush of promise forth; but now, at last,
'T is all explained; thy *Tityrus* was from home!
The very pines, the very springs, the vines, 40
In long festoons from elm to elm,[1] deplored
Thine absence, Tityrus, and thee homeward called.[2]

[1] "Arbusta." "Coming from the sterile Campagna of Rome into the *Terra di Lavoro*, one seems to enter into the garden spot of Italy. I remember well passing through the heart of this province, one September morning, in the train for Naples. Having passed on our right the picturesque abbey of Monte Casino on its aerial height, the home of St. Benedict, and the storehouse of knowledge and the nursery of art in the Middle Ages, which has not lost its reputation in this our day, we were carried rapidly southward. We soon found ourselves in the midst of the vine-clad hills, on which stood rows of elm-trees as in orchards, the vines clinging to them, and hanging in graceful curves from one tree to the next, realizing the idea that so pleased the Mantuan bard — the vine wedded to the elm. Suddenly we came upon a group of young people clad in the picturesque attire of the country; they stood with their heads turned towards us, and fixed as in a tableau. A young man was on a short ladder, placed against an elm, holding on to the round with one hand, while with the other he was in the act of gathering grapes from a richly-clustered festoon. On the ground below stood a young girl, her apron spread to catch the fruit as it fell. Two young women were in the act of placing the grapes in a pannier; while a boy stood by the faithful little animal which was to bear the burden — a demure little donkey, that took his part in the group, not marring it by any movement, as the train swept by. The beauty of the scenery, the bright and happy faces of the young people, the nature of their work, the grace of their pose, and the picturesque beauty of their garb, altogether made such a scene as an artist would fain paint." — CHATARD.

[2] It will be seen that to this sarcastic outbreak Tityrus will make no response, but, not noticing the apostrophe, will recur to the story of his liberty.

TITYRUS:

What could I do? From servitude my neck
I could not draw, nor elsewhere see so close
The Gods I sought. There, Melibœus, him,
That youth [1] I saw, whose line and life alike
Heroic are, for whom shall smoke through all
The years I have to live, in every month,[2]
My altars. He, of men the prince, response 45
Thus gave unto my prayer: "Keep, as before,

[1] "Juvenem." Glorious boy or heroic youth would better express the Latin "juvenis." In VIRGIL's mouth the word has an exalted meaning, not only in the present connection, but universally. Octavius, the future Augustus, at that time had just attained his majority. He was in his twenty-second year. The name was afterwards enlarged to Octavianus, and the full name of the Emperor was Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus Augustus.

[2] It was the custom, in Rome, to make to the Lares, or ancestral deities, a sacrifice in each month of the year.

DYER, who, as painter and poet, made many rambles in Italy, thus moralizes on the site of the town residence of our bard: —

"Suffice it now the Esquiline's slopes to reach
With weary wing, and seek the sacred rests
Of VIRGIL's humble tenement. A low
Plain wall remains; a little sun-lit heap,
Grotesque and wild: the gourd and olive brown
Weave the light roof; the gourd and olive fan
Their amorous foliage, mingling with the vine,
Who drops her purple clusters through the green.
Here let me lie, with pleasing fancy soothed:
Here flowed his fountain, here his laurels grew;
Here oft the meek, good man, the lofty bard,
Framed the celestial song, or social walked,
With Horace and the ruler of the world:
Happy Augustus! who, so well inspired,
Thy proud imperial pomps could'st throw aside,
Attentive to the wise, the great of soul,
And dignify thy mind."

My boys,[1] your flocks and fields; yoke, as of yore,
Your bullocks to your plows, secure and free."

MELIBŒUS:

Thou fortunate old man! For now will still
Thy rural pleasures live, and thee will crown
The round abundant year, albeit thy farm
Seems merely naked rocks, and with its slime
And sedge the marsh chokes up thy pasture-land.
Thy teeming flocks strange herbage will not vex, 50
Nor plagues unusual caught from neighboring herds.
Thou fortunate old man! Here 'midst thy streams[2]
That so familiar are, and 'midst the rills,
The consecrated founts, thou shalt enjoy
Thine own cool shade; and oft, as in the past,
The hedge that marks thy bounds shall, with its bloom 55
Of willow sprays, feed the Hyblean bees,
Whose hummings soft shall lull thee into sleep.
And there, beneath yon cliff that soars so high,
Will, clear towards heaven, the pruner lift his voice,
Nor will, meanwhile, thy pets, the murmuring doves,
Their cooings cease, nor from the lofty elm
The turtle fail to trill her plaintive song.

[1] "Pueri." The plural, *boys*, is by way of compliment. It suggests, by a sudden turn of expression, that VIRGIL was only one of a number who were included in the same act of generosity. It may suggest, also, that VIRGIL had approached Octavian as spokesman for others, his neighbors.

[2] The rivers Po and Mincius.

TITYRUS:

The deer shall sooner in light air their parks 60
And pastures seek, and on the arid land
The fishes feed; the Parthians driven abroad
The Araxis drink, or Germany's hordes
Wash in the Tigris' stream, than I his face
Shall e'er from out my heart one moment lose.

MELIBŒUS:

But we, the rest, doomed to a different fate, 65
The thirsty sands of Africa must seek,
Or seek, perchance, the Scythian wilds, or Crete
Where roll the swift Oaxes' sounding waves,
Or those far isles where Britons dwell remote
And almost from our orb divided quite.[1]
Alas! and shall I ever see again,
In times far hence, my poor hut's turf-piled roof?
And wonder at my realms long harvest's hence? 70
And shall it be a ruffian soldier's greed
These smiling fields shall claim? And these crops feel
A rude barbarian's hands? Alas! whereto
By civil discord are the wretched led?
Now, Melibœus, plant thy pears, thy vines
In order place![2] Go, flock of mine, that once 75
Was happy, go! Not I, my goats, shall see
Your pranks, as hang ye from the distant top
Of some bush-tangled crag, the while I rest

[1] "Et penitus toto divisos orbe Brittanos."
[2] Such is the language of utter despair.

The mouth within of my green grotto cool!
No songs shall I sing more! Nor ye, my goats,
The mothers of the flock, my pride and care,
Shall browse the clover-flowers or taste the sprays
The bitter willow yields, with me for guard!

TITYRUS:

But rest thou here, my friend, for this one night; 80
Thy couch of leaves; we juicy apples have
And chestnuts soft, and store of cottage-cheese;[1]
And now, far round, smoke comes from farm-house roofs,
And longer shadows from the mountains fall.

THE SECOND PASTORAL, MŒRIS; KNOWN AS THE NINTH ECLOGUE.

ARGUMENT:

A Pastoral which, like the preceding one (Tityrus), chronicles an event in the personal history of the poet, the restitution of his farm, swept away from him by the conscription of the triumvirs. Interwoven in the dialogue are four quotations from VIRGIL's earlier poems, now lost: one not then finished

[1] "Copia pressi lactis." The word "copia" has a military sense of power or force. In such sense it will be used by Æneas in the 564th line of the Second Book, where, in describing the loss of his comrades on the night of the sack of Troy, he says his whole force was cut off, and he alone remained. In a homely and rustic sense, how natural to hear one old farmer say to another, "Come on, we have a *power* of smear-case!" It has been observed that Tityrus is described as an old man. This is part of the dramatic management of the idyl, as VIRGIL, at the time of writing it, was, like Octavius himself, in his early manhood.

(nec dum perfecta), in praise of Varus for his care of Mantua; one in honor of the star of Cæsar deified; one a pastoral, entitled, probably, Galatea; and one a love-song, not lacking in a touch of humor, in regard to a rival. The management of the Pastoral of Mœris is full of art. It treats the farm as yet withheld, but as sure to be restored, so soon as VIRGIL shall have interceded with the powers that be at Rome. Date of the poem the 713th year of the City (B. C. 41).

THE PERSONS SPEAKING:

MŒRIS, *a Shepherd representing the steward of* VIRGIL.
LYCIDAS, *a Shepherd representing a friend of* VIRGIL.

THE SCENE: *The road to Mantua.*

LYCIDAS:

BOUND whither, Mœris, art thou? Are thy feet
In that path set that to the City leads?

MŒRIS:

O Lycidas, alive we have come through,
Our lot to hear what ne'er we could have dreamed,
That he who took from us our little field
Should say: "These things are mine; ye settlers old,
Begone!" Now conquered, sad, since rules all things 5
Stern Fate, bring I to him these kids — a gift
I pray may never him a good turn serve.[1]

LYCIDAS:

But yet I heard that where the hills their height
Begin to lower and quite towards the plain

[1] "Quod nec vertat bene."

Their heads bend down, thence to the water's marge [1]
And yon old beech whose top is broken now,
All saved had been by songs Menalcas sung. 10

MŒRIS:

So thou didst hear, and such was the report;
But, Lycidas, as much avail our songs
'Midst weapons grim of Mars, as do, they say,
Chaonia's [2] doves, when 'midst them comes sheer down
The eagle's swoop. For had not I, being warned
By some ill-boding crow who his perch held 15
A hollow ilex deep within, cut short
The rising contest,[3] neither here would be
Thy Mœris nor alive Menalcas even.

LYCIDAS:

Alas! and can there be one man of guilt
So great! Alas! how near was then our loss
Of thee, Menalcas, and thy dear delights?
For who would sing the Nymphs? who strew with flowers
The ground? or who the tints of shadow bring 20
Upon the fountain green with clustering vines?
Or sing the song which silent I o'erheard

[1] To the Po, or the Mincius, as the farm seems to have been at the junction of the rivers.

[2] Chaonia was a part of Epirus, where two doves, supposed to be endowed with a prophetic spirit, inhabited a sacred grove adjacent to the city of Dodona.

[3] "Novas incidere lites." The word *lis* is, distinctively, a lawsuit, the root of our word litigation.

When on your way to meet your darling girl,
Sweet Amaryllis, whom we love so well,
Like these its words: "My she-goats, Tityrus, feed
Till I return (my journey 's short) and then,
Good Tityrus, let them drink, and as thou lead'st
The flock along, take care that strikes thee not 25
That butting ram, for he his horn will use."

MŒRIS:

And that, indeed, imperfect still, which he
To Varus sung: "Varus, thy name, if yet
Shall unto us remain our Mantua safe,
Our Mantua which too near, alas! doth lie
Unto Cremona's [1] hapless walls, swans with their songs
Melodious shall sublime uplift to heaven."

LYCIDAS:

So may thy swarms shun yews of Corsica,[2] 30
So may the udders of thy cows with wealth
Of clover swell! Begin, if aught thou hast!
Me, too, the Muses have a poet made!
I, too, have songs! And me the shepherds deem
A prophet-priest! [3] But I believe them not!
For nothing yet that Varus would become 35

[1] It should seem that the people of the district around Cremona had hopelessly lost their lands. The conscription which had at first been laid upon lands near Mantua had been transferred to lands near Cremona.

[2] "Cyrneas taxos." Yews of Cyrnus, now Corsica, the honey from which was bitter. I adopt my line almost literally from LONSDALE and LEE.

[3] "Vatem." Poet, priest, and prophet.

Or Cinna's stately lines have I produced,
But gabble like a goose 'midst tuneful swans ![1]

MŒRIS:

As I do, Lycidas; but, silently,
My thoughts have turned upon a song so fair;
If I could but remember it: this is 't:
"Come, Galatea, hither; why play'st thou
Among the waves? The rich-robed spring is here; 40
Here pours the earth around the streams her flowers
Of every beauteous hue that nature paints;
Gleam white the poplar sprays above the cave,
And weave their roseate shade the graceful vines.
Come hither; let the mad waves beat the shore."[2]

LYCIDAS:

What was it one clear night I heard thee sing? 45
Thou wast alone. The air I have; the words
If I could but recall: you know the song.

MŒRIS:

"Why, Daphnis, dost thou mark the ancient signs
Of heavenly constellations? There hath risen
Dionean[3] Cæsar's star, the star whereby

[1] Who can escape the admirable vivacity and humor of Lycidas in this sally?

[2] This exquisite fragment is in imitation of the Eleventh Idyl of Theocritus, the master of Greek pastoral poetry. Galatea was a Nymph of the sea, beloved by Polyphemus, the Cyclops.

[3] Cæsar claimed his descent from Venus, daughter of Dione. About the time of Cæsar's death a remarkable star or comet appeared, which the

The harvests shall grow fat, and whence shall come
Into the grape upon its sunny knolls
A duskier hue. Plant, Daphnis, now thy pears ; 50
Will eat thine apples thy posterity."
Removes all things old age, the mind as well.
Long sunny days, I mind me, when a boy,
Flew o'er my head in song : so many now
Of those old strains I 've lost. E'en Mœris' voice
Is gone. On Mœris hath a wolf's first glance
Been cast.[1] But oft for thee Menalcas' self 55
Will all these glories of the past recall.

LYCIDAS :

In prattling[2] thus thou dost postpone our joys.
And now all silent spreads this glassy flood,
And (see !) the last faint breath of murmuring wind

Roman people believed to be his soul received up into the skies. The year succeeding his death was remarkable for a failure in warmth and heat. Vegetation was almost suspended. Both these phenomena are alluded to by VIRGIL in this fragment. The strange events which marked the fruitless year will be found related in detail in the First Georgic, lines 466 to 488. It seems worthy of note that the poet speaks of this song as sung on a clear night: "pura sub nocte."

[1] It was one of the superstitions of ancient Italy that if a wolf saw a man first the man would be, for a time at least, deprived of the power of speech. But it will be seen directly that Lycidas don't care for the wolf story. He has probably heard it too often before. He will propose more songs. But Mœris, annoyed because his personal reminiscences are slighted, will propose to hurry forward on his errand.

[2] "Causando." From the Latin word *causor*. I suppose this very word to have come to our times in the French word *causer*, to chat, or prattle. The sense exactly fits the context, and I advance it as a new reading. This is the first of the series of New Readings in VIRGIL. A Table of the full series, as to the Pastorals, Georgics, and Æneid, will be found in its proper place.

Hath fallen. From hence before us lies but half
Our journey's length, for now begins to appear 60
Bianor's[1] tomb. Here where the farmers trim
The foliage dense, here, Mœris, let us sing,
Here rest our kids, we soon shall see the town;[2]
Or, if we dread the rain-storm may come down,
Let us, as on we go, still sing our songs,
'T will make the journey short; let us as on 65
We go, still sing our songs; and let thou me,
Of this stout load thou carriest bear the weight.[3]

MŒRIS:

No more; cease, boy; our present business is
To hurry on. Songs then we 'll better sing
When he, Menalcas, shall his farm regain.

[1] Bianor will be mentioned in the Tenth Book of the Æneid (line 198) under the name of Ocnus, as one of the leaders of the Tuscan auxiliaries sent to the aid of Æneas: —

> Calls, too, that Ocnus from his native shores
> His band. Son of the Tuscan flood he was
> And Manto prophetess; the same who gave
> Mantua thy walls to thee, and for a name
> Gave thee his mother's name; a lordly town
> Well-built.

The road-side tomb is, to this day, a feature of Italian scenery. No tourist will forget those of the Scipios and of Cecilia Metella on the Appian Way, just outside of Rome. Some of the inscriptions on the humbler tombs will be remembered as beginning, "Siste Viator."

[2] "Veniemus in urbem." VIRGIL, or Lycidas, seems to have forgotten that Mœris was not on his way to the town, but to VIRGIL'S *farm*.

[3] The kids, which, by direction of Menalcas (VIRGIL), he was carrying, as a present, to Arius, the intruding centurion.

THE THIRD PASTORAL, DAPHNIS;

KNOWN AS THE FIFTH ECLOGUE.

ARGUMENT:

This Pastoral (Daphnis) and the next (Pollio) touch upon the sphere of prophecy. The first treats of the deification of Julius Cæsar; the second, of the Sibyl's prophecy of a coming Messiah. They were written, respectively, in the 712th and 715th years of the City (B. C. 42 and 39).

Daphnis is less a Pastoral than a theopoetic eulogy. A note on theopoiia and apotheosis will be found at line 260 of the First Æneid.

THE PERSONS SPEAKING:

MENALCAS, *a Shepherd, representing* VIRGIL.
MOPSUS, *a Shepherd, representing a pupil of* VIRGIL'S.

THE SCENE: *A grotto overhung with vines.*

MENALCAS:

SINCE, Mopsus, we have met, both skilled, thine art
To breathe into the gentle pipe, and mine
To speak in verse, why shall we not here sit
'Midst these broad elms and hazels scattered round?

MOPSUS:

Thou art the elder; and 't is all the same,
Menalcas, unto me, who ever bow
Obedient to thy will, whether we sit 5
Beneath the flickering shadows zephyr-stirred,
Or yon cool grotto's recess seek. Look thou,
How o'er its front that woodland vine so rare
Throws forth its gentle tendrils to the breeze.

MENALCAS:

Alone Amyntas, on our mountain-sides,
Can claim to sing in rivalry with thee.

MOPSUS:

But what if he should strive in song the prize
To bear from Phœbus of the Muses King?

MENALCAS:

Thou, Mopsus, first begin, or Phyllis' fires 10
Thou hast, or Alcon's praise, or Codrus' strifes;[1]
Tityrus will keep for thee thy pasturing flocks.

MOPSUS:

Yet, rather let me try another song
That lately on a green beech-tree I carved
And set to notes, which, too, I carved beneath;
Then may'st thou bid Amyntas with me vie. 15

[1] Phyllis was a Thracian princess, daughter of King Lycurgus. She was betrothed to Demophoön, son of Theseus, King of Athens. Detained as he was from home by his participation in the Siege of Troy, Demophoön's affairs had fallen into neglect; and, after fixing the date of the marriage, he journeyed to Athens to give his attention to matters of government, and was detained beyond the agreed date. Phyllis hanged herself in despair.

Alcon was the prototype of William Tell. He aimed an arrow so truly at a serpent entwined round the body of his son that he destroyed the serpent without injury to the son.

Codrus was the last King of Athens. He sacrificed himself for his country. The Athenians were at war with the Lacedæmonians, and an oracle had declared that that party would succeed in the war whose king was killed. Codrus disguised himself as a peasant, went into the camp of the enemy, and provoked a quarrel, in which he was killed. The Athenians considered no person worthy to succeed him.

MENALCAS :

As yields the willow's to the olive's hue,
As yield rich-tinted roses to the grass,
So, I being judge, Amyntas yields to thee.

MOPSUS :

Withhold, withhold, my boy ; the grotto 's reached :
'Bewailed the Nymphs their Daphnis dead, laid low
By cruel hands ; ye hazels witnessed it,
Ye and the streams bore witness to the Nymphs ;
Embraced the lamentable body dead
His mother's [1] arms, and upwards to the Gods
And cruel stars arose her piteous woe.
No herdsman, Daphnis, on that day his herd
Drove to the cooling streams ; no quadruped
The river touched to drink, nor spear of grass
To eat.[2] E'en Punic lions, Daphnis, mourned,
In tones which shook their native mounts and woods,
Thy taking off. 'T was Daphnis who first taught
To yoke Armenian tigers to the car,
And o'er their backs to strap the harness strong.[3]
'T was Daphnis who the thiasus brought in,

[1] La Rue says the allusion is to Rome; Martyn that it is to Venus, the reputed mother of the Julian gens.

[2] Suetonius says that the horses with which Cæsar crossed the Rubicon refused food the day preceding his death, and were seen frequently to shed tears.

[3] "Curru subjungere tigres." For the harness I am indebted to Wrangham. Such is the equipage of the God of Wine. The equipage of Cybele, the Mother of the Gods, is the more noble one of lions.

The sacred dance to Bacchus, and entwined
The thyrsus light borne by his worshipers
With graceful bands of gentle foliage fair.[1]
As vines the glory of the trees are found,
And grapes of vines, as bulls of herds,
As crops of fertile fields, so of thy friends
Art thou. And now that Fate hath thee removed,
Pales [2] the fields hath left, and left them, too, 35
Hath he himself, Apollo. And where oft,
In furrows barley in great grains was sown,
The hurtful cockle grows, and barren ears
The wild-oat bears, and where should be the soft
And gentle violet's leaves, and the bright flowers
The rich Narcissus yields, the thistle comes,
And bristles with its spikes the hateful thorn.
The ground spread ye with leaves, O shepherds sad, 40
And veil with shade the founts: such Daphnis wills
The honors are that should be paid to him;
And build his tomb, and carve thereon this verse:
I, Daphnis, in my woods repose, known hence
As far as reach the stars.[3] *Beauteous my flock,*
But I, myself, more beauteous far than they.'

[1] Livy seems to deny that Cæsar brought to Rome the festivities of Bacchus. It is suggested that he regulated them by law.

[2] Goddess of shepherds.

[3] "Hinc usque ad sidera notus." These words Wrangham ignores. Virgil limits the length of the inscription to two lines, and Wrangham may have thought it unbecoming in him to assume a greater latitude. The same problem presents itself to all the Translators in the case of each of Virgil's Amabœan series of twenty-five lines each, the respective songs of Mopsus and Menalcas. Wrangham here too, as to the second song, keeps himself within the Virgilian limit. I have found that the necessities of English verse require me to overstep these limits.

MENALCAS:

Poet divine, such is thy song to me 45
As, to the wearied, sleep the green turf yields,
Or, as in summer's heat, the bounding brook
Whose sparkling crystal sweetly quenches thirst.[1]
And not alone upon the pipe dost thou
Thy master equal, but in voice; in fame,
My fortunate son, another like to him
Thou wilt become. And, in what way I may, 50
To thee will I in turn respond, and bear
Thy Daphnis to the stars; Daphnis I 'll lift
Unto the stars; for me loved Daphnis too.

MOPSUS:

Could any greater gift be mine than this!
Indeed the swain was worthy to be sung;
And Stimicon's voice, long since, hath praised 55
to me
Such songs, such tributes to exalted worth.[2]

We have here the first of the series of Ignorings, which, without special search, I have observed in the course of the examination of several translations of the Works of VIRGIL, of Pastorals, Georgics, and Æneid. They will be found collected together in a Table.

[1] These lines imitate and surpass similar ones in the Eighth Idyl of Theocritus. The elegance and sweetness of the lines of VIRGIL (COOPER well observes) "are not to be equaled, unless by those which are spoken by Mopsus at line 82."

[2] "Et ista
Jampridem Stimicon laudavit carmina nobis."

DRYDEN:

"And Stimichon has often made me long
To hear, like him, *so soft*, *so sweet*, a song."

WRANGHAM:

"And, oft, that lay, how ravishingly sweet
Has Stimicon delighted to repeat."

MENALCAS :

'White-robed, and at Olympus' doors arrived,
The unusual scene with wonder Daphnis views,
Beneath his feet the clouds and stars spread out.
Delight therefor doth hold the joyous woods
And all the landscape fair, and Pan exults,
Exult the swains, exult the Dryad girls.
The wolf forgets his ambush of the flock, 60
No net is his to trap the unwary deer,
Good Daphnis loves repose. Up to the stars
The unshorn mountains, even, shout their joy,
Songs sing the very rocks ; and cry aloud
The long festoons that reach from elm to elm :
"*A God, he is, Menalcas, yes, a God!*"[1]
And be thou kind, O happy one, to thine ! 65
Behold four altars : lo, two, Daphnis, rise
For thee, and two for Phœbus rise. Two cups
With new milk foaming shall be thine each year,
And two bowls rich with olives' purest oil ;[2]
And, more than all, feasts roaring with much wine,
Before the hearth, if cold the winter be, 70
And in the shade, if shines the harvest sun,
Where Ariusia's nectar I will pour
From flagons that have just her vineyards left.
Shall sing for me Damœtas, and, with him,

LEE and LONSDALE : —

"But oft has Stimicon praised *your* songs to me."

The passages quoted all ignore the force of "ista." Stimicon appears to have been a shepherd, an admirer of exalted eulogies. My reading is new.

[1] OVID closes his Metamorphoses with the apotheosis of Cæsar. Among his first words in the apotheosis are : "Cæsar in Urbe sua Deus est."

[2] "Craterasque duos statuam tibi pinguis olivi."

WRANGHAM ignores the olive oil. He has wine three times, but oil never.

The Lyctian Ægon,[1] and shall dance the dance
Of leaping Satyrs Alphesibœus' self.
To thee forever shall these rites remain,
Both when unto the Nymphs our solemn vows 75
We make, and when around the fields, for help
Unto their increase, we lustrations pour;
As long as loves the boar his mountain-heights,
As long as fishes love their native streams,
Grasshoppers feed on dew, or bees on thyme,
Thy fame, thy name, thy praises shall endure.
As unto Bacchus' self or Ceres' even,
So unto thee the tillers of the soil, 80
As roll the years along, shall make their vows,
Whereto they shall be firmly held by thee.'

MOPSUS:

For such a song what shall I render thee?
What gift? For not so great delight brings me
The breeze that tells, in gentle whisperings bland,
The South's approach; the shores whereon bounds wild
The jubilant wave; nor rocky vales through which
Rush the swift waters of fair mountain-streams.[2]

[1] Lyctius was a city in Crete, the capital of Idomeneus, who thence, in the Third Book of the Æneid, line 401, is called the Lyctian Idomeneus. Damœtas and Ægon are shepherds.

[2] VIRGIL is said here to have followed THEOCRITUS, or at least to have profited by him.

TASSO imitates VIRGIL: —

"A thrill
Like that which sobs amidst the dying leaves,
When, with autumnal winds the forest waves;
Or dash of an insurgent sea that heaves
On lonely rocks, or linked in winding caves,
Hoarse through their hollow aisles in wild low cadence raves."

3d Canto, WIFFEN.

MENALCAS:

Let me, my friend, give first to thee this reed. 85
This taught me "Corydon Alexis loved,"
And breathed: "Whose sheep? Is 't Melibœus' flock?"[1]

Many of the stanzas of the "*Jerusalem Delivered*" are little else than translations of VIRGIL, translations which compensate for occasional lack of vigor by an unfailing and elaborate elegance. It may be convenient for us to refer to some of these passages in the progress of our work.

And PHILIPS, in his Fourth Pastoral, has the same thought: —

"Not half so sweet are midnight winds that movê
In drowsy murmurs o'er the waving grove;
Nor dropping waters that in grots distil,
And with a tinkling sound their caverns fill."

We may append here, as pertinent to the eulogies in the text, the sonnet which LONGFELLOW addressed to TENNYSON under the title of "Wapentake:" —

"Poet, I come to touch thy lance with mine;
Not as a knight who on the listed field
Of tourney touched his adversary's shield,
In token of defiance, but in sign
Of homage to the mastery which is thine
In English song; nor will I keep concealed
And voiceless as a rivulet frost-congealed
My admiration for thy verse divine.
Not of the howling dervishes of song
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance
Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart!
Therefore to thee the laurel leaves belong,
To thee our love and our allegiance cling,
For thy allegiance to the poet's art."

And we may append, as showing how susceptible the imagery of the text is of a religious application, JAMES MARTINEAU's use of it in the Book of Worship compiled by him for the Unitarian congregation in Boston whereof my friend, EDWARD A. HORTON, is pastor: —

"As sleep is sweet to the weary, and the cooling stream to him that is athirst, so are thy day and thy house rest sweet unto us, and thy words a fountain of flowing waters."

[1] These, it will be observed, are the first words, respectively, of the Alexis and the Palæmon, the Eighth and Sixth Pastorals (Eclogues 2 and 3).

MOPSUS :

And thou this crook receive, which oft was sought
In vain by good Antigenes, — and full
Of everything that makes men loved was he —
'T is beautiful, Menalcas, with its knobs 90
So neatly equal and its wealth of bronze.[1]

THE FOURTH PASTORAL, POLLIO;

KNOWN AS THE FOURTH ECLOGUE.

ARGUMENT :

The Pollio is the second in the series of prophetical Pastorals : the prophecy of the Cumæan Sibyl, which, while heralding the advent of the Savior, VIRGIL had persuaded himself (since the name of Pollio as consul was used by the Sibyl), related to the birth of a son of his friend the consul Pollio. Pollio was one of the most eminent and accomplished men of his time. His genius was versatile. A profound lawyer, he earned the title of the Roman Sophocles ; an accurate historian, he commanded armies, enjoyed a triumph, and was made consul ; laborious and frugal, he was the first to found a public library in Rome, and his special delight was in the society of men of letters. To him Horace addressed the First Ode of his Second Book : —

> Brilliant defender of the sad accused,
> And aid of courts in counsel's learned paths,

[1] "Formosum paribus nodis atque ære Menalca." The shepherd's crook is the original of the bishop's crozier.

> "With polished *brass* its knobs all equal shine,
> 'T is elegantly wrought, and it is thine." — WRANGHAM.

But "æs" is *bronze*, not brass. See a note to line 35 of the First Book of the Æneid.

For thee the laurel-wreath Dalmatia brought
In triumph to thy brow blooms ever green
With honors that eternal are, and white
With all the merits of a well-spent life.

And to him VIRGIL, besides addressing this Pastoral, also dedicated the *Enchantress*, hailing him therein with affectionate enthusiasm: —

Thou friend of mine! or great Timavus' rocks
Thou dost surmount, or coasts dost thread
Stormed by Illyrian waves!

Indeed, in the *Palæmon*, the Sixth Pastoral, he repeats, as with religious awe, his name three times, the number employed in sacred observances. VIRGIL seems to have launched the present poem upon the world before the babe was a week old. Its closing lines bear evidence of the poet's chagrin. He speaks of this God-like child, the hope of the ages, as never having smiled upon his mother. In nine days from his birth the puny deity died. But the splendid poem remains, and by it is perpetuated the Sibyl's prophecy. And even now rests her spell upon the world. For her knowledge of the future is supposed to have reached even to the final consummation of all things, and, in the "Dies Iræ," her name is associated with that of the inspired singer of Israel: —

"Teste David cum Sibylla."

The date of the Pastoral is the 715th year of the City (B. C. 39).

THE PERSON SPEAKING:

VIRGIL, *interpreting the Cumæan Sibyl.*

THE PERSONS APPEARING:

THE CUMÆAN SIBYL, *by quotation.*
POLLIO, HIS WIFE AND CHILD, *by narration.*

THE SCENE: *A forest.*

INVOCATION TO THE SICILIAN MUSES.

SICILIAN [1] Muses, let me sing in tones
Somewhat more lofty than my wont! Not all
Delight the elms festooned with grapes; the flowers
The humble tamarisk [2] bears delight not all.
And yet while woods I sing and caves, their charms,
Their voices weird upon the startled air,
May furnish themes which e'en may rise to claim
Some meed of merit, by a consul heard.
Comes now the last Age she of Cumæ sung:

THE SIBYL:

'From all times circling fulness there is born 5
A mighty order; comes the Virgin [3] back;
Return Saturnian realms; from lofty heaven
Is sent a new race down; to him, the child
Now born, whereby the iron race shall cease,
And wide, throughout all lands, a golden one
Shall rise, do thou, Lucina chaste, be kind, 10
For now holds sway thine own Apollo's power.[4]

[1] "Sicelides Musæ, paulo majora canamus!" The Sicilian Muses were peculiarly the patrons of pastoral poetry. VIRGIL here invokes their aid in assuming the high *rôle* of prophet as well as poet.

[2] The *Tamarix mannifera* is supposed by some to be the plant the manna from which fed the Hebrews.

[3] Astræa, the virgin daughter of Jove and Goddess of Justice, who, in the disorders of the iron age, had fled the earth. In the mouth of Deiphœbe, the virgin daughter of Glaucus, this allusion is pleasingly appropriate. The Virgin is also one of the constellations of the zodiac, and its introduction here has an astronomical appropriateness in connection with the mighty order of the year of Plato.

[4] See the Sixth Book of the Æneid, line 792, and the Eighth Book, line 324, and my notes in both places.

'Thou, thou, being consul, Pollio, shall arrive
This glory of thy times; therefrom shall men
Their reckoning make of these so mighty months.
Whilst thou art leader of the people, these,
If foot-prints of our crimes shall still remain,
Shall rid all lands forever of all fear.
He shall of Gods the life accept, his eyes 15
Heroic men with Gods commingled see,
And he by them be seen and recognized.
He shall, by virtue of his father's powers,
Reign rightful ruler o'er a world at peace.

'To thee, loved boy, the earth her stores shall yield
Of natal [1] gifts, the little things that first
Devotion claims, grown by no labor wrought
Of mortal hands: the wild nard graced with sprays
The wandering ivy throws, the colocasia's bloom, 20
And, blent therewith, the acanthus' smiling grace.
Full udders shall the goats bring home themselves.
No mighty lions shall molest the flocks.
Around the crib soft clustering flowers shall come.
Shall die the serpent, and shall die the herb
Of poison full and yet deceitful found,
And everywhere the cardamom's [2] spice shall grow 25
That from Assyria's gardens had its rise.

'But soon as thou thy father's deeds canst read
And heroes' praises, and canst know what is

[1] "Prima munuscula." Here is the diminutive of gifts, and some will think foretells the giving of presents to children on Christmas, the Festival of the Nativity.

[2] "Amomum." One species of the Amomum was the *Grana paradisi* of Sir J. E. Smith.

That which is virtue called, then, by degrees
The fields shall wear the golden gleam of grain,
The ruddy grape shall hang from vines untilled,
And gentle honey come from gnarled oaks.[1] 30
Some traces shall remain of ancient sins.
These shall upon the ocean Thetis [2] tempt;
These towns shall circle with the wall and trench;
These plows shall drive athwart the yielding glebe;
Another Tiphys [3] there shall be; and, borne
Another Argo's ribs within, the swords
Of other heroes famed like those of old, 35
The flower [4] of all the lands from whence they come;
And other wars; and to another Troy
The great Achilles shall again be sent.

'And then, when thee the measure round shall crown
Of manhood's years, keels will the seas desert;
No merchants more in piney ships will then
The mutual wares of nations interchange,
But all the fruits that any land doth bear

[1] TASSO (*Jerusalem*, 15th Canto) alludes to the same prophecy and to its supposed realization: —

"The Happy Isles, the Fortunate! so styled
By the fond lyrists of the antique age;
Which warrior, sophist, priest and gifted sage
Believed so favored by the heavens benign
As to produce, untill'd, in every stage
Of growth, its fruits; unpruned the fancied vine
At once flowered, fruited, filled, and gushed with generous wine;
And golden honeys from old rocks distilled."

WIFFEN'S *Translation.*

[2] Thetis, Goddess of the sea.

[3] Tiphys, pilot of the Argo.

[4] This word I borrow from LEE and LONSDALE.

Will grow in each. The soil will feel no plow, 40
The vine no pruning-hook; the bulls, whose yokes
Now loads and harrows draw, shall then
Stand idle in the green unfurrowed fields;
Nor shall the wool learn various hues to feign,
But shall the ram himself his color take,
Cropped from the herbage which the meadows yield,
Which now shall be of blushing scarlet's flame,
And now self-tinctured with the saffron's glow,
And sport the lambs shall, clad in crimson tints. 45

'*So run, ye Ages*, have the Destinies stern,
The sisterhood as Parcæ known on earth,
Unto their spindles said, the sisterhood
Who full accord concede unto that nod
Inexorably firm the Fates have given.'[1]

VIRGIL:

Illustrious child, descendant fair of Gods,
Great progeny of Jove, the time is here!

[1] "Talia sæcla, suis dixerunt, currite fusis
Concordes stabili Fatorum numine Parcæ."

We pause here to mark an important point. The text here furnishes us with the first of that series of expressions which will be found throughout the Georgics and the Æneid, declarative of the supremacy of Fate over the Gods. A considerable number of these expressions will be collected into a Table which, under the title of Fate Lines, will be found in its proper place.

I renew here the remark which I made at the beginning of the Sibyl's prophecy: there seems a peculiar appropriateness in her reference to her sister-Powers. She begins the prophecy with them, she closes it with them. I note that DRYDEN and WRANGHAM ignore the Parcæ. WRANGHAM ignores, too, all the Ages except the Golden. I suggest, at this point, a new reading, in closing here the Sibyl's words, and placing all the rest of the Pastoral in the mouth of VIRGIL.

Receive these honors mighty, and behold 50
How nods our world with all its convex weight,
Its lands, its tracts of sea, its atmosphere;[1]
Behold how they rejoice the Age to come
To greet. O may to me remain of life
A further span to that made now thus long
And breath enough thy glorious deeds to sing!
Not me shall Thracian Orpheus' self o'erpass, 55
Nor Linus, though the one his mother's skill,
His father's power the other, may attain,
And thus Calliopeia[2] may her Orpheus aid,
And beauteous Phœbus Linus aid his son.
Nay, even if Pan shall with me strive, the judge
Arcadia's self, e'en Pan, Arcadia's self
Being judge, shall say "I yield to thee the palm."

Begin, then, wondrous boy, though small as yet, 60
Thy mother's face to welcome with a smile.
Ten months to her have sufferings brought for thee.
Begin, then, wondrous boy, though small as yet;
He who doth not with smiles his parents greet,

[1] "Aspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum."

TRAPP suggests that, as the earth does not reel or nod with its own weight, this passage must be understood as meaning that the world labors under its load of guilt and misery. I hesitate to disturb so good a sermon from a Doctor of Divinity. But astronomy shows us that the world, owing to its increase of diameter at the equator, *does* nod, a motion known as the nutation of the ecliptic, and occasioning the precession of the equinoxes, a discovery announced by HIPPARCHUS two hundred years before VIRGIL wrote; and we may well suppose that VIRGIL thought this a suitable opportunity for a display of his accurate astronomical learning.

[2] Another form for Calliope, she of the beautiful voice, the Muse of Epic Poetry.

No God shall share his table, nor shall smiles
A Goddess gives, his couch unlovely charm.

DANTE, in the Twenty-Second Canto of his Purgatory, represents the shade of STATIUS, an Italian poet of the First Christian Century, as declaring to the shade of VIRGIL that the *Pollio* laid the foundation of his conversion to Christianity. This passage sufficiently intimates the opinion of DANTE on the significance of the *Pollio*.

THE FIFTH PASTORAL, VARUS;

KNOWN AS THE SIXTH ECLOGUE.

ARGUMENT:

This Pastoral, which may well be called the Pastoral of Creation, was written in honor of Varus, a contemporary poet, of a distinguished military career, and at one time consul. It embodies the principles of creation, with special reference, as some suppose, to the teachings of the Epicurean philosophy, to which Varus, it is thought, was committed, and includes a compliment to Gallus, also a contemporary poet, who had recently produced a poem entitled "GYRNEUM," and in praise of whom VIRGIL wrote the Tenth Pastoral.

I adopt the suggestion of CONINGTON, and entitle this Book *Varus* instead of the usual name of *Silenus*, having warrant for the same from VIRGIL'S 11th and 12th lines: —

> No page more grateful is
> To Phœbus' eye, than that whereon the name
> Of Varus shines upon the topmost line.

The date is the 714th year of the City (B. C. 40).

THE PERSONS SPEAKING:

VIRGIL, *in apology.*
SILENUS, *a demi-God, preceptor of Bacchus.*

THE PERSONS APPEARING:

CHROMIS, *a Shepherd, representing* VIRGIL.
MNASYLOS, *a Pupil of* VIRGIL'S.
ÆGLE, *a Nymph, one of the Naiads.*

THE SCENE: *The Grotto of Silenus.*

VIRGIL IN APOLOGY:

MY Thalia[1] first deemed best in humble lines
Of Syracusan[2] verse to sing, nor blushed
Mid sylvan scenes her favorite haunts to own,
And when I made great kings and wars my themes,
My ear the Cynthian[3] pinched, and me thus warned:
"A shepherd, Tityrus, should be leading sheep, 5
A well-fed flock, into fair pasture-grounds,
And tuning on his pipe the slender lay."
Now, Varus, I (for others will be found,
Whose warm desire will be thy praise to speak,
Thy grim, great, wars to tell) will on a reed
Not large hold meditation of the rustic Muse,
Not I sing things forbidden. But if these too,
These lines shall read one drawn by love of thee, 10
Shall, Varus, all our tamarisks sing, and sing
Shall all our grove; no page more grateful is
To Phœbus' eye,[4] than that whereon the name

[1] The Muse of Pastoral Poetry.

[2] Syracusan, because Syracuse was the birthplace of Theocritus, the father of Pastoral Poetry.

[3] Apollo. Cynthus was a mountain in Delos, and Delos was the birthplace of the God.

[4] "Nec Phœbo gratior ulla est
Quam sibi quæ VARI prascripsit pagina nomen."

[5] JOHNSON has adopted the words of VIRGIL as the first lines of a stanza worthy to share the immortality of the Sixth Eclogue: —

Of Varus shines upon the topmost line.
Proceed, Pierian Maids. Two shepherd-youths,
Chromis and Mnasylos, Silenus saw,
A cave within asleep, his veins, as e'er,
Inflamed with wine of yesterday, his wreaths 15
Not far off laying from his head slipped down,
And in his grasp his tankard dangling there
Held by the well-worn handle. On they come,
(For oft the old man had deceived the boys
With promise of a song,) and bind him fast
In bonds his very garlands furnished them.
The trembling boys a welcome ally have 20
In Ægle's self, she who now joins them there,
Ægle of Naiads the most beautiful,
And, (while he eyes the three that round him press,)
With blood-red[1] mulberries paints his face and brows.
He, laughing at the trick: "Why bind ye me?"
Exclaims, "Boys, let me loose, enough it is
That seemed it hath ye have the power o'er me.
What songs ye choose, I 'll give; the songs to ye, 25
Some other pay to her." And he began.
Then might ye see the Fauns and woodland beasts
In measure dance, and see the tall, stiff oaks

"Non ulla Musis pagina gratior
Quam quæ severis ludicra jungere
Novit, fatigatamque nugis
Utilibus recreare mentem."

[1] Red was the color sacred to the Gods, but here, of course, put on by Ægle, in jest. Silenus directly threatens to repay Ægle jest for jest.

Their tops bow down.[1] Parnassian vales delight
So great from Phœbus' harp ne'er drew, nor drew
Delight so great gay Rhodope's bowers, and heights 30
Of Ismarus fair, from Orpheus' silvery songs.

THE SONG OF SILENUS:

How through the great inane compelled had been
The seeds of lands and air and seas, and all
Combined with fires that liquid were.[2] And how
All things their rise from these beginnings had,
And even had concrete grown the world's thin sphere.[3]
How, then, the ground to harden had begun, 35
And Nereus to shut out within the sea,
And by degrees to take the form of things.
How, now, the land astonished was to see
Beaming with brilliant light the novel sun;
And from the clouds moved higher fell showers of rain;
And forests first began their growth to have;
And animals, few at first, o'er mountains roved 40
Of which all ignorant they were. Then of the stones

[1] "He sings. In measured step you then might see
Fauns and fierce beasts frisk to the minstrelsy,
And knotted oaks their tops in rapture nod." WRANGHAM.

[2] This theory of the origin of matter, which consists with the latest theories of our most advanced astronomers, will again present itself in the First Book of the Æneid, line 608, and in the Sixth Book, line 724.

[3] "Et ipse tener mundi concerverit orbis." Wonderful words, which seem not inconsistent with MOSES. Undoubtedly here VIRGIL was, to some extent, indebted to LUCRETIUS.

Which Pyrrha [1] threw ; of Saturn's golden realms ;
Caucasian vultures, and Prometheus' theft ; [2]
And added unto these of Hylas' [3] loss
The tale : how him the sailors called in vain,
Left at the fountain's marge, till all the shore
With "Hylas ! Hylas ! " rung ; and (fortunate she 45
If never herds had been) Pasiphaë [4] soothed
With love she held towards the snow-white steer.
Unhappy damsel ! [5] with what madness seized !
With lowings feigned of Prœteus' daughters filled
The fields were vocal made, but not with beasts
So base a union theirs, albeit they feared 50
The yoke upon their necks might come, and felt
Upon their smooth and broad-arched brows for horns.
Unhappy damsel ! thou o'er hills dost roam
While he, his snowy side on hyacinths soft
Reclining, chews, beneath the ilex black,
The pale green grass, or in the great herd seeks 55
Some favorite out : "Close, Nymphs, Dictæan Nymphs,
The portals of the grove ; that if, by chance,
The wandering footsteps of the steer may come

[1] The wife of Deucalion. The stones which Pyrrha and Deucalion, as instructed by an oracle, threw behind them became men.

[2] Prometheus is said to have stolen the fire of heaven, with which he animated a man of clay made by himself. By decree of Jove his presumptuousness is punished by the constant preying of a vulture upon his liver.

[3] Hylas was a beautiful youth, the companion of Hercules in the Argonautic expedition. He disappeared in a fountain, and Hercules bewailed him as carried off by the envying Naiads.

[4] Pasiphaë, queen of Crete, hated by Venus, was the mother of the Minotaur. The daughters of Prœteus imagined themselves cattle.

[5] "Virgo infelix."

Near where I am, my eyes his form may see,
Perchance while on the herbage green intent,
Or, as the herd he follows, him some cows
Leading remote within Gortynian [1] stalls." 60
The girl [2] then sings he, who the gold admired

[1] Gortynia was a city of Crete famous for its surroundings of rich pasture land.

[2] Atalanta, the daughter of Iasos, an Arcadian king. Famous for her speed, Meilanion surpassed her in running, and became her husband, by dropping in her way, as she ran, a first, a second, and a third time, a golden apple from the orchard of the Hesperides. The apples were the gift of Venus, interested in his suit. Atalanta, stopping to pick up the apples, lost the race, and the wager was her own hand in marriage, won by Meilanion.

The gardens of the Hesperides, or Western maidens, including the orchard which bore apples of gold, were the wedding gift of Terra to Juno. This valuable orchard, a Moorish marvel, was guarded by the dragon Ladon, whom Hercules, by strategy, overcame. The locality of these gardens is supposed to have been not far from Benghazi (the modern Berenice), an African town near the Gulf of Sidra, at the foot of the Cyrenaic mountains. Ancient remains are found there, and near the mountains exist deep chasms surrounded by natural walls, nearly or quite perpendicular, inclosing scenes of vegetation of remarkable beauty and luxuriance, and which must, to some extent, if we are to believe the pen-pictures of travelers, resemble our own Yosemite.

The actual, not fabulous, existence of the orchard of the Hesperides and their guardians may be inferred from the chronicles of the Spanish Conquests in America, to which renewed attention has been called by Donnelly in his *Atlantis*. Of Peru, as a colony of Atlantis, it would seem that its accumulations of the precious metals exceeded anything previously known in the history of the world; and, vouching the authority of the Spanish historians, Donnelly relates that, in the course of the twenty-five years succeeding the Conquest, the Spaniards took out of Peru gold of the value of *more than eight hundred millions of dollars*. It would seem that gold was not used by the Peruvians for ornament, nor as money, but as sacred to the Gods; it was even supposed to have a divine origin, being reverenced as the tears of the sun. In one of the Peruvian palaces, it is said, was found an artificial garden, whereof the soil was composed of gold in little fragments broken to resemble a shining mould, wherefrom grew maize, with its stalks and leaves and tassels and ripened ears of gold; and in the garden browsed twenty sheep (llamas), with numerous families of lambs, attended by shepherds, and that all, plants and animals and men, were *of the size of life and all of solid gold*. Even the maidens of the Hesperian gardens may

In Moorish gardens found of Western maids,
And Phaëthon's[1] weeping sisters changed to trees,
Around their lovely limbs the clinging bark,
Mossy and merciless, of poplars grown,
Proud, lordly trees, that rule the subject vale.
Then sings he Gallus,[2] 'midst Permessus' hills,
In Mounts Aonian roving free, his guide 65
A sister fair of that sweet sisterhood
That Music rules ; how him to greet, the man
They honor owed, rose Phœbus' chorus all,
And Linus, shepherd of divinest song,
His head with flowers and sprays of parsley crowned,
To him had said : " This reed accept, 't is thine,
The Muses' gift, upon it once his notes 70
The Ascræan old[3] produced, whose songs once led
The stiffly-rooted ash-trees of the hills,
Charmed with the old man's kingly minstrelsy.
On this let Gryneum's grove by thee be sung,
And so its origin by thee be hymned,
That there shall be in all his realms no haunt
Which pleased Apollo would to this prefer."
What next shall I relate whereof he sung?
Shall I of Scylla tell, of Nisus' child,
Whom story paints with ivory limbs girt round 75
With monsters barking hideously, intent

have been of gold, so plentiful, at ancient dates, would seem to have been the material; but this we prefer to leave in metaphor.

[1] Jove hurled him into the Po for his presumptuous attempt to guide the steeds of the sun. His sisters, the Phaëthontiadæ, or Phaëthusæ, inconsolable for his loss, were changed into poplar-trees.

[2] Gallus was a contemporary poet, whose poem here complimented had just made its appearance.

[3] Hesiod.

On ruin to rafts Dulichian, and, 'midst the strife
The frightened sailors with the whirlpool wage,
Them goading with the dread her sea-dogs bring;
Or how of Tereus'[1] limbs transformed he sung,
The feasts, the gifts, of Philomela's rage,
The course whereby she desert regions sought, 80
What wings they were whereon the unhappy maid
Soared o'er the roofs which once her home had been?
Of all he sings which blessed Eurotas[2] heard,
And bid his bay-trees learn, from Phœbus' strains
In pensive meditation given: such strains
Silenus sends from pulsing vales to heaven,
Till Vesper bids the sheep be counted all, 85
And closed within the wardship of their stalls,
While she her path towards high Olympus takes,
Olympus loth to hear the minstrel cease.

THE SIXTH PASTORAL, PALÆMON;

KNOWN AS THE THIRD ECLOGUE.

ARGUMENT:

This Pastoral (Palæmon) and the next (Melibœus) are Singing-Matches, contentions for the prize in musical compositions, in alternate verses. These verses have, from the Greek, the title of Amœbœan. Palæmon, the umpire, finds

[1] Philomela and her sister Progne placed before Tereus, as a part of his repast, the flesh of Itys, the son of Tereus and Progne. Philomela was transformed into a nightingale.

[2] A Grecian river whose banks abound in laurel.

himself unable to decide : it is a drawn battle. Prefacing the Amœbœan verses is an interchange of equivocal compliments between the competitors. The date is probably the 711th year of the City (B. C. 41).

THE PERSONS SPEAKING :

DAMŒTAS, *a Shepherd, representing* VIRGIL.
MENALCAS, *a Shepherd, representing a rival of* VIRGIL.
PALÆMON, *the Umpire.*

A PERSON APPEARING :

IOLLAS, *a Neighbor.*

THE SCENE : *The open fields.*

MENALCAS :

WHOSE flock, Damœtas ? Melibœus' is 't ?

DAMŒTAS :

No, Ægon's. Ægon gave it me in charge.

MENALCAS :

O sheep, forever an unhappy flock !
Whilst he Neæra courts, and fears lest she
To him myself prefers, this shepherd here, 5
An alien [1] to the sheep, twice every hour
Them milks. The flock grows weak thereby ;
The lambs, poor things, their natural sustenance miss.[2]

[1] "Alienus." In the Tenth Book of the Æneid (at line 781) this word occurs in the text, and is made the subject of a note.

[2] Secret milking was a frequent offense, and to it the Roman Code attached the penalties of whipping and forfeiture of wages.

DAMŒTAS:

More sparingly thou must on men thy flings
Throw out, now mind! And we know, too, who thee, —
The he-goat's eyes beholding thee askance, —
And at what roadway shrine — but laughed
The easy-natured[1] Nymphs. We know thy ways.

MENALCAS:

The same day 't was, of course, when I was seen 10
With rusty knife to hack the vineyard trees
That Micon owns, and tear his tender vines.

DAMŒTAS:

Or here, at these old beeches, where thy spite
Young Daphnis' bow and arrows broke, which thou,
Perverse Menalcas, grieved to see the boy
Receive, and which unless, in some sort, thou 15
Hadst hurt, thou would'st for very grief have died.

MENALCAS:

When thieves so dare, what may not masters[2] do?
Thou rascal, did n't I see thee take by stealth
That goat of Damon's, all the while enraged
Her bark Lycisca[3] pouring round thy heels?

[1] Good-natured because they did not punish him for the profanation.

[2] Menalcas comes back to his contempt and jealousy towards Ægon, his rival suitor.

[3] It is usual, in translation, to suppress her name, and to say merely "the mongrel," an offense at once to Damon and to VIRGIL, both of whom are entitled to have respect shown to a pretty name, and to the inference

And when I cried: "On what 's he pouncing now?
Call, Tityrus, in thy flock!" thou didst lie hid 20
By sedges there that formed a timely screen.

DAMŒTAS:

Why, then, when beaten in our singing-match,
Gave he not up the goat my pipe had won
By its sweet notes? May be thou knowest not, sirrah,
That goat was mine? The same to me confessed
Damon himself, but still the goat, he said,
He could not think of giving up to me.

MENALCAS:

Thou him o'ermatch in music! now didst thou 25
A pipe with waxen joints e'er own? Hath not
Thy practice, blockhead, been to drawl, on reeds
That gave forth dismal shriekings, at cross-roads,
Thy miserable song, till men were crazed?

DAMŒTAS:

Perhaps a match thou would'st desire thyself,
To see what each of us can do? My stake
This heifer is. Lest thou, perchance, refuse,[1]
Two calves she suckles, and each day comes twice 30
To milking. Say, what wager layest thou?

that this diligent servant was thorough-bred. The hunter Actæon having (without intention on his part) come upon Diana and her Nymphs enjoying a bath, he was by the Goddess changed into a stag, and was hunted down and killed by his own hounds. Of these hounds, to the number of thirty-three, OVID, in his Third Metamorphosis, gives the names with elaborate mention, one of them being Lyciscus.

[1] "Ne forte recuses." These words DRYDEN and WRANGHAM ignore.

MENALCAS:

Not from the flock dare I bet anything,
For I at home a father have, and more,
A step-mother unkind, and twice each day
They both count o'er the flocks, and one[1] the kids.
But that which thou wilt safely own exceeds 35
Such wagers, since thee holds this madman's freak,
Two beechen cups I 'll bet, carved work and rare
Divine Alcimedon hath deftly wrought:
Flows round the graceful rim a gentle vine
O'er clustering ivy-leaves, and then, below,
Upon the middle of the beauteous work, 40
Are signs of Conon's power — and, too, of him,
That other one — who was he? — that traced out
To all the nations, with his circling rod,
The orb entire, and times for planting showed
And times to plow. Not yet have I my lips
Unto them touched, but them keep treasured up.

DAMŒTAS:

And also made for me two cups the same
Alcimedon, and with the acanthus soft[2] 45
Their handles twined around, and in the midst
Set Orpheus and his following woods. Not yet
To these have I my lips applied, but them
Keep treasured up. If thou the heifer knowest,
Naught is there in the cups that thou canst praise.[3]

[1] "Alter." Ignored by WRANGHAM.
[2] "Molli." Ignored by DRYDEN and WRANGHAM.
[3] We will see, at the close, that a heifer was bet on each side.

MENALCAS:

Escape to-day is none for thee; where'er
Thou call'st I come. Let hear this, only,[1] —— 50
Or he who comes, behold Palæmon there!
Henceforth I 'll manage it that thou no more
Shalt banter men for trials in minstrelsy.

DAMŒTAS:

Well then, go on, if aught thou hast in thee,
In me will be no dallying seen, no man
Fear I. See, only,[2] that this thing 's not small,
Neighbor Palæmon, and that it by you
Should be far down in deep discernment placed.

PALÆMON:

Go on, while we upon the soft turf sit, 55
While load the fields, while load the trees, their fruits;
Now leafy June's deep foliaged woods are here,[3]
And of the year the brightest beauties smile.
Begin Damœtas; him then follow thou
Menalcas. Sing alternate strains. For love
The listening Muses best alternate strains.

[1] "Tantum." A homely but most expressive word, the exact equivalent of which is our "only." Menalcas is about to name an umpire, but, on seeing Palæmon approach, suggests him.

[2] The same "tantum," and, no doubt, used tauntingly by Damœtas, as he repeated Menalcas' words about the unused and carefully-treasured cups.

[3] "Nunc frondent sylvæ." I borrow "leafy June" from COLERIDGE: —

"And music as of hidden brooks
In the leafy month of June,
That, through the balmy night, sing on
The self-same quiet tune."

I.

DAMŒTAS:

From Jove, O Muses, all beginnings are; 60
Of Jove all things are full. Makes he the earth
Produce. My songs are in his sovereign care.

MENALCAS:

And me doth Phœbus love. The gifts he gives
Are always in my hands: the laurel leaves
And softly-blushing hyacinth [1] flowers are mine.

II.

DAMŒTAS:

Me Galatea with an apple seeks,
The playful girl,[2] and then her flight doth take 65
To willows near; and hopes to be first seen.

[1] Hyacinthus was a beautiful boy of Amyclæ, beloved by Apollo, and at his death converted by Apollo into the hyacinth flower. The circumstances of his death were lamentable. Zephyr, envious of Apollo, wafted a quoit thrown by the God, against the boy. Greek fancy sees in the flower the letters Aï, Aï, the Greek exclamation of sorrow; or the first letters of the name of Ajax; or the y of Hyacinthus. VIRGIL will recur again to this legend in one of the riddles at the close of this Pastoral.

[2] WRANGHAM omits "the playful girl" and "the willows," and the necessities of his rhyme compel him to make the apple plural, and to make them *green*: —

"Me Galatea pelts with apples green,
And flies, but hopes she does not fly unseen."

He attempts an impossibility: to bring into two ten-syllabled English lines the two usually fourteen-syllabled Latin lines. His only resource, then, is to ignore some of the Latin words. So above he takes from Jove "all beginnings," and from Phœbus "always."

ANDREWS (I cite him only once, for obvious reasons) cuts down the name of Galatea under the same necessity which weighed upon WRANGHAM: —

"Pears at my pate arch *Galea* softly throws."

MENALCAS:

My flame Amyntas is, and he to me
Approach doth make most willingly.[1] Less known
Unto my dogs on guard is Delia's self.

III.

DAMŒTAS:

My gifts unto my Venus have gone forth:
For I the very place have marked where meet
The doves aerial for their cooings shy.

MENALCAS:

Ten golden apples from my orchard picked 70
I sent my shepherd boy[2] ('t was all I could);
To-morrow I 'll remember him with more.

[1] "Ultro." A favorite word with VIRGIL, as we shall hereafter see. The necessities of WRANGHAM'S verse compel him, here, to ignore Amyntas, a beautiful youth to whom Menalcas was attached, and who is probably here mentioned by VIRGIL in compliment to some member of the imperial household.

[2] "Puero sylvestri ex arbore." I have preferred to place the boy, rather than the apple-tree, in the woods. The adjective "sylvestri" may be either in the ablative, agreeing with arbore, or in the dative, agreeing with puero, and it is nearer to the boy than to the tree. Therefore I make here, in place of the usual translation, a new reading. I am inclined to think, too, that lecta was originally lecto, agreeing with arbore, a choice tree. It has passed into a proverb that good fruits may come from "wild boys," but it yet remains to be known that choice apples can be picked from forest trees.

WRANGHAM, intent on framing an apology for the usual reading, translates the word "*pomum*" pomegranate (pomum granatum), and says he has heard that in some parts of Italy pomegranates grow wild in the woods. He has probably heard this from somebody who was never in Italy. It is so found in some parts of India.

IV.

DAMŒTAS:

From Galatea's lips how many and what words
Have come to me! Bear, trusty winds, of these
Some part to heaven, fit messages to Gods!

MENALCAS:

What profits it, Amyntas, that thy mind
So turns to me, if, whilst the wild-boar's [1] haunts 75
Thou seek'st, I watch, for game, the nets at home?

V.

DAMŒTAS:

To me my Phyllis fair, Iollas,[2] send,
This day my birthday is; and for the crops
Soon I 'll a heifer slay: then come thyself.

MENALCAS:

I Phyllis love all maids above: for she,
Iollas, wept my going once, and long
She said: "My beautiful, farewell, farewell!"

VI.

DAMŒTAS:

For stalls the wolf is sad; for ripened fruits 80
The showers; for trees the winds; for me
My Amaryllis[3] when her anger swells.

[1] WRANGHAM has already been compelled to ignore the apple-tree and part of the divine words of Galatea, and now he ignores the wild boars.

[2] Presumably the father of Phyllis. He would seem to have approached the trio during the singing-match.

[3] WRANGHAM is here compelled to ignore Amaryllis. Her four syllables made her inadmissible: she shrinks into "fair one," two syllables.

MENALCAS:

For seeds is moisture sweet; for hungry kids
The strawberry-sprouts; for breeding cows green twigs;
For me Amyntas' self alone is sweet.

VII.

DAMŒTAS:

My Muse, though rustic, Pollio loves: feed now,
Pierians, for the friend your notes who reads, 85
A heifer worthy of his praise and yours.

MENALCAS:

A poet Pollio is himself, invents,
And verses makes; feed ye a bull, and one
Whose horns gore deep, whose hoofs toss high the sand.

VIII.

DAMŒTAS:

Who thee loves, Pollio, may his aims attain
The heights wherein thou happy art; for him
May honey flow and cardamoms grow on briers.

MENALCAS:

Who hates not Bavius may he Mævius love 90
And songs like his; and to the plow yoke wolves,
And milk from veins of he-goats seek to draw.[1]

[1] Bavius and Mævius are contemptible poets inimical to VIRGIL and

IX.

DAMŒTAS:

Boys, ye who flowers do cull and strawberries pick
Close down the ground upon, flee hence! There lurks
Among the grass the clammy gliding snake.

MENALCAS:

Dread, sheep, to go too far, trust not the bank!
The ram himself, who trusted it too much, 95
Now dries, upon the mossy turf, his fleece.

X.

DAMŒTAS:

Drive, Tityrus, from the stream the browsing goats.
Myself, when time I have, will with the gems
Of crystal fountains make their fleeces drip.

MENALCAS:

Drive in the ewes, my boys, if heat the milk
Dries up, as not long since it did, in vain
Our hands their empty dugs will press.

Horace. VIRGIL seems to intimate that Mævius is the more contemptible of the two, and he was probably unfriendly to Pollio. And HORACE has discharged against Mævius his Tenth Epode: "In Mævium." Therein he calls him the filthy Mævius, and hopes that against his poetic bark every unpropitious wind under heaven may howl its stormy reprobation. The writing of scurrilous verses is one of the public offenses enumerated in the Twelve Tables. Thence we have our law of libel. Its punishment, in this generally merciful code, was death. CICERO *de Repub.* 4, 10, in *Opera Omnia.* Such regard had this ancient code to the sacredness of reputation.

XI.

DAMŒTAS:

Alas! alas! how lean my bull o'er fields 100
Of fattening clover strays! That self-same love
Of him and of his master makes an end!

MENALCAS:

The leanness in my flock is not of love;
The bones together scarce can cling, bewitched,
I know not by what eye, are my meek lambs!

XII.

DAMŒTAS:

Tell, and thou shalt my great Apollo be,
Where are the lands wherein the space of *heaven* 105
Doth seem a span no longer than three ells?

MENALCAS:

Tell, and thou shalt alone [1] be Phyllis' swain,
Where are the lands wherein grow flowers inscribed
By nature's hand with names of princes famed? [2]

[1] WRANGHAM has no room for "alone," and is compelled to ignore it, greatly to the detriment of the sense of VIRGIL.

[2] These riddles have occasioned infinite comment. The answer to the latter (of the princes' names) is conceded to be the lands which produce the hyacinths, wherein are thought to be read the initial of Hyacinthus and the beginning of the name of Ajax. The former, of the heavens shrinking to three ells, is more difficult. It has been answered an oven; a well; and the pit called *Mundus* (the world) in the Comitium at Rome, and which was opened only three times a year. But it is said by SERVIUS that VIRGIL declared, in the hearing of Asconius Pedianus, that the puzzle is merely a play upon the word "*cœli*," which is at the same time "of heaven" and,

PALÆMON:

Not I between ye such great trials can judge.[1]
Thou of the heifer worthy art, and he,
And whoso else shall fear that love 's too sweet, 110
Or find, by hard experience, bitter 't is.
Close now the sluices, boys, enough have drank
The thirsty meadows here, and in our minds.[2]

THE SEVENTH PASTORAL, MELIBŒUS;

KNOWN AS THE SEVENTH ECLOGUE.

ARGUMENT:

A Pastoral which, like the preceding one (Palæmon), is a Singing-Match. Melibœus, the umpire, decides in favor of one of the contestants; but his decision has awakened some comment upon his capacity as a judge. "God forbid," is the deprecatory language of Lord Tenterden, "that it should be imagined that an attorney, or a counsel, or even a judge, is bound to know all the law." The date is mere matter of conjecture. MARTYN is inclined to fix it at the 716th year of the City (B. C. 38), "as that year would otherwise have passed without any apparent mark of the poet's genius."

in poetical usage, "of Cœlius." Cœlius was a spendthrift, who wasted a large estate, which, at his death, was limited to the three ells of ground, in which his body found its resting place.

[1] "Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites."
A line often quoted, and wherein the word lites means, literally, a trial at law.

[2] "And in our minds" is my addition. It at once fills the line and the idea.

Colloquy between Daphnis and Melibœus.

THE PERSONS SPEAKING:

MELIBŒUS, *a Shepherd, representing* VIRGIL.
CORYDON } *Shepherds and rival singers, representing respec-*
THYRSIS } *tively Gallus and Pollio.*
DAPHNIS, *a Shepherd, friend of the party.*

THE SCENE: *The Banks of the Mincius in the Season of Spring.*

MELIBŒUS:

BENEATH the whispering plaints which early Spring
Wrought 'midst the brilliant green an ilex wore,
Was Daphnis set. And Corydon there had driven,
And Thyrsis, into one their flocks; the sheep
Were Thyrsis' care, and Corydon's care the goats,
The mother-goats whose dugs with milk were swollen;
Both in the flower of youth; Arcadians both;
Prepared to sing; prepared, too, to respond.
My path had thither borne me as I sought
The tender myrtle twigs to shield from cold.
The man of all my flock, my he-goat, too,
Had wandered forth. I Daphnis spy. When me
He sees, he cries: "Come quickly hither, friend,
Thy goat, thy kids, are safe, and if one jot 10
Of time is thine, rest thee this shade beneath.[1]
To drink thy steers themselves will come, they draw,
E'en now the meadow's sward across. Here clothes
His verdant banks the Mincius clear with reeds

[1] We must suppose that a cool morning had been succeeded by an afternoon warmed by a glowing sun.

Of tender green, while in yon sacred oak
Resounds the humming of the swarming bees."
What should I do? At home Alcippe none
Nor Phyllis wise had I who might the lambs 15
That should be weaned keep from their dams hid close,
And here a contest great was just at hand,
Thyrsis in song contesting Corydon's skill.
Behind their sport my serious cares I placed;
In strains alternate, then, the swains began,
In strains alternate which the Muses love,
First Corydon's voice, then Thyrsis', too, in turn: 20

I.

CORYDON:

Nymphs, my delight, ye of Libethra's fount!
As to my Codrus,[1] so grant unto me
The power of song. For he Apollo vies
In music's arts: or if we cannot all
Such excellence attain, let me my pipe,
My shrill-voiced pipe, hang on yon sacred pine.[2]

THYRSIS:

Swains, ye Arcadia's pride, with ivy crown
My rising fame, though burst with jealousy fierce
Fallen Codrus' sides; or if mock praise be given,
If this the mode of insult to my fame,

[1] Codrus was a poet of VIRGIL's time, of superior merit.

[2] Equivalent language would be: "If I cannot excel, I will lay aside the practice of the art, and devote my instrument as an offering to the Muses on their sacred tree."

Arguta, "shrill-voiced," is ignored by DRYDEN and WRANGHAM.

With spikenard bind my brows serene, that so
No evil tongue your future bard may harm.[1]

II.

CORYDON :

Delia, to thee young Micon's gift is made,
This bristling boar's head grim, and of a stag 30
The branching antlers fair that crowned his
brow.
If thou to him shalt be propitious still,
Bright marble all thy statue he will raise,
And round thine ankles purple buskins bind.[2]

THYRSIS :

Of milk a bowl and these thy cakes each year,
Priapus, is enough for thee to hope :

[1] Mock praise called for an amulet. Vati futuro is ignored by DRYDEN and WRANGHAM. There seems no excuse for this except the tyranny of rhyme.

[2] Herein two very ancient methods in statuary are hinted at: the making only the bust of marble, the rest of the statue of wood; and the practice of painting statues. Delia is one of the names of Diana, from her birthplace the island of Delos. Thyrsis will answer by proposing a *golden* statue of Priapus. It will be seen, in the Invocation to the Æneid, that VIRGIL vows to *Venus* a statue of Cupid with wings of changing tints and painted quiver. At this moment on the Capitoline Hill at Rome stands the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, which yet shows traces of the gold which more than thirteen centuries ago covered man and horse. Of my personal observation of this incomparable statue I will take occasion to speak in another place.

The Capitoline Temple of Jupiter was adorned, at one time, with a statue of the God in solid gold; and, in the decline of the empire, Caligula caused his own statue, in his assumed rôle of Jupiter, to be made of solid gold, — an extravagance which, with others of a like nature, brought the Roman exchequer to ruin. We have seen, in a note to *Varus*, that America has produced the greatest display of golden statues in all the golden annals of the globe.

The garden thou dost guard is poor. But yet, 35
For thee a marble statue shall be made,
And, if the new-born lambs shall fill the flock
A golden one shall shed abroad its beams.

III.

CORYDON :

Thou, Galatea, Nereus' child, to me
Sweeter than honey art from Hybla's bees,
In grace surpassing swans, and in thy face
More fair than pearly leaves the ivy white
Puts forth : so soon as seek the pastured bulls
Their stalls, come, if thou lov'st thy Corydon,
come ! 40

THYRSIS :

Yea, Galatea, if to me seems not
This lingering light a lingering year to fill,
May I to thee seem bitterer than the herbs
Sardonic [1] called, than prickly gorse more rough,
And slimier than the seaweed cast a-shore !
For shame, my steers, you 're fed, and trot ye home !

IV.

CORYDON :

Ye mossy fountains, and than sleep more sweet, 45
Thou turf, and slender screen of shade that give

[1] "Sardois herbis." Allusion is probably made to the *bush-holly*, a plant growing in great abundance in Sardinia, of an excessively bitter taste. Its taste and astringent properties occasion a forced and convulsive laughter, with grinning. Thence we have the term *Sardonic laughter*.

The strawberry trees,[1] from summer's heat my flock
Defend ye me; approach the torrid shafts
That summer suns pour down; swell now the buds
The joyous vine within with promised wine.[2]

THYRSIS:

But here, at home, the hearth we have, and knots
Of resinous pine, here fire abundant glows, 50
And black the rafters are with grimy soot.
Here just so much for Boreal cold we care,
As cares the wolf the flock to count, or cares
The stream by torrents swollen to nurse the banks.

V.

CORYDON:

Fast grows the juniper, fast grow and swell
The bearded buds the chestnut trees put forth;
And 'neath the trees the apples scattered lie;
All nature smiles; but let Alexis' feet 55
Once stray from these our mountain-paths remote
And blossoming vales, and every fount will fail.

THYRSIS:

Arid the fields are, in the air depraved
The herbage dies; e'en Bacchus on the hills

[1] "Arbutus." The arbutus of VIRGIL, which we have already met with in *Palæmon*, line 82, is the strawberry tree of Southern Europe, of the Levant, and of the neighborhood of the Lakes of Killarney. Another species of the arbutus is the *trailing* arbutus, which is found in New England, and is there known as the ground-laurel.

[2] "The elegant ornamentation of this passage," says HEYNE, "has been *greedily* imitated by the poets, OVID, and others."

Envies the vines their clustering wealth of shade :
Phyllis' approach will all my grove revive,
And Jove abundant come in joyous rains. 60

VI.

CORYDON :

To Hercules' eye the poplar gives delight,
To Bacchus' vines ; fair Venus myrtles loves ;
Laurels Apollo please, his chosen tree ;
And Phyllis smiles upon the hazel-blooms ;
And since them Phyllis loves, the laurel's pride
And myrtle's beauty shall to hazels yield.

THYRSIS :

Most beauteous in the woods the ash appears, 65
In gardens most the pine, in streams most fair
The poplar mirrored is, and high shines forth
In mountain-heights the fir: but would'st thou come
To see me oftener, Lycidas divine,
Poplar and fir and ash would yield to thee.

MELIBŒUS :

These I recall ; and how, thus overcome,
In vain contended Thyrsis for the prize.
And from that time all that we say 'mongst us 70
Is " Corydon hear, hear Corydon's lark-like voice ! " [1]

[1] Corydon is from a Greek word signifying a lark. This has suggested to me the phrase " lark-like voice," which does not belong strictly to the original: —

" Ex illo ' Corydon, Corydon,' est tempore nobis."

THE EIGHTH PASTORAL, ALEXIS;

KNOWN AS THE SECOND ECLOGUE.

ARGUMENT:

The closing Pastorals in the series, as I have arranged them, are three in number: Alexis; The Enchantress; and Lycoris. I so group them because they all fall under the general and pleasing title of Love-Songs. Their dates are matters of conjecture, but they are supposed to be, respectively, the 712th, the 715th, and the 717th years of the City (B. C. 42, 39, and 37). The present Pastoral records the despairing love of a shepherd for a beautiful boy who treats him with disdain.

THE PERSONS SPEAKING:

VIRGIL, *in Introduction.*

CORYDON, *a Shepherd, representing* VIRGIL, *and in love with* ALEXIS, *a beautiful boy, the slave of* MÆCENAS.

THE SCENE: *A Glen in Sicily, shaded by Beeches.*

VIRGIL:

WITH love burned Corydon's heart Alexis towards,
A youth his master's joy, yet what he hoped,
Return of love, had not; he only [1] forth,
Among the beeches dense with shadowy tops,
His walks unhappy took, and walked, and walked.[2]
There he, alone, these artless lays, with mind

[1] "Tantum." An expressive word.
[2] "Assidue veniebat."

Intent but empty, to the mounts and woods 5
That round him towered and waved, gave forth.

CORYDON:

O cruel one, Alexis, why alas!
For all my songs hast thou no thought nor care?
Hast thou on me no mercy? Dost thou, then,
Me force to die? Now even the herd cool shade
And shelter seek, now even the lizards green
The thorn-brake hides, and Thestylis bruises now, 10
For reapers wearied with the oppressive sun,
Wild thyme and garlic, cooling, savory herbs;
While in this scorching heat, as thee I seek,
And trace thy footsteps out, alone is heard,
The festooned elms among, the cricket's song,
Continuous, wild and hoarse. Had it not, then,
Far easier been the saddening scorn to bear
And proud disdain which Amaryllis hurled, 15
Or bear neglect Menalcas coldly gave,
Albeit he swarthy is, and white art thou?
O beauteous boy, trust not too far thy bloom!
The blackberry 's [1] plucked, the white ligustrum falls.
Despised by thee I am, but whom thou hat'st
Thou seek'st not, fair Alexis, to be told,
In flocks how rich, how rich in snowy milk, 20
How roam of mine a thousand frolicking lambs
On mounts Sicilian green, and how ne'er fails

[1] I follow the homely style of VIRGIL, homely here as elsewhere, although the passage is imitated from THEOCRITUS, and the word he uses is the *hyacinth.*

To me new milk in summer's sweltering heat,
Or when the frost comes bleak on wintry fields.
The songs I sing are those which used to sing
Queen Dirce's son, Amphion,[1] when his flocks,
With notes divine that charmed all ears, he called
In Actæan Aracynthus. Nor am I 25
So homely:[2] lately, on the shore, myself
I saw, when stood the sea unstirred by winds;
And thought that were the picture true, no fear
Could I of Daphnis' self even have, should we
Our forms compare, with thine own self for judge.
O only[3] taste thou these delights with me,
These pleasures rural which thou deem'st so mean,
And with me in our humble cottage dwell,
And pierce the stags, and drive the huddling kids 30
To where the green hibiscus bids them browse![4]
With me come imitate, within our woods,
The notes of Pan: the first was Pan who taught
How several reeds with wax to join in one.
'T is Pan who guards the sheep, and guards, as well,
The masters of the sheep. Nor that thy lip

[1] Amphion is said to have built with the music of his harp the walls of Thebes.

[2] "Nec sum adeo informis."

[3] "O tantum." Tantum used here with a rare touch of pathos.

[4] "Hædorumque gregem viridi compellere hibisco."

A controversy exists as to whether the words "viridi hibisco" shall be understood as in the ablative or dative, *with a green switch of hibiscus*, or *to the place where the green hibiscus grows*. I claim the merit of closing the controversy by using the phrase as VIRGIL uses it, in *both* cases at once. Mine is a new reading.

Thou with the reed dost rub do thou regret,
For what would not Amyntas do could he? 35
With reeds unequal made, in number seven,[1]
My flute is joined, which once Damœtas me,
All lavish he of kindnesses, did give,
And of which, when he died, he said: "My flute,
And such [2] a flute! In thee, 't will find, my friend,
A second master." Thus Damœtas said;
And envies me Amyntas' foolish heart.
And two wild goats I have which, strayed, I found 40
A dangerous valley's rough defiles within;
Not yet have they their beauty-spots [3] outgrown;
Suck they, twice every day, two ewes' rich dugs;
These at your service are.[4] Long since hath prayed
Thestylis for leave to take them as her own,
And do 't she shall, since thou my gifts contemn'st.
O hither come, thou beauteous youth! For thee 45
Behold the Nymphs in fragrant basket-fulls
Their lilies bring; for thee the Naiad comes,
White-limbed and shining in her crystal sheen,
Pale violets gathering, and bright poppies gay,
Narcissus' hues with pungent dill unites,
And Cassia adds, sweet herbs of mingled dies,

[1] The number seven, in all literature, is sacred. It is only necessary to mention the seven-branched candlestick and the seven hills.

[2] "Ista." Mine is a new reading.

[3] Very young kids are dappled with white spots, which, as they increase in age, fade out.

[4] "Quos tibi servo." The modern sense is exactly that of the text.

Wolf; Goat; Clover.

Whereof the hyacinth's bloom paints deeper still 50
The yellow tints that flush the marigold,
And all the rifled honors of the Spring.[1]
  Myself will gather downy peaches ripe
And chestnuts which my Amaryllis loved,
And waxy plums will add (to this fruit, too,
Will I this honor yield), and so will I,
Proud laurels, gather ye, and myrtles, ye,
Since, when combined, ye blend your odors bland. 55
  A clown thou, Corydon, art; for not at all
Doth care Alexis for thy bounteous gifts;
Nor will, in such a strife, Iollas yield.
Alas! alas! what unto wretched me
Have I not willed! Lost[2] I have loosed
Upon my flowers the gale, and on my founts
Of dimpling clearness boars. And whom dost thou,
Insane, escape? The Gods themselves their homes 60
In forests deep have made; in forests deep
Dardanian Paris was content to dwell;
Dread Pallas' self who citadels did build,
She tills the soil; and me, please me the woods
Beyond all else, please me its scenes and joys.[3]

[1] WRANGHAM: —

"For thee the blooming Spring
The white-armed Naiad rifles."

DRYDEN: —

"The daughters of the flood have searched the mead
For violets pale, and cropped the poppy's head."

[2] "Quid volui misero mihi" and "perditus" are by DRYDEN and WRANGHAM ignored.

[3] "Let Pallas love the towers 't was hers to rear:
To us the woodlands be forever dear!" WRANGHAM.

The lioness fell pursues the flying wolf ;
The wolf the kid ; the sportive kid the spray
The flowering trefoil sheds ; and, Corydon, thou 65
Alexis ; so each one his pleasure draws.
And see the bullocks bringing back, hung light
Their yokes upon, the burnished plow ; and casts
Increasing shadows the descending sun ;
Yet burns me love. To love what limit 's fixed ?
Ah, Corydon, Corydon ! thee what madness holds ?
Hang on their elms half-trimmed thy leafy vines. 70
Why rather not, at length, prepare, of twigs
The osiers yield, light baskets framed for use
In various needs of life. If thou in him
Hast an Alexis found not kind, seek thou,
Resigned, another who thy gifts will prize.

THE NINTH PASTORAL, THE ENCHANTRESS ;

KNOWN AS THE EIGHTH ECLOGUE.

ARGUMENT.

This Pastoral, usually entitled the *Pharmaceutria*, is the second in the series of love-songs. Itself a double love-song, it seems to have been the special favorite of the poet. It was addressed, as an offering not unworthy of such distinction, to

He herein misses the sense of "colat," and forgets that "nobis" means Corydon.

DRYDEN falls under the same censure : —

"In cities which she built let Pallas reign,
Towers are for Gods, but forests for the swain."

his brother-poet and cherished friend and patron, Pollio, of whom we have traced the career in the Argument to the Fourth Pastoral. Suffice it to say, here, that Pollio, besides his eminence in literature, had attained the highest honors of the state and of the army. The Sophocles of his time, he had been made consul, and for his victory over the Parthians had been awarded a triumph.

The Pastoral consists of two parts, both suggested by the Idyls of Theocritus; the first part following chiefly his third, and the second his second, Idyl. The first part is a relation, in pathetic verse, by the Shepherd Damon, of the ill-success of his addresses to Nisa. The second part is sung by Alphesibœus, and the shepherd who, attended by Amaryllis, personates the Enchantress, who seeks by incantations and the arts of magic to win the love of Daphnis. So, the *Enchantress* is a double Idyl, and has the double quality of being not only a feast of love-songs, but also, what is supposed to be chiefly dear to the pastoral imagination, a singing-match.

The date of the Pastoral is fixed (and with a fair chance for accuracy) as of the year 715 of the City (B. C. 39); and its date in the career of Pollio is his Illyrian campaign.

THE PERSONS SPEAKING:

VIRGIL, *in Introduction and Dedication.*
DAMON, *a Shepherd, a rejected Suitor.*
ALPHESIBŒUS, *a Shepherd, who sings the Song of the* ENCHANTRESS.
AMARYLLIS, *Attendant on the* ENCHANTRESS.

THE PERSONS APPEARING:

NISA, *in Narration.*
THE ENCHANTRESS, *in Representation.*
DAPHNIS, *in Narration.*

THE SCENE: *A Meadow in the Early Morning.*

VIRGIL :

Of Damon's and Alphesibœus' Muse,
Swains whose exalted rivalry in song,
Would make subdued the wondering heifer stand
Forgetful of the herbage which she browsed,
And lynxes stupefy, with sounds trilled forth
Melodious from sweet reeds, so sweet that power
To them seemed given the headlong floods to hold
And stop the course of flowing rivers wide ;
Of such I sing, of such my story is, 5
Of Damon's and Alphesibœus' Muse.

DEDICATION TO POLLIO :

Thou friend of mine ! or great Timavus' [1] rocks
Thou dost surmount, or coasts dost thread
Stormed by Illyrian waves, shall that day come
When mine it shall be to recount thy deeds,
And bear throughout all lands thy lines
Which worthy are, and only worthy they, 10
The Sophoclean buskin [2] to assume ?
From thee these verses their beginning trace,
In thee they end. Accept a song begun
At thy command ; yes, let creep in
These ivy leaves and tendrils 'midst the crown,
The laurel crown, that girds thy victor brow.

[1] Now the Timao. See a note to line 244 of the First Æneid.

Wrangham ignores the rocks, but apologizes by mentioning them in a note. He ignores the "buskin" just below, and also devotes to it a note.

Dryden commits the same faults, but without apology.

[2] Augustus also attempted tragedy in his "*Ajax*," a composition which even Suetonius admits is a mediocre work. On the other hand, Pollio, for the excellence of his tragedies, was known as the Roman Sophocles.

I.

Had scarcely ceased the shadowy chill of night,
And, gem-like, gleamed upon the tender plants 15
The dew most grateful to the browsing flocks,
When, leaning on his polished olive-staff,[1]
Began thus DAMON, he the first to sing:

THE REJECTED:

Arise, thou star of morning, Lucifer,
Ushering the dear day in,[2] whilst I complain 20
Deceived by love to Nisa undeserved,
Nisa my mate; and with my latest breath
The Gods I will invoke, my witnesses,
Yet who proficient in my cause are not;
Begin with me, my luckless pipe, begin
Mænalian [3] verses low and sweet though sad.

Holds Mænalus, forever, whispering groves
And shrill, and pines whose voices to the skies
And Earth speak forth; forever shepherds' loves
Doth hear thine own God Pan, Pan who the pipe
Inert bade shed its fairy notes abroad,
Notes which the God himself bade live and swell.

[1] MARTYN says "leaning against the round olive *tree*," and explains that he deems the idea of a walking-staff inconsistent with the rugged vigor of pastoral life. But he forgets that shepherds live to an advanced age, and that "teres," like "totus" and "rotundus," does not apply to trees.

[2] "Lucifer." Venus, when the evening star, was called Vesper or Hesperus (the evening or western star), and when the morning star was called Lucifer (the light-bringer).

[3] "Mænalios versus." Mount Mænalus, a piney mountain, sacred to Pan, was situated in Arcadia.

Begin, with me, my luckless pipe, begin 25
Mænalian verses low and sweet though sad.

To Mopsus Nisa 's given : what limits now
To hopes of love infatuate can be placed?
With horses griffins [1] now are paired, and comes
An age, not far, for timid deer and dogs.
New torches, Mopsus, bring and nuts : is thine 30
A wife ; are thine Mount Æta's favoring shades.
Begin with me, my luckless pipe, begin
Mænalian verses low and sweet though sad.

O, worthy he, thy husband, is of thee,
Of thee who all thy lovers dost contemn!
Thou who my pipe dost hate, my goats,
My beard neglected long, my eye-brows arched
With shaggy hair, nor dost believe that care 35
Hath any God for woes that mortals press.
Begin with me, my luckless pipe, begin
Mænalian verses low and sweet though sad.

Thee saw I, 'midst my orchard's fruitage ripe,
(Thy guide was I,) the apples picking up,
A little maiden 'neath her mother's eye,

[1] HERODOTUS and PLINY (so fanciful were early legends of northern lands) describe the griffins, lion-bodied, eagle-headed, and eagle-winged, as guardians of mines of gold in Northern Europe, in defense of which they waged continual wars with the Arismaspians, men with one eye.

> "As when a gryphon through the wilderness
> With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
> Pursues the Arismaspian, who, by stealth,
> Had, from his wakeful custody, purloined
> The guarded gold." MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, Bk. 2.

And I a boy just past my eleventh year,
And scarcely high enough to touch the boughs; 40
I saw, was lost, and held in error's chains.
Begin with me, my luckless pipe, begin
Mænalian verses low and sweet though sad.

Now know I what is Love: his guileful ways,
His treacherous methods, well have I found out.
Produced that boy no race of mine, no blood;
From Tmaros' doth he come or Rhodope's rocks,[1] 45
Or hath his lineage from those rugged realms,
The last of earth, where Garymantians[2] dwell.
Begin with me, my luckless pipe, begin
Mænalian verses low and sweet though sad.

Love, savage Love, a mother's rage hath taught
Her hands to stain with her own children's blood.
Was it the cruel mother most, or he
That rascal[3] Boy? That rascal Boy it was; 50
And thou a deed of fearful shame hast wrought
Thy mother hands dipped red in children's lives.[4]

[1] Wild and inhospitable mountain-ranges, in Epirus and Thrace respectively.

[2] A savage tribe of Africa.

GRAY may have thought, in his elegy, of Damon: —

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love."

[3] "Improbus." The word occurs in the Æneid, where its pungency of meaning is noted in several places.

[4] The reference is to Medea, daughter of King Æëtes and wife of Jason, who, when Jason deserted her and married Creusa, killed her own children, two sons whom she had had by Jason.

It would have seemed more to the purpose, in the case of Damon, if he

Begin with me, my luckless pipe, begin
Mænalian verses low and sweet though sad.

Now let the wolves from sheep flee ultraly ;[1]
Let gnarl'd oaks golden apples bear, and flower
The lofty poplars with narcissus blooms ;
The lowly tamarisks amber rich exude ;
Owls vie with swans ; and Tityrus Orpheus be 55
In woods, Arion where the dolphins sport.[2]
Begin with me, my luckless pipe, begin
Mænalian verses low and sweet though sad.

Let all the Earth, as 't were the midmost sea,
A flood become ! Long may ye live, ye woods,
Ye tall growths which the lofty peaks shall hold !
From some aerial mountain's towering height
I go, myself into the flood to hurl.
These give I thee, a dying man's last gift. 60
Then cease, then cease, my luckless pipe, then cease,
Mænalian verses low and sweet though sad.

had, in admiration, referred to Medea's powers in her character of a sorceress and enchantress. And it is quite possible, nay, probable, that VIRGIL hoped the allusion might lead to this. In this character Medea, through a poisoned robe and crown, compassed the death of her rival; and more, she possessed powers of some practical application to the disadvantages under which Damon labored. She proved herself the possessor of the art of restoring youth. Her demonstration consisted in cutting up an old ram, and putting the pieces in a pot, whence, under her ministrations, came forth a bleating lamb.

[1] "Ultro." The story of Turnus in the Æneid furnishes repeated instances of the effective use of this word by our author. *Ultraly* is a word of my own origination.

[2] Arion, by his music, captivated a dolphin, who saved him from drowning.

II.

These Damon. Say, ye Muses, what response
ALPHESIBŒUS gave. Ye must the strain
Relate, for not unto us all is 't given
All things to do: finite is mortal man.

THE ENCHANTRESS:

Bring hither, Amaryllis, water fair,
And with a gentle wreath these altars bind;
Let white [1] verbenas burn and pungent folds 65
Of frankincense arise, that of my mate
I may the senses charm by magic rites:
These spells alone remain, my last resource.
Bring from the city home, bring home, my charms,[2]
Bring to his rural home my Daphnis back.

From heaven the moon the spell of magic verse
To Earth can draw; in charms of minstrelsy 70
Lay Circe's power, whereby Ulysses' chiefs
Were changed in form, obedient to her will;
The clammy snake that 'midst the meadows lurks
Bursts its enchanted coils by music swollen.
Bring from the city home, bring home, my charms,
Bring to his rural home my Daphnis back.

With these three threads of diverse colors three
Thee first do I surround; then thrice bear I

[1] The *white* verbena is my suggestion. As distinguished from its myriad sisters, it signifies, in floral language, "*pray for me.*"

[2] "Carmina." A Protean word, used here, as SOPHOCLES might use it, in all its senses.

Thine image [1] round these altars solemnly: 75
Uneven numbers gratify the God.[2]
Bind, Amaryllis, in three knots three hues;
Then, Amaryllis, say "'t is Venus' tie." [3]
Bring from the city home, bring home, my charms,
Bring from the city home my Daphnis back.

As this, of clay,[4] will harder grow, and this, 80
Of wax, like tow [5] before the flame sink down,
So in Love's presence may we stand, and melt

[1] Explained in a note to the next stanza.

[2] The God here is Apollo, God of divination. I adopt the suggestion of CONINGTON, and throw out the 76th line as a repetitional, superfluous, and unnecessary interpolation. It is, simply, the refrain of the song, which belongs, properly, only at the close of each stanza: —

"Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim."

[3] So TASSO, in his 13th Canto, describes the magic arts of the sorcerer in the enchanted forest: —

"One naked foot he in the round charmed ring
Set, murmuring mighty rhymes; nor failed to turn
Thrice to the clime whence first the sunbeams spring,
Thrice to the region gape where last they burn;
Thrice shook the wand that from the dreary urn
Calls buried phantoms to walk forth again
Incorporate; three times, gloomily grave and stern,
Stamped with his foot unshod."

WIFFEN's Translation.

Determined to please the Gods on the point of numbers, it would seem, according to PLATO, that the Atlanteans, at least in one important series of ceremonies, followed both the odd and even numbers: "The people gathered together at the temple of Poseidon every fifth and sixth years alternately, thus giving equal honor to the odd and to the even number."

DONNELLY's *Atlantis*, p. 19.

[4] The Enchantress had prepared two images, one of clay to represent herself, and one of wax to represent Daphnis. The significance of the rite is manifest.

[5] VIRGIL makes the rhyme in one line: —

"Limus ut hæc *durescit*, et hæc ut cera *liquescit*."

May Daphnis' heart. Spread round the salted meal ;[1]
And burn with bitumen the laurel twigs :
In them 't is Daphnis burns, who doth burn me.
Bring from the city home, bring home, my charms,
Bring to his rural home my Daphnis back.

Let such love Daphnis seize, as when, forlorn 85
And weary, the young cow[2] in vain the bull
Seeks out through grove and fen and thickets far,
And, desperate quite, lies down upon the sedge
That lines the forest-stream, nor cares for night
That falls: such love, and in *my* hand no cure.
Bring from the city home, bring home, my charms, 90
Bring to his rural home my Daphnis back.

These things that once he wore, these spoils, the wretch
Me left as pledges dear of his false troth,
These hid beneath my door-sill now I place,
And, Earth, to thee commend. These pledges dear
Can Daphnis' self redeem, and only he,
The debt they owe he, he alone, can pay.
Bring from the city home, bring home, my charms,
Bring to his rural home my Daphnis back.

[1] "Molam." Thence we have our word *immolate*.

[2] "Bucula." A young cow, feminine diminutive of bos. *The Bucula* was the title of a magnificent work of art, a young cow in bronze, at Athens, the production of the artist Myron. CICERO mentions this work of art in his Ninth Oration against Verres (*Opera Omnia*, vol. 2, p. 402): "Quid tum? Quid arbitramini Athenienses, qui jam cives Romani sint, merere vellent ab eis buculam Myronis auferatur." And I believe it is to this work of art that VIRGIL here alludes.

These herbs, these poisons choice, that Pontus reared, 95
Pontus profuse in such, gave Mœris me.
Oft times with them I 've Mœris made believe
Himself a wolf, and seek concealment deep
In forests grim ; and from dank sepulchres
Have spirits called, and made fields change their seeds.
Bring from the city home, bring home, my charms, 100
Bring to his rural home my Daphnis back.

Bring, Amaryllis, bring the ashes forth,
And backward throw them in the running stream,
Nor look behind : for choose the Gods that men
Them should not see. Now are my charms prepared.
With these I 'll Daphnis meet. But yet not he
For any God will care, or charms of mine.
Bring from the city home, bring home, my charms,
Bring to his rural home my Daphnis back.

AMARYLLIS :[1]

See how, whilst I delay the ashes forth 105
To bear, see how, itself, unlit, a spark
Hath come among the offerings placed, and now
In tremulous flame upon the altars burns.
An omen good it seems, and yet how strange !
And there is Hylax[2] barking at the gate !

[1] For the suggestion that here Amaryllis speaks I am indebted to Cooper.

[2] "Hylax in limine latrat." Words peculiarly onomatopoetic. They

THE ENCHANTRESS:

Can I believe it? Or do they who love
Feign ever to themselves as though in dreams?

convey the sound of a whining terrier barking upon the door-sill. Hylax is from a Greek word signifying *to bark*. SYMMONS is elaborate in his expressions of contempt for instances of this beauty in the Æneid. "If we encourage these vocal imitations," he says, "there will be no limit to the idleness and absurdity of our tricks. We shall be mimicking, in our poems, the croakings of ravens *and the barkings of dogs;* and when we have formed some rugged combinations of the alphabet, in defiance of metre, grammar, and sense, we shall applaud ourselves on our *inhuman* success." Had he possessed a better ear for the harmony of sounds, the instance here in point would have occurred to him, to say nothing of the "ter gutture et quater," of the *ravens* in the First Georgic, and the "hædi petulci," the *butting kids*, of the Fourth. The most exemplary piety has condescended to familiarity with the lower orders of God's creatures. St. Francis of Assisi, the Orpheus of the Middle Ages, I have seen, in a picture in the Louvre, preaching to the birds, whom he called his little sisters. The wolves have been preached to. And Hebrew scripture and Christian legend alike testify to the mutual good-will which exists throughout the scale of animated nature, and give us, against the superciliousness of SYMMONS (himself, by the bye, a doctor of divinity), the inspired protests of Daniel and Elisha and Andronicus and Tarchus.

Perhaps I may be pardoned for appending here something in the nature of personal reminiscence.

I happened to be sitting in my office one day with Judge G——, for some years prior to that time a distinguished member of the Supreme Bench of my State, and at the time my law-partner. Entered an unceremonious swain from the rural districts, and, without removing his antique and ponderous Gainsborough, clapped one of his immense paws on one of the Judge's knees, and, adjusting the quid, which lined his capacious mouth, vociferated, rather than said, "Bob, out in ole Larramy I 've been chosen defendant in a law-suit before 'Squire Hickenblimpert, and I want you to go out and *bark* for me!" The Judge, taking no offense at the form of the request, observed, amiably, that he was in the habit of doing that very thing — for a consideration. The consideration was easily assumed, and the Judge did some good barking for our client, not only before the local magistrate, but in the Circuit and Supreme Courts of the State.

No more, no more, my charms, he comes, comes home,
Back to his rural home my Daphnis comes.

THE TENTH PASTORAL, LYCORIS;

KNOWN AS THE TENTH ECLOGUE.

ARGUMENT:

This Pastoral is the last in the series of Love-Songs, the last in the series of Pastorals, and the last in the series of Eclogues. It records the unreciprocated love of the poet Gallus for the most beautiful woman of her time, the incomparable Lycoris, a celebrated actress.

The *Lycoris* was added to the Pastorals, against the original plan of VIRGIL, which restricted their number to nine, the number of the Muses. Besides, "unequal numbers please Apollo," he has himself said in the *Enchantress*. But the desire to sing the praises of a dear friend and brother poet induced him to forego his original plan. Gallus fell under the displeasure of Augustus, and, in a fit of despair, took his own life. The gloomy event, it is said, changed the character of the latter portion of the Fourth Georgic, which had chanted his praises in lofty numbers. For the praises of Gallus was substituted the story of Aristæus.

The date of the Pastoral is probably the 717th year of the City (B. C. 37).

THE PERSONS SPEAKING:

VIRGIL, *in Invocation and Conclusion.*
APOLLO, *God of Poetry.*
SYLVANUS, *Son of Mars, God of the Woods.*
PAN, *God of Shepherds.*

GALLUS, *a Shepherd in love with Lycoris.*
MENALCAS, *a Shepherd representing* VIRGIL.
Another Shepherd.
Swineherds.

THE PERSONS APPEARING:

LYCORIS, *by Narration.*
ARETHUSA, *by Invocation.*

THE SCENE: *A landscape in Arcadia in the early evening.*

VIRGIL IN INVOCATION:

THIS last of these my labors do thou guide,
O Arethusa, Nymph Sicilian kind,
For to my Gallus I some notes would sound,
Some notes of woodland minstrelsy, which love
Would to my pipe attune, and which might be
Read by Lycoris' self, for beauty famed.[1]
Who would to Gallus grudge a song of praise?
And may to thee, as flows thy stream so sweet,
Beneath Sicilian waters come no wave 5
By bitter Doris' envy mixed therewith.[2]

[1] JOHNSON did not forget the name of Lycoris: —

"Texente Nymphis serta Lycoride,
Rosæ ruborem sic viola adjuvat
Inmista."

When weaves Lycoris garlands with the Nymphs,
So doth she add to bloom of roses red
The violet's dyes.

MILTON: —

"And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair, silver-buskined Nymphs, both great and good."

[2] The Sicilian Nymphs were, as we have seen, the special patrons of pastoral poetry. Arethusa, fleeing beneath the sea from the pursuit of Alpheus, became a fountain in Ortygia, a Sicilian island.

"Divine Alpheus, who, by secret sluice,
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse." MILTON.

The story is told more fully in the Third Book of the Æneid, line 690.

Begin. Let us the anxious love relate
Whereto fond Gallus bowed, the while my goats,
Flat-nosed, the light sprays nip. Our song on ears
That have no hearing falls not. E'en the woods,
The listening forests, answer to the strain.

Ye Naiad girls, where were ye then, when sunk 10
Beneath disastrous love my Gallus' head?
For not on heights Parnassian were ye then,
Nor in your Pindus' bowers, nor by the fount
Of Aganippe on your Helicon's heights
In lands Æonian fair.[1] Him even bewailed
The laurels, him the tamarisks wept; and him,
Prone as he lay beneath its rocky crests,
Wept Mænalus sad, and even Lycæus' flints 15
By his deep moans were melted into woe.

VIRGIL IN NARRATION:

And here, where all thy noble nature knew,
Poet divine, the sheep stand round, a throng
Possessed, like us, by sympathy for thee,
For thee who dost not even such love disdain:
For did not he, Adonis' beauteous self,
His flock lead forth beside the crystal brook?
And hither comes the shepherd; hither come
The tardy swineherds[2] wending o'er the lea;
Moist from the snow-soaked mast Menalcas comes. 20

[1] VIRGIL here upbraids the Nymphs as having been absent from their customary haunts. If they had been present in their customary haunts they *must* have heard of Gallus' disaster.

[2] "Sublici." From "sus," a sow; sow-compellers, swine-compellers.

All ask thee: "Whence such[1] love as this?" And comes
Apollo: "Gallus, why so frenzied thou?
Lycoris, who the cause is of thy care,
Following another's love, hath gone, 'midst snows
And barbarous camps far hence to dwell." And comes,
His forehead bright with rural honors crowned,
Shaking his fennel-flowers and lilies large, 20
Sylvanus; and comes, too, Arcadia's God,
Comes Pan, him whom ourselves have seen,
His blushing face vermilion-stained and dyed
With crimson tints the elderberries yield.
"What measure will there be, or bound, to this?"
He said, "For such not Cupid cares. Enough
Of tears the cruel Boy ne'er had; ne'er had
Of cooling streams enough the exultant turf;
Nor bees of clover-blooms; nor goats of buds 30
That crowd the boughs of jubilant plants in Spring."

GALLUS:

Sad Gallus answered: "Sing, yet sing, on these
Your mountains, ye Arcadians, ye who sole
Are skilled to sing. O then, Arcadians, soft,
How soft, will be the rest my bones will reach
If through the music of your reeds the world
The hapless story of my love shall learn!
And O that, one of you, my life had been 35
A shepherd's, 'mongst your flocks, and 'mongst your vines,

[1] "Iste." A word which the translators usually disregard.

A gatherer of your grapes! Then surely I
A Phyllis dear had had, or at the least,
Some loved Amyntas, or some equal flame.
And what if swarthy my Amyntas were,
So are the violets dusk, and so, of all
The berries that the fields in richness yield,
The blackberries, sure, are best. We in the bowers 40
The willows make would lay, while o'er our heads
The gentle vine would trail; and Phyllis fair
Would for me garlands glean, or his clear song
Would dusk Amyntas sing. Deep fountains cool,
Lycoris, here are found, and tufty meads, and here
The fascinating groves around one spread;
Here life itself could I with thee consume.
Thee[1] love insane in weaponed fields detains,
Fields where hard Mars his iron reign upholds
'Midst bristling spears and gleam of hostile hordes, 45
Remote, O thou, from every charm wherein
Thy native land abounds.[2] 'T is strange to me,
So strange, that scarcely can I it believe!
Ah, hard of heart, that thou on Alpine snows
Should'st look, and Rhenish frosts, I gone, thou lone!
Ah, may the bitter frosts not injure thee!

[1] The text has "me," but I adopt COOPER's suggestion that here a mistake has occurred, and that VIRGIL's word was *te*, "thee, Lycoris."

[2] "Procul a patria." Words ignored by WRANGHAM. Their retention by him would almost have persuaded him to make the change of thee for me, which I have made.

Ah, may the keen ice-blocks, in gorges packed,
Ne'er cut thy feet, thy tender feet divine!
For me, I 'll go; my songs shall be the songs 50
Which I on Chalcidianic [1] verse have built;
Upon the oat Sicilian shepherds lip
I these will modulate. Yea, rather far
In woods remote secluded would I grieve,
And bear, 'midst haunts of savage beasts, my woes,
And there the story of my love inscribe
On bark of tender trees; the words will grow;
My love will increase have like theirs, will grow.[2]
Meanwhile, with Nymphs commingled,[3] Mænalus' steeps 55
I 'll thread, or hunt fierce boars. No frosts shall me
Parthenian [4] cliffs forbid to girdle round
With dogs. Even now myself I see through wilds
Press on, and over echoing crags my voice,
In shouts the hunter knows, I hear; while leap
From Parthian horn Cydonian arrows swift.
As if all this were of my frenzy dread 60
A medicine soft! As if that God cared aught

[1] Gallus translated into Latin the works of Euphorion, a Greek poet, a native of Chalcis, an Eubœan city. We shall meet with mention of the Chalcidianic towers in the beginning of the Sixth Book of the Æneid.

[2] The closing word of these lines is made the same, in imitation of the original: —

"Malle pati tenerisque meos incidere amores
Arboribus; crescent illæ, crescetis, amores."

[3] "Interea mixtis lustrabo Mœnalia nymphis."
My English line adds yet another sense to the text.

[4] From a Greek word for virgin. A part of Arcadia where virgins pursued the chase.

For human woes, or ruth for misery felt!
No! Dryad girls can me no longer please,
Nor poetry s self its soothing solace give.
No, no! ye rural charms, I 'll none of ye!
Not him can all my labors change; not if 65
Were Hebrus' chilly flood my drink, or sleet
Sithonian [1] winters pour held all my limbs,
Nor if, where raging suns the tortured bark
From lofty tree-tops peel, whence falls it dead,
I lead o'er Ethiopian plains my flock
Beneath the radiant splendors of the Crab.
Love conquers all; and I? I yield to Love!"

VIRGIL IN CONCLUSION:

Enough, Pierian Goddesses, may this, 70
The tuneful offering of thy poet, be,
Whilst on the blossoming turf he sits, and weaves,
From green hibiscus-whips, his basket bright.
Most high the meaning of the tribute is,
Because it ye to Gallus makes more dear,
Makes Gallus love ye more, him whom I love
The more, the more I live, as much my love
For him increasing, as, in early Spring,
The poplar branches grow in sun and showers.
Then let us rise: for shades the minstrel awe, 75
E'en shades of juniper; and shades retard
The ripening grains and fruits. So hie ye home,
Ye goats, of herbage full; the evening star
His jewell'd journey of the night begins.

[1] "Sithonias." Sithonia was a region of Thrace.

The name of Doris in this Pastoral suggests the *Doris* of MUNDY, an English Pastoral, wherein rare beauty of sentiment is combined with a felicity of versification almost unique.

And at this point I desire also to note that the name Kennedy, mentioned on pages 18 and 26 of "THE VIRGILIANS," represents, in the first instance, a father, the Rev. RANN KENNEDY (commentator and translator), and, in the second instance, his son, CHARLES RANN KENNEDY, a barrister, who, taking up his father's labors, published, in 1861, a blank verse translation of the entire works of VIRGIL except the Minor Poems and Fragments.

I desire further to note that, in 1855, SINGLETON published a blank verse translation of the entire works, with the same exceptions; and that, in 1764, HAWKINS published a translation which is no longer existing, and in what metre is unknown, of the entire Æneid; that, in 1767, STRAHAN published his translation of the Æneid in blank verse; that, in 1846, SEWELL published the Georgics in blank verse; that, about the same time, BUTT published the Georgics in prose; that in 1628, LISLE; in 1666, TEMPLE; and about 1700, BEATTIE; all in rhyme, published portions of the Pastorals; that in 1628, MAY (from whom DRYDEN borrowed, without crediting, a hundred verses), and in 1724, BENSON, both in rhyme, published portions of the Georgics; and in 1636, DENHAM; in 1860, STAPYLTON; and in 1767, DOBSON, all three, also in rhyme, published portions of the Æneid.

I find that CONINGTON published, besides his rhymed Æneid, a prose translation of the entire works of VIRGIL except the Minor Poems and Fragments. To recommend his task to the public, he prefaces this work with an introductory article, the main points in which are an exposition of the grotesqueness and absurdity of certain metrical versions like those of STANIHURST and DOUGLAS, and the hasty inference thence that prose translations will do the public more good than they are likely to derive from *any* metrical versions. CONINGTON'S charge of grotesqueness, although not justifying his deduction, is true, and is not peculiar to the translators, but touches the imitators as well. MAFFEI, in commencing his supplementary Book, in continuation of the narrative of the Æneid, says, very naturally, that the Rutulians, on the fall of their leader, threw their shields from their shoulders, and damned the wars: --

"Scutaque deponunt humeris, et prœlia damnant."

A modern soldier, not to turn his back on the profession of arms, would have damned the luck.

I have just learned that HOWLAND, an American, has recently published a translation in English hexameters of the first six Books of the Æneid.

It has recently been my good fortune to be able to buy a curious folio copy of the entire works of our author, published from the press of Jerome Scott (Hieronymus Scotus), of Venice, of the date of 1544. It bears upon a fly-leaf the autograph of JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, the editor of CONINGTON'S latest editions, and placing the text, like an island, in the middle

of the page, surrounds it with a sea of commentaries from PROBUS and VIVIS on the Pastorals, WILLICH on the Georgics, CÆLIUS, SCOPPA, CONSTANTIUS, CRUCIUS, and MARCELLUS on the Æneid, and SERVIUS on all. It seems remarkable that, in an edition otherwise so complete, the numbering of the lines should be omitted.

THE GEORGICS.

TABLE

OF THE

EARTH-CULTIVATIONAL OR AGRICULTURAL POEMS OF VIRGIL KNOWN AS THE GEORGICS.

The First Georgic: CROPS.
The Second Georgic: FRUITS.
The Third Georgic: STOCK.
The Fourth Georgic: BEES.

NOTE AS TO THE MARGINAL NUMBERS.

THE numbers in the margin are those of the original text of VIRGIL. As applicable to the lines of the translation, they will be found to occur irregularly. But with this suggestion, they will be intelligible to the reader, and will be found to promote his ease and convenience in any comparison he may desire to make between the text and the translation. This method of numbering originated with the present translator.

THE FIRST GEORGIC: CROPS.

ARGUMENT:

The Georgics were begun by VIRGIL in the 717th year of the City (B. C. 37), and occupied his time for seven years. The First Georgic opens with a Dedication to Mæcenas, his patron in the work, and an Invocation to Gods, Goddesses, and Inventors. Among the Gods he makes special appeal to the Emperor Augustus. This Georgic being devoted to instructions on the raising of crops, the poet descants herein on the preparation of the soil for plowing, and proceeds to treat of the questions of resting the land, and raising crops in rotation, and burning the stubble. He treats of the purposes and advantages of harrowing the soil; of irrigating, of feeding down luxurious grains, and of draining wet lands. He eulogizes industry and enforces its necessity; describes the implements of an industrious farmer, and passes on to an examination of the indications of a good harvest. He treats of the times to plant as indicated by the stars; of the work of the several seasons; and of storms. He urges the duty of rendering worship to the Gods, especially to Ceres, and calls attention to the weather-signs, to the signs of the moon and of the sun, and closes the Georgic with a description of the apparent grief of nature at the death of Julius Cæsar, and a plea for peace in the interest of agriculture.

THE PERSONS SPEAKING:

VIRGIL, *in Dedication, Invocation, Eulogy, and Instruction.*

THE PERSONS APPEARING:

Farmers and their families, plowmen, and herdsmen.

SCENE: *Italy.*

DEDICATION TO MÆCENAS:

WHAT may the crops make glad; beneath what star,
Mæcenas, it were best the soil to turn,
And elm on elm with grapes festooned to join;[1]
What cares to stock, to cattle, should be given;
What means to use that flocks may thrive; and what
Experience shows the frugal bees require;[2]
These I propose, in order due, to sing. 5

INVOCATION TO GODS, GODDESSES, AND INVENTORS:

O ye twin lights, most bright of all the orbs
That light our world, who lead the year that glides
Along the skies![3] And Bacchus, Liber called,
And Ceres dear,[4] if by thy gifts the soil

[1] "And binding the wanderings
Of the vine to the elm."

PRESTON.

This ignores all the elms but one. As we have seen, in an extended note to the First Pastoral, *Tityrus*, the elms stand in rows like trees in an orchard; the vines are festooned between the trees.

[2] "And the zeal of him who maketh his flock increase,
And the lore of him who nurtures the thrifty bees."

PRESTON.

If a triplet had been attempted here, "beasts" might have furnished another rhyme of the same quality.

[3] "O lights of the world, Bacchus and Ceres dear."

PRESTON.

But Bacchus and Ceres dear are *not* the lights of the world; but Sol and Luna are; and Sol and Luna will not be ignored.

VIRGIL thus, at the very outset of the poem, gives us a touch of his knowledge and love of astronomy.

[4] "Alma." DRYDEN and SOTHEBY ignore the word. The root of alma is *alo*, to nourish. It has its elementary expression in the word *aliment*.

Chaonian mast for golden harvests fat [1]
Hath changed, and Acheloian cups [2] hath mixed
With thine invention [3] purple clusters rich!
And ye, ye powers that closely come to them, 10
The earth that till! [4] Ye Fauns, bring hither, Fauns,[5]
Your feet, and yours, ye Dryad girls! Your gifts [6]
I also sing. And thou, O Neptune great,
Who by thy trident mighty from the earth,
When in its primal state, poured forth the horse,[7]
Which came, with neighing, promptly at the stroke
Thy sceptre gave! Guardian of groves,[8] whose herd, 15
Three hundred snow-white steers,[9] shear smoothly down

[1] "Pingui." DRYDEN and SOTHEBY ignore.

[2] Water. The Achelous was considered the oldest of rivers, and is used by the poets as the synonyme of water.

[3] "Inventis." DRYDEN and PRESTON ignore.

[4] "Agrestum." Ignored by PRESTON.

[5] The repetition is VIRGIL'S: —

"Fauni,
Ferte, Fauni."

[6] "Munera vestra cano." Ignored by PRESTON, on the supposition, probably, that munera is the same as numina.

[7] "A *furious* horse."

PRESTON.

PITT'S favorite expression, in his translation of the Æneid, is a "*thundering*" horse. PITT violates no statute that I know of; but to drive a *furious* horse is a misdemeanor even at common law.

[8] Aristæus, son of Apollo, inhabiting Cea, now Zia, an island of the group of the Cyclades. His history and adventures will form part of the Fourth Georgic.

[9] "Herds by the hundred."

PRESTON.

Several hundred herds, if the herds were large, would make a great many cattle.

The Cean meadows fat! And thou, thyself,
Thy country leaving and Lycæan heights,
Pan, guardian of the sheep, if claims thy care
Thine own Mænalian mount, be present thou,
A favorable God, O Tegæan dread! And come,
Minerva, whose inventive will bade grow
The olive-tree![1] And thou, the boy[2] who showed
How with the hook-shaped plow the sod to turn![3] 20
Sylvanus thou, a cypress carrying, young,
And by its roots torn from the yielding soil![4]
And all ye Gods and Goddesses the fields
Whose study 't is to guard and prosper well,

[1] "Oleæque Minerva inventrix."

"Lady Minerva of the olive."

PRESTON.

The inventive art of the *Goddess* Minerva is thus ignored. And yet, for her invention of the olive-tree, Minerva was awarded by the Gods the honor of giving her name, Athene, to the Grecian city since known as Athens; Neptune's rival gift of a horse being considered by the assembled powers of Olympus as the inferior gift.

[2] Triptolémus, instructed by Ceres.

[3] A full definition of the Roman plow will be found in a note to line 170 of this Georgic.

"Young lord of the hook-ed plow"

is PRESTON'S translation. "Monstrator" is here ignored. It is evident that this VIRGILIAN does not intend that the ancients shall have any credit for inventive art. Inventions belong, in PRESTON'S judgment, exclusively to the pride of modern progress.

[4] "And old SILENUS with uptorn cypress tender."

PRESTON.

There are two wrongs in this one line. VIRGIL does not say "Silenus," but *Sylvanus*. And he represents him as carrying a cypress *and its root*. The omission of the root would seem to be a radical defect. What *Silenus* was accustomed to carry was a *tankard* with well-worn handle, as we saw in the Pastoral of *Varus*. There is a pathos in the story of Sylvanus: he devotedly loved a beautiful boy, Cyparissus. The boy, grieved at the death of a pet deer, pined away and died, and was changed into a tree, the cypress.

And who spontaneous fruits that newly spring
Mature, and who on cultured furrows send
From heaven abundant rains! And with these, thou,
Our Cæsar,[1] as to whom not certain bounds 25
Or paths celestial can as yet be known,
What seat thou 'lt hold in councils of the Gods,
What field of power shall be thy special care,
Whether to cities shall be given thy ken
And insight keen, or thou shalt choose thy sway
O'er lands to exercise, and thee this orb
Majestic should accept as potent lord
Of all its fruits and storms, the while thy brow
Thou dost encircle with the myrtle wreath,
Thy mother's own; or o'er the seas immense 30
Thou art the coming God, and thy nod sole
The sailors shall adore, and thee shall serve
The farthest Thulé,[2] and with all her waves
Tethys shall buy thee as her son-in-law;
Or thou thyself shalt as a new star add
Unto the tardy months where spreads a place
The maid Erigone's [3] form between and fires
That mark the claws the Scorpion next puts forth; 35
For draws his claws e'en now the Scorpion in,
And leaves for thee more than thy share exact

[1] The Emperor Augustus.

[2] "Ultima Thulé." This is supposed to be the Shetland group. The sailors yet call this group the "Thylenseln," the Thulé Islands.

[3] Erigone, the virgin daughter of Icarus, crazed with grief at the murder of her father, committed self-destruction, and was translated to the skies, where, as Virgo, she forms a part of the Zodiac.

Of that orb-spangled field;[1] whatever place
Thou shalt, then, occupy, — for Tartarus' realm
May not thee hope for King, no wish so dire
Of rulership thy mind can seize, although
Admires all Greece the fair Elysian fields,
And there Proserpina[2] throned hath not a care
Again to seek her mother on the Earth, — 40
Grant thou an easy progress to my task,
And, bold although such undertakings be,
On them thy favoring nod bestow; walk thou,
Compassionate still, with me, the lives among
Of rural folks unlearned, and seek, divine,
Thyself to accustom vows to hear from men
Who in their hopes and strivings thee invoke.

PREPARATION OF THE SOIL:

In early Spring, when down the chilly sides
Of frosty mountains drips the melting snow,
And, aided by the wind, the struggling soil
Shakes off the grasping hand of winter dank,
Let then the deep-pressed share draw from the bull 45
That labors in the furrows groanings hoarse,
And let the plow, by keen attrition worn,

[1] The Chaldean Zodiac had no Libra, no scales of Justice. The Chaldean signs were, therefore, only eleven. The Egyptians admitted Libra. VIRGIL, profiting by this disagreement of the astronomers, finds a place in the heavens for Augustus. The Roman mint, artfully combining VIRGIL'S suggestion with the Egyptian system, issued coins representing Augustus holding the scales, and gems and medals still exist having the same embellishment.

[2] Pros*er*pina. The accent on the second syllable. The name is a Latin attempt at the Greek Per*seph*one.

Resplendent shine along the labored line.[1]
The ardent plowman's vows are favored all
By land that hath for two years unplowed been,
That twice the summer's sun hath felt, and twice
The winter's cold: the harvest huge his barns,
That vainly strive to hold the grain, will burst.
But ere we with the iron share cut up 50
An unknown plain, be it our care to know
Of winds and skies the various changing moods,
The ways our fathers farmed, the local rules,
And what each region bears, and what rejects,
The place for grain designed, the place for grapes,
Here nursery trees, and there spontaneous grass. 55
For see'st thou not its scented saffron forth
How Tmolus sends, and ivory India's realms,
And how from indolent Sabæans' coasts
Comes frankincense their own, and how the land
Where forge nude [2] Calybés sends store of steel;
How Pontus musty castor sends, and how
The mares Epirus breeds win Ælian palms?[3]
These laws, these leagues eternal, through the will 60
Of Nature's self, have been imposed on lands
E'en from the time when cast Deucalion's hand
Into an empty world the stones whence men,
A robust race,[4] were born. Then go, forthwith,

[1] What could be more vigorous than the style of VIRGIL at this outset of the farming year? None but a plow-boy could with such graphic power describe the scene.

[2] The heat of their furnaces compelled the Calybés to discard clothing.

[3] Palms were given at the games of the Grecian State of Elis for success in contests of the turf. These palms were usually won by Epirote mares.

[4] "Durum genus."
DRYDEN: "Hard, laborious."

Now, in the earliest months, let strong bulls turn 65
The teeming soil, and let dust-making suns
Through ripening summer days parch well the clods
That rough along the furrows' edges rise;
But, if not fruitful be the soil ye plow,
Late in the summer, in September days,
Beneath Arcturus' self, give it, not deep,
A plowing with a plow that lighter is.
The different treatment comes from this: in one
Plow deep to choke the weeds the rich soil breeds;
In one leave undisturbed beneath the sand 70
The moisture which deep plowing would dispel.

REST OR ROTATION:

In each alternate summer let the field
Ye just have shorn repose and idle lie
To harden in its place;[1] or plant ye there

SOTHEBY: "Harsh."
PRESTON: "Obdurate."
LEE AND LONSDALE: "Hardy."

The first and the last offend least. To attribute any bad sense to "durum" is to forget VIRGIL'S optimism. "Vigorous" and "robust," "tough," convey the poet's idea. See "duris agrestibus," post, line 160, and note to the same. After the destruction of the world by a deluge, Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha were ordered by an oracle to cast behind them the bones of their mother. They interpreted the command to be to cast behind them the bones of their mother Earth. The stones cast by Deucalion became men, those cast by Pyrrha, women.

The mind of DRYDEN, in translating this passage, seems to have been possessed with a ferocious idea: —

"When Deucalion hurled
His mother's entrails on a desert world."

[1] "Situ durescere." COOPER says: "to harden *with its sward*," but this is unnecessary, and is not expressed by VIRGIL.

"And leave the soil to harden into birth." WRANGHAM.

This, too, is unnecessary, and is unknown to VIRGIL.

The yellow grain where first the bean rejoiced
With rattling pod, or where the tiny vetch 75
Its slender staff, or where the dark lupine
Its rustling foliage reared. And, be it known,[1]
The flax-crop burns the soil, and burn it oats,
And burn it poppies, through whose veins is poured
Lethean sleep; but easy 't is when one
For t' other 's changed. Be, only,[2] not ashamed 80
The soil with fat manure to saturate,
Nor through the fields to scatter ashes gray.
So will the field with changing harvests rest,
And so no favor 's shown to unplowed land.[3]

BURNING THE STUBBLE:

It profits oft a sterile field to fire,
The stubble light to burn in crackling flames; 85
Whether it be that thence the soil draws strength
That hidden was, and feedings fat, or thence
By fire its faults are scorched, and hurtful damps
Parched out; or that the heat the many paths
Relaxes and blind pores, whereby there come
New juices to the plants; or, rather, them 90
Contracts, and tighter draws the gaping veins,
That them may not annoy the drizzling rains,
The keener power the plunging sun-rays wield,
Or penetrative cold that Boreas sends.[4]

[1] Words of form, suggested by "enim" in the Latin text. "Enim" is even a word of sacred import, and used in religious ceremonies.

[2] The expressive "tantum."

[3] "Nec nulla interea est inaratæ gratia terræ."

[4] FONTANINI, in his *Antiquities*, relates a curious instance of the opportune and successful citation of this passage of VIRGIL. A noble Roman

HARROWING:

Moreover, much delight gives he the fields,
Who breaks with dragging harrows stubborn clods,
Or o'er them draws the willowy hurdle rough; 95
Not him in vain doth Ceres see from heaven;
He 't is who o'er the furrowed plain smites keen
Across their backs [1] the laboring bulls,

lady was much inconvenienced by smoke from the stubble burning in the Roman Campagna, and urged the Pope, Clement the Eleventh, with whom she possessed much influence, to forbid the practice by a decree. The Pope consulted Cardinal Nuptius, who quite persuaded him against the proposition by representing to him the antiquity and utility of the practice, and by repeating to him this passage of our poet.

A wise adviser in agricultural matters, himself a son of the soil, my neighbor, Mr. George J. Kellenberger, at this moment at my elbow, answering to the practical questions, in what and how is VIRGIL right or wrong, says that if the ground be foul with wild seeds and insects, it is better to burn it; but that where there is nothing but stubble, it is better to let the stubble decay, and then plow it under; that, as a general thing, very foul land is rich land, and don't need the burning, and that burning don't enrich the land so much as plowing under. We may suppose that the fertility and consequent foulness of the lands of early Italy suggested the expedient of burning, which continued to be the rule because consecrated by early usage and derived by tradition from the fathers, and that it was not applicable to the lands in more advanced times; and that, thus, even VIRGIL was at a loss for a reason for it.

On the point where VIRGIL hesitates, my adviser says that VIRGIL'S first reason is the better one: fire *opens* the pores, at least that is its result after the earth has cooled. The fire mellows the ground, and, therefore, opens its pores.

Just below (line 176), in speaking of the property of fire to search and season the pores of wood designed for the cattle-yoke and plow-handle, VIRGIL will say: —

> "I could thee tell of our forefathers' ways
> And precepts many more, would'st thou not start
> To flee, nor scorn such trivial cares."

[1] "Terga." The usual interpretation is clods or ridges. My interpretation seems to conform better to the spirit of this animated and elegant passage. The point has probably escaped attention that it is the *former* part only of the passage which relates to harrowing: the latter (after the mention of Ceres) relates exclusively to plowing.

And then, oblique, breaks through in transverse line,
With plow reversed, and often drills [1] the soil,
And plants his flag of conquest 'midst the fields.
Ye tillers of the soil, for summers moist 100
And winters stormless pray. In winter's dust
Most glad the grain-crop is, and glad the land.
By culture none is Mysia so rejoiced,
Or Gargarus wondering at her wealth of grain.[2]

IRRIGATION:

What may I say of that industrious swain
Who, like a soldier following spear with sword,[3]
The grain pursues just cast into its place, 105
And rushes [4] on it the adjoining heap
Of soil that 's illy rich,[5] then leads the stream
And following streams upon the planted grain;
And when the burnt-out field with dying growths
Is hot, behold he brings the saving wave headlong,
Down through its slanting path; its falling calls 110
From rounding rocks a murmur hoarse, and cools
With scattering rills the parched and thirsty fields?

FEEDING-DOWN:

And what of him who, lest the heavy ear
By weight excessive prone may fall and fail,

[1] "Exercet." The military word.

[2] Mysia is a fertile plateau in Asia Minor at the foot of the Ida range, of which Gargarus is the principal mountain.

[3] "Comminus," advancing to a hand-to-hand contest. My line gives the metaphor in full.

[4] "Ruit" in its active sense.

[5] "Male pinguis."

Feeds down the tender sprouts, and thus restrains
The wild luxuriance of the plant, when first
Its head it shows the furrow's crest above?[1]

DRAINING:

Or him who leads the swamp's collected damps
Through bibulous sands, especially then when sweeps,
In months uncertain, the abundant flood, 115
And leaves on its wide track a sea of mud,
Whence sweat with tepid moisture ditches deep?

INDUSTRY:

And yet, while such the toil expert of men
And bullocks is in culture given, the goose,
Dishonest villain,[2] interferes, and cranes 120
From Strymon's stream, and succory's bitter stem;
Or shade its injuries wields. And Father Jove,
Himself, so willed that not an easy task
The cultivation of the earth should be, and first
Raised crops by art, piercing with cares the hearts

[1] His Excellency, the late GOVERNOR WILLIAMS, of Indiana, known as "the farmer of Wheatland," one day, at his office in Indianapolis, entertained me with the relation of how he relieved the despair of one of his neighbors who supposed he had lost a valuable field of wheat by the ravages of cattle. Spring was well advanced, and the devoted wheat-field looked like a brick-yard. "If you will remove those cattle to another pasture in the course of the ensuing ten days," said the Governor, "and keep the field thereafter free from cattle, I will insure you the largest yield of wheat you ever had from that field." The neighbor acted on the hint, and his harvest was enormous.

[2] "Improbus," lacking in probity. VIRGIL considers the goose no fool, a knave rather.

Of mortal men,[1] nor suffering that his realms
Through weight of morbid lethargy should lie
Sunk in the reveries of a torpid sleep.
Before Jove's time [2] no settlers worked the lands, 125
Nor was it lawful to allot the fields,
Nor make partition plain by metes and bounds.
In common stock the gains of all were placed;
The Earth, itself, unsought, all things produced;
Free, lavish even, its generosity flowed.
He virus ill to serpents added black,[3]
And predatory wolves ordained, and storms 130
Which ocean tost, the leaves made honeyless,
And fire removed, and everywhere the wine,
Which formerly ran in bubbling streams, repressed;
That man, by meditating, might work out,
By slow degrees, the various ways of art,
And food for hunger seek in furrowed grain,
And strike from veins of flint their guarded fire. 135
Then first the streams the hollowed poplars felt;
Then first to stars the sailor numbers gave
And names, the Pleiads seven, the Hyads seven,
And Arcton, here Lycaon's daughter fair,
Most fair,[4] by Jove beloved, and there the field
The Great Bear kindles with his brilliant orbs.
Then did invention seek wild beasts in nets

[1] "'T was Jove who first made husbandry a plan,
And *care* a whetstone for the wit of man."

BLACKMORE.

[2] Before Jove's time was the Golden Age, the time of Saturn.

[3] "Ille malum virus serpentibus addidit atris."

[4] *Callisto;* through the jealousy of Juno changed into a bear; through the love of Jove translated to the heavens.

To snare and birds in lime,[1] and forest-glades 140
With dogs to circle round, while some, intent
On watery ventures, lashed with dragging nets
The width of rivers deep, and others drew
Their wet lines through the sea. Then came the force
In rigorous iron held, and shrill the noise
The saw's edge makes, for split the earliest men
Their wood, as ran the grain,[2] with wedges tough;
Then various arts came in.[3] Subdued all things 145
This villainous[4] labor sore, and urgent need
In dire necessity's unpitying straits.
The first who mortals taught to plow with iron
Was Ceres' self, when sacred acorns failed,
And strawberry-buds, and when denied its food
Dodona's groves. But soon, to what was raised 150
Were troubles added on: the mildew vile
The stalks devoured; and bristled in the fields
The thistle's useless flower; perished the crops;
Grew up an herbage rough, and brambles dense
And prickly burrs, and 'midst the shining grain

[1] "Visco." Viscus was bird-lime made of the berries of the misletoe.

[2] This is implied in the adjective "fissile," splitable, an adjective ignored by SOTHEBY and by PRESTON.

[3] "Tum variæ venere artes."

[4] "Improbus." Here is an expletive which we cannot escape. VIRGIL is scolding labor as the relapse from the ease and plenty of the spontaneous or golden Age.

DRYDEN says "Endless toil."
SOTHEBY: "Unceasing toil."
PRESTON: "Unflinching toil."
COOPER: "Constant toil."
LEE and LONSDALE: "Labor that cannot tire."

Mine is a new reading.

The wretched bearded darnel's flaunting flag
And wild oats' hurtful tassels took command.
So that unless such vegetation down 155
Ye cut with harrows worked assiduously;
Unless the birds by shouts ye terrify;
Unless your pruning-hook the shade repress
That rural nature clouds; unless by vows
Ye summon showers; alas! upon the wealth
Another hoarded has, ye 'll look in vain,
And, in the woods, from shaken oaks ye 'll seek
The only solace for your hunger left.

IMPLEMENTS:

Must now be told what arms are used by men 160
Robust [1] who till the soil and, wanting which,
No harvests could they sow, no harvests reap.
And first, the share and heavy timber curved
That form the plow; the wagons tardy-wheeled
The Eleusinian mother consecrates,[2]
The threshing-sledges and the drags, and, stout
With ponderous oak, the unwieldy harrows rough,
And Celeus' [3] common wicker-basket work, 165
And hurdles made of twisted strawberry-wood,

[1] "Duris agrestibus." The same remark applies as that made at line 63, ante. Here the VIRGILIANS arrange themselves as follows: —

DRYDEN: "They who labor tillage."
SOTHEBY: "Industrious."
PRESTON: "Sturdy."
LEE and LONSDALE: "Hardy."

[2] The statue of Ceres in her festival at Rome was carried about in a farm-wagon.

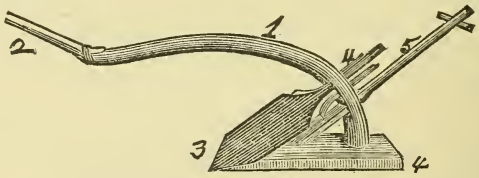
[3] Celeus was the father of Triptolemus. Triptolemus was instructed in agriculture by Ceres. The inference should be that the baskets are exceedingly common and primitive.

And Iacchus' mystic fan.[1] All which thou wilt
Provided have, and laid aside much time
Before the need thereof, if there abides with thee
In rural things just glorying and delight.
The green and growing elm should, in the wood,
At once with mighty force be bent, and made
The curv'd form of the plow to take. From it 170
Should reach, in length eight feet, the pole; the share
Two ears should have, besides a double back:
The ears the mould-boards that the soil divide,
The back that strengthens share and elm alike.[2]

[1] Iacchus' mystic fan was simply a winnowing-fan. Iacchus should not be confounded with Bacchus. Bacchus was the son of Jove and Semele: Iacchus of Jove and Demeter.

[2] These mould-boards of wood, usually covered with iron plates, seem to have continued in use until within the past hundred years, when (in 1784) James Small, a Scotch inventor, suggested that they be made of cast-iron. In the modern plow, which throws the earth all to one side, only one mould-board is required, called the wrest. This wrest, and the form of it, were made special subjects of study and investigation by Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States. He treated it as combining two wedges, a lifting wedge and an upsetting wedge, connected by an easy curve. The upper of the two backs is also dispensed with, while to the lower one the graphic name is given of the *sole-shoe.*

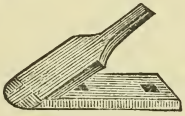
The following diagrams will assist to understand the construction of the Roman plow:



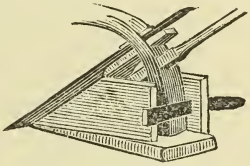
1. The beam of bent elm.
2. The pole.
3. The share.
4. The double-back, to strengthen the share and elm.
5. The handle.

Already for the yoke hath fallen a tree,
The linden light; a lofty beech the wood
Will furnish for the handle tough, whereby
The depth the plow may run the plowman's hand
May from behind control.[1] These hung to dry, 175
Within the chimney, long the smoke will search.
I could thee [2] tell of our forefathers' ways

The share.



The double-back.



Shows the ears or mould boards, to divide the soil.

It is remarkable in how little the modern plow differs from the ancient.

[1] "Quæ currus a tergo torqueat imos."

Some of the VIRGILIANS suppose that the currus refers to the wheels which were sometimes attached to plows. And these PRESTON seems to follow: —

"So that, from behind impelled,
Thy rustic *chariot* may freely come and go."

But I prefer to give to the words a more obvious and practical sense, and one more strictly Roman; for, according to SERVIUS and PLINY, the wheeled plow was peculiar to *Gaul*, and their statements to this effect are cited by HEYNE.

SOTHEBY says: "The beechen staff that *turns* the plow."

COOPER: "That turns *the hinder part* of the plow."

LEE and LONSDALE: "That turns *the bottom of the plow* from *behind*." The expressions of all the translators cited savor of awkwardness, and indicate ignorance on their part of the construction and use of the implements which they attempt to describe. It is exceedingly difficult to understand, for instance, how a plow or a chariot could come to you on being *impelled from behind* by yourself.

It will be observed that all the VIRGILIANS ignore "imos."

DRYDEN ignores the whole phrase.

Mine is a new reading.

[2] HANSON and ROLFE say that it must be supposed that VIRGIL addresses Mæcenas throughout as the ideal reader. But is it not more prob-

And precepts many more, would'st thou not start
To flee, nor scorn such trivial cares. The floor
For threshing made should first be rolled, (and strong
And heavy should the roller be,) and worked
By hand, and solid made with sticky clay,
The clay of Crete, lest grass spring up, or lest 180
To dust it turn and fail, the sport of pests
That various are: the tiny mouse full oft
Beneath the earth his halls erects and barns,
Or moles, whose sight is wanting, dig their beds,
Or toads[1] their caves have found; or numerous forms
Of strange and monstrous beings Earth doth breed; 185
The weevil that great heaps of grain destroys,
The ant that dreads old age and poverty's pangs.[2]

INDICATIONS OF A GOOD HARVEST

And this observe, that when the walnut-tree
Blooms through the forest with abundant flowers,
Sign of the bending of its loaded boughs,
Just as its births abound, so plentiful

able that VIRGIL is addressing some ideal plowman upon whom he seeks to impress his instructions? The poet is at pains to make *special* addresses to Mæcenas, in which he mentions his name. His general addresses and appeals are to his agricultural listeners. Mæcenas was his patron, the people of Italy were his hearers. Just below, at line 210, he will say to this greater audience: —

"Exercite, viri, tauros."

[1] The only place, it is said, where the toad, "bufo," is introduced into the classics.

[2] But modern entomology professes to have found out that the ant lives only a year, and that it does not lay up stores.

Will be the harvest's yield, and when there comes 190
The heat intense, will come a threshing great.
But if abounds a luxury wide of shade,
The idle threshing-floor will feel but chaff.
But, then, sowers many have I seen their seeds
First medicate by soaking in strong lye,
Or pitch-black lees of olive-oil, that thence 195
Might larger be the births in traitorous pods,
And those births cook with but small share of fire.
And seen have I seeds chosen out and watched
With labor much, degenerate still, unless
Each year would human force by hand the grains
That largest were select. Thus by the Fates
All things to worse decline and retrograde, 200
Not otherwise than when the boatman holds,
And scarcely holds, his boat the adverse flood
Against, if, by some little chance, he lags
For one small moment in his strenuous work,
Him headlong hurls the impetuous current down.[1]

TIMES TO PLANT AS INDICATED BY THE STARS:

Besides, as much must we Arcturus' stars
Observe, and keep the days the Kids point out, 205
And rule our rural course by that gemmed light
That swims in floods throughout the Dragon's length,
As they who seek again their native land
Through stormy Pontic waves, and those fierce jaws

[1] VIRGIL here describes what has been seen, from time to time, at the Falls of Niagara, which by their unequaled grandeur give and gave a greater emphasis to his fine metaphor than he could have supposed existed on the globe.

Abydos rules, she of the oyster-beds.[1]
When Libra equal hours to day and sleep
Accords, and now the orb divides midway
'Twixt light and shade, lash,[2] men, the bulls, and train 210
Their every muscle, till ye sow your fields
With all your barley-seeds, nor cease till sends
Winter intractable her storms extreme.[3]
Nor less is 't now the time to cover safe
The crop of flax and Ceres' poppies gay;
And bend ye to the harrow's [4] work while time

[1] The Pontic Sea was the Euxine; Abydos an ancient city on the Hellespont, the scene of the pathetic adventure of Leander; the scene also of its romantic imitation by Lord Byron, who, however, more successful than his prototype, reached the other shore in safety.

[2] "Exercite." The military word.

[3] "Usque ad extremum brumæ intractabilis imbrem."
VIRGIL can scarcely mean the *last* storm of winter. He may mean the storm at the earliest extreme of winter. I have used the word extreme in a similar equivocal way.
DRYDEN: "Till cold December comes with driving rain."
WRANGHAM: "Till the bleak solstice sheds its latest rain."
LEE and LONSDALE: "Even to the last showers of impracticable winter."

[4] Incumbere *rastris*." Thus say the old commentators HEINSIUS and PIERIUS, followed by MARTYN, COOPER, and WRANGHAM. They are sustained by the Vatican and both the Gothic manuscripts and many others. But the reading of HEYNE, CONINGTON, and PRESTON requires, in place of rastris (harrows), "aratris" (plows). HEYNE's argument in favor of the plow is that the following line shows that plowing is meant because VIRGIL directs the work to be done in a dry time; but this is a poor argument. The context above shows that the special subject of the poet was the planting of flax and poppies: "now," he says, "fall to with your harrows before a rain comes." The rain would make harrowing difficult and injurious; and would, if excessive, make plowing impossible. But I have submitted the problem to my farmer-friend, J. Kelly O'Neal, who thus renders his decision, based on mature personal experience: "Harrowing is not to be done well when the soil is wet, nor yet after it has baked. There is a point between the wetting and the baking when harrowing can best be done. If your ground is underdrained, you need not fear the baking; let the ground alone till it is dry and friable, then put on your harrows."

The dry Earth gives, and while the dallying clouds
Their watery freightage still in store reserve.
Beans sow in Spring. Then, also, thee, thou plant 215
From Media brought,[1] the fertile furrows grasp,
And millet comes, an annual care, its soil
To seek, a welcome visitant, the while
The white Bull brilliant with his gilded horns
The year doth open,[2] and when yields the Dog,

DRYDEN, very conveniently, avoids the discussion by ignoring the whole phrase.

[1] "Medica." Lucern, brought by Darius into Greece from Media, at the time of his return from his Median campaign. Lucern needs planting only once in ten years; millet requires planting every year.

[2] "Candidus auratis aperit cornibus annum
Taurus."

MITCHEL (*Planetary and Stellar Worlds*, Chap. 3d) says that this expression is not astronomically accurate; that it is probably the repetition of an ancient tradition. The Roman year began on the first of March, and the allusion of VIRGIL is to the vernal equinox. Accurate astronomical knowledge reveals the fact that, in the time of VIRGIL, the Ram, in our age succeeded by the Fishes, opened the year, that is, presided over the recurrence of this equinox. This janitorship or presidency belongs to each of the twelve constellations of the zodiac in successive incumbencies of something over two thousand years each, about two thousand three hundred. The two thousand years or more wherein the Bull had rendered this service expired before the time of VIRGIL; and Hipparchus, more than a hundred years before the poet's time, had revealed the cause: the gradual progress westward of the equinoctial point caused by the nodding of the pole. This nodding motion we have referred to in a note to the *Pollio*.

And why should VIRGIL say the *white* Bull with *gilded* horns? For, astronomically speaking, the whole heavens are white with the light of the constellations, and all the outline of the Bull is marked by golden stars. The conjecture of KEIGHTLEY is plausible: that VIRGIL's allusion, in these adjectives, is to the bull of sacrifice, white and having gilded horns, and especially to the bulls from the boasted herds of the Clitumnus, which formed a prominent and admired feature in the triumphal processions: milk-white, with branching horns, wherefrom flashed heavy gilding. "The white bull with gilded horns" was an expression which would appeal, with peculiar force, to the pride of Roman patriotism, and the poet could well

As presses on him Argo the great ship,
Which, backward-sailing, shines across the sky.
But if, in general yields, or robust far,[1]
Thou drill'st the ground expecting heavy crops, 220
Or dost stand in [2] for bearded grain alone,
Before the daughters seven [3] Pleione brought
To Atlas' house and heart, set in the dawn,
Or sink therein the Cretan splendors dense
That Ariadne's brilliant Crown attend,
As often as thou dost thy seeds their place
In furrows give, so often hastenest thou
Into unwilling earth the ripe year's hope.
Some swains before the Pleiads set begin, 225
But them the expected harvest mocks with ears
That empty are. But if thou seek'st to plant
Vetches and common beans, and dost not scorn
To give Pelusian lentils room and care,
No doubtful sign Boötes' setting gives:
Begin, and to the frosts thy work extend. 230
For this it is the golden sun doth rule
Through constellations twelve the measured orb
In parts that certain are. The heavens are held
By zones in number five, whereof the one
Is reddening ever in the dazzling sun,
And ever hot with fire. Round it reach out, 235
To right and left, two, holding each extreme,

afford to risk the scientific accuracy of the expression as applied to the heavens and the seasons.

[1] The earliest food of the Romans, whence *farina*, flour.

[2] "Instabis." This, if it were not found in VIRGIL, would be thought an Americanism.

[3] The Pleiades received from the Romans the name of the VIRGILIAN Stars.

Concrete with ice cerulean and black storms.
Between these three, and placed amongst the same,
Are two to suffering mortals given by grace
Of Gods, and following forth a path, cut out
Oblique to which, are seen the trooping signs
Celestial in their order due. The world, 240
So high as rounds its curve in Scythian lands
And summits steep Rhipæan, sinks as low
'Midst Libyan gales. Here over us sublime
The vertex ever soars; but there, their feet
Beneath, see they black Styx and ghosts deep placed.
Here glides, in many a sinuous fold immense,
The Dragon's length around and through the Bears, 245
As might a stream, the Bears who fear to touch
The ocean's plain. There, as 't is given out,
Or Night forever sleeps, untimed, unvoiced,
And, in o'erspreading darkness, shadows grim
Grow dense, or when Aurora us hath left
O'er them the pearly light of day she spreads,
And when on us first breathe the snorting steeds 250
That bear through heaven the chariot of the East,
There blushing Vesper lights her evening torch.
Hence can we storms foretell from dubious skies,
Hence day and time to mow and reap assign,
And when the treacherous marble of the deep
With oars 't is safe to impel, or forth the fleet 255
With armor clad to send, or in the woods
The time is opportune the pine to fell;
And not in vain do we thus speculate, sage,

Upon the signs, and where they tend, and when,
And on the year's due course of seasons four.

WORK OF THE SEVERAL SEASONS:

If keeps the chilling storm within, at times,
The farmer, this his chance is to attend 260
To many things which, by and by, in skies
That calmer are, would hurried be. The tooth
That blunted is of his plow's work-worn share
He sharpens now, he hollows troughs from trees,
Or on the flock his mark he sets, or counts
His granaried sacks, and on them numbers stamps.[1]
Some sharpen stakes and forks two horned, and make 265
Nets Amerine the gentle vine to hold.
And let of twigs of brier be woven now
The pliant basket; grain now roast
With fire, and grind with stone. Why, even on days
To festivals assigned, to do some things
Both men and Gods[2] permit. To bank 'gainst floods
Religion ne'er forbade, nor hedge the crop, 270
Set snares for birds,[3] burn brambles, and in streams
That health and strength revive, the bleating flock

[1] "Aut numeros *impressit* acervis."

Here is, certainly, an early intimation of the art of printing. Shall we say that the Italian farmers were the first printers?

[2] "Fas et jura sinunt." Fas is religious law; jus, civil law.

[3] "Insidias avibus moliri." The verb is a great favorite with VIRGIL, as will be seen in the Æneid. It was, too, so far a favorite with POQUELIN that he discarded for it his own name.

Immerse. And oft the agitator[1] drives
His tardy ass to town, his ribs with oil
And sour apples loaded, and brings back,
With equal urging of the slow-paced beast,
And on the same tough ribs, mill-stones and pitch. 275
And fortunate days for work the Moon herself,
Yet in another order, doth set forth.
The fifth day shun. In it were horrors born:
Pale Orcus and the Furies; then the Earth
In birth nefandous Cœus' life produced
And Iapetus and Typhöeus dire
And that bad brotherhood which joined in league 280
To abolish heaven.[2] Thrice did they strive to place,
Thou knowest, on Pelion Ossa, and on those,
On top of both their heights, Olympus' crown
Of foliage fair to hurl: thrice aimed his bolts
The Father 'gainst their work; thrice tore apart
His anger all their plans. The seventeenth day 's
A day that lucky is: therein thy vines
Set out, thy captured bullocks tame, and add 285
Unto thy loom new threads. The ninth for flight
Is best, but for the thief hath favor none.[3]

[1] "Tardi agitator asselli." To those who have witnessed this very scene in our own times the word "agitator" is invaluable. It admits of no circumlocution.

[2] "Cœlum rescindere."

[3] Among the northern nations the favorite day of the moon was the sixth day of the first moon in the year, being the day whereon the Druid priesthood, with much ceremony, and amidst the rejoicings of the people, cut the misletoe bough from the sacred tree. And (see post, line 432) if the fourth night of the new moon be clear, good weather will prevail during all the remainder of the month.

But much may better in the cool of night
Be done, or when, upon the sun's return,
Eous [1] o'er the earth sheds glittering dews.
By night the stubble light and meadows dry
Are better shorn. By night ne'er fail the hours 290
To gentle moisture given. Some thrifty man
The lingering fire on wintry hearths will watch,
The while he matches makes with iron acute,[2]
And with her usual song her usual work
Consoling, drives his wife the shuttle shrill,
And weaves the web, or sweet must's [3] juice with aid 295
Of Vulcan, cooks, and skims the simmering wave
The round bronze kettle holds with leaves. But grain,
With blushes reddening in its ripeness full,
'T were best in summer's glare to cut; 't were best
In summer's glare the roasted grain to thresh.
Nude do thy ploughing, do thy reaping nude.[4]
An idle time the swain in winter hath:
'T is then his gains he chiefly doth enjoy. 300
'T is then delightful mutual feasts are held.

[1] The dawn, the Greek Aurora.

[2] "Ferroque faces inspicat acuto."
In my English rendition there may be a touch of the equivocal.

[3] The new wine before fermentation.

[4] "Nudus ara, sere nudus."
Cincinnatus, so it is said, on his little four-acre farm (which lay between the Pincian and St. Angelo, and is now, I suppose, in part, the People's Square), was found by the messengers of the Senate delegated to offer him the dictatorship, naked, plowing. Before receiving the delegation in form, he sent to his house for a toga.

Invites thereto the genial wintry time,
And cares dispels: as storm-driven ships their keels
In welcome ports drive safe, and sailors pleased
Upon their stranded sterns [1] place festive wreaths.
But yet the time is now the oak to strip 305
Of acorns, and the bay of berries ripe;
The olive of its useful oily yield;
The myrtle of its spicy berries red.[2]
For cranes now set the snares, the nets for stags,
And long-eared rabbits hunt. The does transfix,
The hempen thongs fast twirling on the sling
From Balearic islands brought, while lies 310
The snow deep-fallen, and float the chill streams ice.

STORMS:

Of Autumn's storms and stars what may I say?
And what men now must watch, when shorter hours
Have come and milder heat, or when the Spring
In showers comes rushing down, while in the fields

[1] The ancient ship was always brought to shore stern forward. Illustrations of this usage may be found in the Æneid.

"And all the prow with blooming garlands drest."

PRESTON.

This VIRGILIAN places the garlands at the wrong end of the ship.

SOTHEBY is also at fault: —

"And joyful seamen crown with flowers the *mast*."

They both ignore "puppibus."

DRYDEN is adroit. He says: —

"The sailors crown their *vessels*."

[2] The myrtle is not without its uses at this day. From its flowers is distilled a pungent and very fragrant perfume, *eau d'ange*, a name as sacrilegious as that of a certain stomach-destroyer known as *angel-cake*.

The bearded crop is bristling, and while swell 315
Upon their green supports the milky grains.
Seen have I oft, when to his golden fields
The farmer would the mower bring, and while
He and his men were binding brittle stalks
Of barley ripe, in conflict clash the winds
In all their fury dire, which from its roots
Deep-set the heavy crop would tear, and far 320
Expel sublime, and, in its whirlwind black,
The storm light stalks would bear and stubble flying.
Oft from the heavens I 've seen the host immense
Of waters come, the gathering clouds whose march
From all the mighty depths drives on the gale
That hideous with the pitch-black deluge is.
All ether headlong falls, and torrents vast 325
Swim joyful harvest-fields, the work severe
Of many a bullock's toils ; the ditches fill ;
Rise hollow rivers fast with rushing sound,
And boils the sea as through its straits it pours.
Himself, the Father, 'midst the gleaming night
Of storm-clouds, plants[1] his thunder-bolts, sent forth
From out his own right hand ; whereat the lands 330
Seized are with trembling, flee the savage beasts,
And lowly fear bends, through the world, the hearts
Of mortal men. Athôs or Rhodope
His blazing weapon strikes and overthrows
Or high Ceraunia huge ; the winds increase,
Rain falls in denser sheets, and shriek,

[1] "Moliri." A word in singular favor with VIRGIL and MOLIÈRE.

With all the mighty blast, the groves, and groan
The shores resounding with the tempest's rage.[1]

WORSHIP:

This fearing thou, keep well the monthly signs, 335
And follow thou the stars; whereto in heaven
The frozen star of Sa'turn may withdraw;
Whereto Cyllenius' fires may wander forth.[2]
'Bove all things have thou reverence for the Gods,
And make to Ceres great the annual feasts,
Among the herbage glad her victims slain,
When all of Winter 's gone, and Spring 's serene. 340
Then are the lambkins fat, and then the wine
Most mild; then sleep is sweet 'midst thickening shades
Upon the mountain's side. Let all the swains,
Let all the rural youth, to Ceres bring
Adoring hearts; for her do thou prepare
The honey-comb in milk and mild wine steeped;
Let now the chorus and their comrades all 345
In one ovation join, thrice following round[3]

[1] THOMSON, in his *Autumn*, imitates this passage, but at a respectful distance.

[2] Mercury was called Cyllenius from Cyllene, his birthplace, a mountain in Arcadia.

"From the far bourn
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of the sun."

THOMSON, *Summer*.

I suggest for one of these lines another syllable: —

"Of thirty years, to Mercury *dim*, whose disk," etc.

[3] The Ambarvalia are here described. The name has within itself its

The tender wheat the auspicious victim's steps;
And let them Ceres call with lifted voice
Within their homes; and let no one put forth
Unto the ripened grain the sickle's edge
Until to Ceres he his brows hath bound
With wreaths of oaken foliage, and hath danced
A dance to no air set,[1] and hath sung songs. 350

WEATHER-SIGNS:

And that these things we might through certain signs
Forelearn, the coming heats and rains and winds
That herald cold, ordained himself high Jove;
That somewhat should the monthly moon foretell;
That signs should be of rising winds, whereby
The farmer warned, should keep his herds in stall. 355
Straightway when gales are near, the narrow friths
Wherein the sea's waves float are strangely stirred,
And swell, and heard upon high mountains is
A crashing dry, or far re-echoing sounds
On shore are mixed, and comes a murmur low,
But gathering as it comes, from forest-depths.
Then illy moderate[2] doth the ocean-wave 360
'Gainst curved keels dash when from the mid-sea's plain

own definition: ambire, its root, being to go around; three times to pass around the fields in procession. The word *ambition* has the same root; and the doings of our politicians constantly illustrate its significance.

[1] A dance which any one might dance, each one being his own dancing-master and his own musician.

[2] "Male temperat."

Sea-gulls fly back and clamor bear to shore,
And on the sand the sea-fowl sport, and high
The lofty clouds above, the heron flies,
Deserting its own old familiar fens.
And oft the stars thou 'lt see while winds impend, 365
Slip headlong from the sky, and leave behind
Long trains of flame which whiten on the dark,
Mysterious shades of night. Oft fly light chaff
And withered leaves, and feathers light in play
Upon the surface of the water dance.
But when the lightning from the grim abode 370
Of Boreas comes, and when the thunder sounds
From Eurus' home and Zephyrus' fields, then swims
With ditches full the country round, and furls
Each sailor on the sea his dripping sails.
Ne'er to the prudent hath the rain wrought harm : [1]
Or, as it rises, it the aerial cranes 375
Escape in valleys deep,[2] or, towards the sky

[1] "Nunquam *prudentibus* imber
Obfuit."

Such is the reading of the Medicean manuscript, and such is the easier construction: yet DRYDEN, HEYNE, CONINGTON and HANSON and ROLFE prefer *im*prudentibus. COOPER argues in favor of prudentibus. SOTHEBY, LEE and LONSDALE and PRESTON escape the controversy by making the sense of imprudentibus the same as unwarned.

[2] "Aut illum surgentem vallibus imis
Æriæ fugere grues."

Here a choice of constructions is presented: whether the storm rises *from* the valleys, or the cranes go *into* the valleys.

The first construction is followed by LA RUE and LEE and LONSDALE.

The second is followed by SOTHEBY and PRESTON; and is, in my opinion, the better construction.

DRYDEN makes the storm go *into* the valleys and the cranes escape *from* the valleys: —

The young cow looking, snuffs through nostrils wide
The air; or wheels the twittering swallow's flight
Around the pool; or in the mud the frogs
Their old complainings croak; and oft the ant
From penetralian roofs her eggs brings out,
A narrow pathway wearing; or the bow, 380
Immense, drinks water;[1] or an army dense
Of ravens roused in battle-line, as they
From out their feeding-places come, a noise,
Made by their clapping wings, sound forth. And now
Come various birds marine, or those which round
The Asian meadows pick in bayous fresh,
Where flood Cayster's waters all the plain.
These shalt thou see in play the great dews pour 385
Their shoulders o'er, their heads in straits immerse,
And on the water run, and seek in vain
Their plumage with the watery bath to wet.[2]
And then, the villainous [3] crow, with his full voice
The rain invokes, and all alone moves round
Upon the dusty sand; and, even at night, 390
The maids, who nip [4] their nightly dole of wool,

"The wary crane foresees it first, and sails
Above the storm, and *leaves* the lowly vales."

This is not VIRGIL.

[1] That the rainbow drew water from the earth was a favorite opinion of the poets. PLAUTUS, in his *Curculio*, makes Palinurus say of an ancient dame of proclivities bibulous: "See how the bow drinks! We shall certainly have rain to-day."

[2] The birds spoken of are swans. It is said that their feathers are impervious to water.

[3] "Improba."

[4] "Carpentes pensa." Carpentes from carpeo, to nip, as cattle nip the sod. "Pensa," plural of pensum, from the verb pendo, signifies the allotted

Not ignorant are that comes the chilling blast
When, by the burning test, they see the oil
Send sparkles forth, and see the wick grow foul.
  Nor less canst thou, when past the storm hath gone,
Bright suns and open weather clear prospect,
And their approach well known by certain signs,
For then not dim the proud array of stars 395
Is seen, then Luna's light seems naught to owe
Unto her brother's beams; no fleeces thin
Of wool float through the sky, nor do the birds
To Thetis dear, her own loved Halcyons,[1] spread
Wide to the tepid sun their wings, nor sows,
Unclean, remember with their snouts to toss 400
The tattered straw, but rather, now, the mists
And mosses seek, and on the field repose.
And the lone owl, who from her tower observes
The setting sun, in vain her song repeats,
Her song which hard she presses through the night.
And seen is Nisus in the liquid air
Sublime, and for his golden tress shorn off 405
His daughter Scylla pays her penalties.
Wherever she, with her swift wings in flight
The light air cleaves, lo! Nisus, hostile, fierce,

portion of wool which the matron of the household assigns to her servants to spin, and is *hung* on the distaff, and, from time to time, nipped by the hand of the spinner. These signs, it will be seen, are in number fourteen: the billows, the moaning of mountain and shore, the heron, the crane, the cow, the swallow, the frog, the ant, the rainbow, ravens, sea-birds, meadow-birds, the crow, the lamp.

[1] Halcyone, Queen of Trachinia, was the model of a devoted wife. Thetis, Goddess of the sea, transformed her and her husband into the birds known as kingfishers.

With clamor great throughout the sky pursues:
Whenever Nisus through the sky doth glide,
She with keen wings in flight the light air cleaves.[1]
Then liquid notes redouble, with close throats, 410
Three or four times, the ravens, and are heard,
Amidst their lofty roofs, (by what sweet joy
Beyond their usual measure thus made glad,
That know I not,) a rustling quick to make
Among themselves, through the lusk foliage fair;
And, now that past the storm is, they delight
Their little brood to seek and their sweet nests;
Not, surely I believe, that mind is theirs, 415
Divinely sent from heaven, or that by Fate [2]

[1] Nisus, a Grecian king, had a lock of purple or golden hair, his wearing of which was the sole guarantee of his own life and of the public prosperity. His daughter, confederating with his enemies, cut off the lock while he slept. The king died, the state fell. He was transformed into a sea-eagle; and she, drowned by her confederates, roved the skies as a lark, pursued by the eagle. We have already met with the story in the *Ciris*.

Here are four remarkable lines: —

"Quacumque illa levem fugiens secat æthera pennis,
Ecce inimicus, atrox, magno stridore per auras,
Insequitur Nisus; qua se fert Nisus ad auras,
Illa levem fugiens raptim secat æthera pennis."

They seem to me to furnish a fine instance of the onomatopoetic, scarcely less fine than that of the 213th line of the Fifth Æneid: —

"Qualis spelunca subito commota columba."

The onomatopoesy of one of the lines, it is thought, would be improved if it read: —

"Illa levem fugiens *rapidis* secat *æra* pennis."

And that it was so originally written is probable.

[2] Cooper well observes that this passage, as usually rendered, is unintelligible, and in his attempt to remedy the difficulty he ignores "Fato."

Sotheby ignores "Fato."

Preston wraps the subject in mystery with the words: —

"Nor more mysterious lore."

La Rue, Dryden, Heyne and Valpy propose to say: "By the knowledge of things, which is more powerful than Fate." But Trapp justly ob-

A greater foresight 's theirs of things to come,
But when the weather's uproar, and the stir
That 's made in all the moisture of the skies,
Have Nature's ways a new direction given,
And dripping Jove, with southern winds, what now
Was rare makes dense, and what was dense makes rare,
Those things their sense sees change, and in their breasts 420
They impulses conceive which different are,
One thing 't is now, another thing 't was then,
When chased the clouds the wind: hence choruses
Of birds make glad the fields; hence do the flocks
Rejoice, and hence the jubilant ravens' throats.

SIGNS OF THE MOON:

But if unto the scorching sun thou look'st
And the succession due of beaming moons, 425
Then ne'er will thee deceive to-morrow's hour,
Then ne'er for thee will calm nights lay their snares.
If, when the moon is young, and light her beams,
Black air within her darkened horns she holds,
In store a mighty storm for all men is
The sea who plow, or land; but if her face 430

serves that this is complete nonsense. He might also have said that, in VIRGIL's philosophy, *nothing* is more powerful than Fate.

LEE and LONSDALE: "*From* Fate a further foresight of things to come."

HANSON and ROLFE: "A greater *insight* into the nature of things *by* Fate."

I suggest that VIRGIL uses "Fato" in the same sense in the second line of the Æneid: "Fato profugus," by Fate a fugitive.

With maiden blushes reddens, 't will be wind:
With wind always doth golden[1] Phœbe blush.
But if on her fourth rising, (and this sign
Most certain is) clear, nor with blunted horns
She cleaves the sky, then all that day, and those
That out of it are born, for all that month, 435
Will rain and wind escape, and sailors saved
Will on the shore pay vows to Glaucus made
And Panope and Melicerta, son
Of that good Ino who a Goddess rose
From out the depths wherein she saved her child.

SIGNS OF THE SUN:

The Sun his signs will also give when day
He brings into the sky, and when his head
In clouds he hides: his signs most certain are,
Both those which round the early morning shine 440
And those which mingle with the rising stars.
When dimming spots his rising circle stain,
His rising circle half-involved in clouds,
And seems he refuge in himself to seek,
Thou mayest, then, showers suspect, for from the sea
Then will the south wind press, to trees and grains
And cattle sinister; or when, at dawn, 445
Among dense clouds break diverse rays, or leaves
Tithonus' saffron couch Aurora's face
O'ercast with some strange pallor not her own,[2]

[1] "Aurea Phœbe."

[2] "Aut ubi pallida surget
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile."

Alas! but illy then the yielding leaves
The tender clusters of the grape will screen,
Abundance such of rough and rattling hail
Upon the roofs will leap.[1] This, too, more yet 450
Will profit thee in mind to bear, when sinks
The sun through all Olympus' length: as oft
As see we various colors roam his face
Across, blue rain announces, and from red
We may full surely know that wind will come.
If spots begin with reddish fire to blend
Across the disc majestic of his orb,
Then may we know all things will boil and boil 455
With wind and rain. Let no one counsel me
That night the deep to seek, my anchor's tooth
To loosen from the land. But if, (when back
The day he brings, and it conceals removed)
His orb is clear, then will the storms in vain
Their terrors threat, and thou shalt see by winds
That bring their clear cool plumes from out the north 460
The forests moved. In fine, what to thee brings
The hours late Vesper owns, whence comes the wind

I think the context authorizes my amplification of the text, or that, at all events, the amplification is due to a respectable Goddess who visits us with regularity once every day, and of whom we can cultivate the acquaintance by cultivating a good habit.

[1] "Tam multa in tectis crepitans salit horrida grando."

HANSON and ROLFE find that the rhythm of this verse admirably expresses the rattling of hail on the roof.

Prettily onomatopoetic, also, is the line of SOTHEBY: —

"While rattling hailstones from the roof rebound."

This, although he ignores much, "multa."

PRESTON also ignores much.

That rainless clouds drives on, and what the thoughts
The moist South hath in mind, thereof the Sun
To thee the signs will give. The Sun who 'll dare
A prophet false to call? Indeed he oft
Of coming tumults [1] blind his warnings gives, 465
And lurking frauds, and how swell wars concealed.

GRIEF OF NATURE AT THE DEATH OF CÆSAR:

For he, when Cæsar's light went out, on Rome
Compassion had. For then his shining head
With rust of iron obscure he grimly veiled,[2]
So that an impious age the coming feared
Of endless night; and so, at that time, signs
Were seen on earth, and on the broad sea's plain;
And signs gave dogs obscene and noisy birds. 470
How did we Ætna see in floods foam o'er,
From her burst furnaces, the Cyclops' fields,
And globes of flame cast forth and melted stones!
Through all heaven's concave heard Germania ring
The clang of arms; with trembling rare the Alps 475
Were stirred; by all throughout the silent groves
Was heard a voice, a mighty voice; and seen,
In wondrous ways, were wandering shapes, the dusk
Of night beneath; and beasts found tongue and spoke,

[1] Which CICERO says are worse than wars.

[2] "Caput obscura nitidum ferrugine texit."
Ferrugo is the rust of iron.
DRYDEN: "In iron clouds."
SOTHEBY: "In dark clouds."
LEE and LONSDALE: "In dusky, murky darkness."
PRESTON: "Shrouds his dark head in black."

A thing of dread! Stood still the rivers awed;
The Earth wide open gaped; the ivory sad 480
In temples wept, and bronzes sweat;[1] the Po,
Of rivers king, in maddened swell of waves
Rushed forth, and, with it hurled, swept forests by,
And o'er all fields bore herds and barns. Nor ceased
At that same time in entrails sad to come
Nerves threatening woes, and blood from wells to ooze, 485
And lofty cities to resound with howls

[1] "Et mœstum inlacrimat templis ebur, æraque sudant." Ivory images wept; bronze statues sweat. It should be observed that "æs" is not brass, but bronze. See a note as to this in the First Book of the Æneid at line 35.

Suetonius relates that, during the public games decreed by Augustus, a comet shone through seven consecutive nights. The Roman people believed this comet to be the soul of Cæsar received into the skies; and a coin was issued from the Treasury representing a star of the first magnitude followed by a trail of fire as of a comet. Across the rays of the star appeared the words: "Divus Julius," the God Julius. And it seems to be an incontestable fact of history that, for a year after the assassination of Cæsar, the sun, as if in detestation of the deed, withdrew his customary heat. His rays were pale and dull. A moist and dreary mist settled upon the world, and the fruits fell unripened from vine and tree.

The inhabitants of the Eastern United States have placed on record their observance of a band of light, broad and vivid, spanning the entire heavens from south-east to north-west on the evening of the assassination of Garfield; the deep yellow tint of the atmosphere of the Tuesday whereon he made his painful journey from Washington to Long Branch; and the charging squadrons, as in the German traditions preserved in the text, seen in the heavens on the evening succeeding his death.

Sir Thomas Browne, even in the times little given to credulity, when he wrote his treatise on Vulgar Errors, could say (as quoted by Buckle, i. p. 336): "That two suns or moons should appear at the point of some decisive action, that these two should make but one line in the book of Fate, and stand together, in the great ephemerides of God, beside the philosophical assignment of the cause; these things may admit a Christian apprehension in the signality."

Of wolves long uttered through the trembling night;
At no time from clear skies have vivid gleams
Of lightning oftener flashed, nor lurid fires
Of comets tracked the skies. 'T was therefore, ranked
With equal weapons on Philippi's field, 490
A second time in mutual deaths, were seen
The Roman lines, nor did it to the Gods
A thing unusual seem that twice our blood
Should fertilize Emathia's soil and fields
Of Hæmus wide. And, ye must know, the time
Will come when he that tills those lands, and works
Therein the plow's disturbing curve, will find 495
The javelin eaten by the rust of time,
Or from his heavy hoes will hear, clink, clink,[1]
From empty helmets sounds of bronze return,
And wonder much will he at human bones
Of larger size than those of that his age,
Which shall from out their sepulchres be thrown.

A PLEA FOR PEACE:

My country's Gods and heroes borne to heaven,
And Romulus, and Vesta, mother called,
And who dost Tuscan Tiber keep, and save
The Roman Palatine, one youth [2] at least, 500

[1] "Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanis."
"Clink, clink" is an amplification suggested by the sounds of a sword-contest in the Ninth Æneid, line 666:

"Tum scuta cavæque
Dant sonitum flictu galeæ."
Clink, clink, the blows
On shields and hollow helms resound.

[2] "Juvenem." Not youth in general, but a brave fellow, a hero. The

Who of the stays is chief whereon we lean,
Prohibit not from lending aid to save
An age o'erthrown! Long since by blood of ours
Have we Laomedontian Troy's false oaths
Atoned; enough have us the court of heaven
Thee, Cæsar, grudged, and sought upon itself
Triumphs to take which unto men belong;
Indeed here sacred right is wrong, and wrong 505
Is sacred right.[1] So many wars there are
Throughout the world, so many forms of crime;
The plow is thought to merit honor none;
The farmers, drawn to distant coasts, leave fields
In dire neglect; the bellows' panting throat
Curved pruning hooks to rigid swords transforms;[2]
On one side, wars Euphrates sets on foot,
On one Germania sounds the note of strife.

word is a favorite with VIRGIL, and his use of it is always exalted and noble. Queen Dido, in extending to the Trojan princes an invitation to the hospitalities of her royal court and city, addresses them as "juvenes." Here is meant the nephew of Cæsar, Octavius, a name extended into Octavianus, then twenty-seven years of age, and afterwards the Emperor Augustus: Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus Augustus.

[1] "Fas versum atque nefas."

Fas means religious right, as distinguished from jus, civil right.

DRYDEN: "Right and wrong confound."

SOTHEBY: "Right and wrong in mad confusion hurled."

LEE and LONSDALE: "Good is put for evil and evil for good."

PRESTON: "Chaos of right and wrong."

[2] "Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in ensem."

DRYDEN: "The crooked scythes are *straightened* into swords."

SOTHEBY: "Scythes *transformed* to falchions arm their hands."

RANSON and ROLFE, and LEE and LONSDALE: "The crooked pruning-hooks are *forged* into stiff swords."

PRESTON: "The curved sickle is taken and *shaped* anew
Into a pitiless brand."

DRYDEN, SOTHEBY and PRESTON seem inclined to ignore the blacksmith shop — to "sink the shop."

Towns, neighbors close, and held by treaties fair, 510
Their mutual truces break, and rush to war;
And rages impious Mars throughout the world,
As when, the four-horse chariots from the goal
Poured forth, when once at large, swells high their speed,
The charioteer in vain the reins holds firm,
The horses bear him on; the chariot deaf,
The horses deaf, no check nor warning heed.[1]

[1] PRESTON: —

"They have their will; the car recks not the rein."

DRYDEN, in a note, plumes himself on having discovered that, by this passage, VIRGIL intended a compliment to Augustus; that by the charioteer Augustus is meant; and that by the unmanageable horses are meant Antony and Lepidus, his colleagues in the triumvirate. The figure thus becomes, in DRYDEN'S hands, a very narrow and childish one. It simply represents these great statesmen and chieftains as "playing horse." Besides, it would have been more happy for DRYDEN'S notion if the horses in the text were only *two* in number: they are *four*. DRYDEN is, therefore, here encumbered with too many horses, or rather, he ignores two of them, and while ignoring them in his note, he admits them in his text. Suo sibi gladio hunc jugulo. By his own sword him I jugulate. He will again prove his enmity to horses by ignoring a number of them at the close of the next Georgic, and again at the opening of the Third. In the present instance he wrongs Augustus; in the next, he will discredit VIRGIL; and in the third, he will forget the story of Pelops.

My opinion is that VIRGIL meant, by these closing lines, to say that, when nations rush to war, the firm hand of government is impotent to restrain them; and this truth all history attests.

THE SECOND GEORGIC: FRUITS.

ARGUMENT:

The Second Georgic opens with an Invocation to Bacchus, after which the poet proceeds to treat of the general subject of the cultivation of trees; budding, layering, and other methods are mentioned. He delays on his course, however, to bespeak the patronage of Mæcenas, and to attribute, in advance, whatever measure of success he may have, to his counsel and encouragement. He proceeds to the discussion of fruit and other trees, their varieties and modes of culture, and the varieties of soils and climates. This naturally leads him to the climate and resources of Italy, on which he bestows a lofty eulogy. He resumes the subject of soils, the methods of testing them; their various adaptations; what soils are best suited for vines; what rules should govern in the selection of a situation for a vineyard; and how the ground should be prepared for planting. His enthusiasm in pursuit of this subject leads him into an encomium on Spring, from which he returns to give directions for the trenches, for training the vines, and for protecting them from animals. He strongly urges that continued attention be given the vines; and proceeds to treat of the cultivation of the olive and other fruit trees, and to dilate upon the uses of trees in general, and the importance of the lumber interests. The Georgic closes with the praises of a country life as second only to the pursuit of philosophical studies; and, after an apostrophe to the Muses, whose votary he declares himself to be, he paints, in the most attractive colors, the happiness of the life of a farmer surrounded by plenty and blessed with the society of his wife and children.

THE PERSONS SPEAKING:

VIRGIL, *in invocation, compliment, instruction, and praises of Italy, philosophy, and rural life.*

THE PERSONS APPEARING:

Farmers and their families, plowmen, herdsmen.

THE SCENE: *Italy.*

INVOCATION TO BACCHUS:

Of fields the culture hitherto I 've sung
And stars of heaven, but now may I thy name
And merits, Bacchus, celebrate, nor fail
With thee the various woodland growths to sing,
And progress tardy of the olives' yield.[1]
O hither come, Lenæan [2] father, here
Of thine abundant gifts are all things full, 5
For thee the loaded field with Autumn's wealth
Of varied foliage blooms, for thee foams o'er
From richly colored lips the vine-vat's praise.
O hither come, Lenæan father, strip
From off thy feet the buskin high, and tinge
With me in this new must thy legs made nude.[3]

[1] Bacchus represents the grape and all other fruits. VIRGIL proposes, besides, to treat of spontaneous fruits like the olive, and of forest trees. Before olives were propagated from cuttings the custom was to plant the seeds, and the progress of the tree towards fruit-bearing was slow.

[2] From ληνος, the Greek for wine-press.

[3] "What time in the must our naked feet we dye."

PRESTON.

"Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,
And foams unbonded with the mashy flood,
That, by degrees fermented and refined,
Round the raised nations pours the cup of joy:

CULTIVATION OF TREES:

And firstly, then, of many a different sort
Creative Nature finds her trees composed.
For some, with ne'er a thought upon the part 10
Of men, come of their own accord, and hold
The fields, and for great breadths the winding streams,[1]
Where follow they their course where'er it leads,
Trees like the osier light or gentle broom,
Or willow with its leafage hoary white,
Or poplar towering to the skies. And some
From planted seed arise, as chestnuts proud 15
And oaks named esculent, which chiefest are
Of all that with their consecrated shade
Adorn the groves of Jove, and oaks which Greeks
As oracles revere. And some send sprouts,
A growth most dense, from out their roots,
As cherry-trees [2] and elms; e'en doth the bay
Of Mount Parnassus, when 't is small, itself

The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl,
The mellow-tasted burgundy, and quick
As is the wit it gives, the gay champagne.

THOMSON, *Autumn.*

[1] "Et flumina *late*
Curva tenent."

We may here observe that VIRGIL, in this place, points to a characteristic of all new countries, the presence of timber along the water-courses. This is peculiarly noticeable in the prairie States and Territories which lie between the Wabash Valley and the Rocky Mountain Range, a breadth of country wider than the continent of Europe from the Atlantic to the Carpathian Mountains, and where the timber is almost restricted to the immediate neighborhoods of the rivers and their tributaries.

[2] The cherry, "cerasus," is so called from Cerasus, a city of Asia, whence

In due subjection hold beneath the shade
Its mighty mother casts. These modes were first, 20
And were by Nature's self on man bestowed;
Through these live all the growths in forests seen,
And trees for fruit, and trees in sacred groves.
And others are there, as to which long use
The way points out. One practiced hand will cut
From off the tender mother-plant her slips
And them in furrows place. One in the fields
The stems will plant erect, with sharpened ends,
Or cut in four, and in the earth so thrust. 25
Some woods are made to wait the arch bent down,
Whereby in their own earth the live young plants
Again, themselves, new growths may propagate.
No root need others, and their topmost spray
The pruner, doubting naught, to earth commits;
Why, cleave an olive-tree's dry stump, and strange, 30
And wondrous strange, to tell, an olive root
Will from the dry wood come! And 't is a thing
Quite usual that one tree will with the limbs
Unite of some adjacent tree of fruit
That different is, unharmed, and so a pear,
Thus changed, engrafted apples bear, and plums
Make blush with blood cornelian cherries hard.
Wherefore, ye tillers of the soil, to work! 35
Learn what of each plant is the culture due, and tame,

cherries were introduced into Italy by Lucullus about seventy years before Christ. Lucullus displayed them in his triumph as part of the spoils of the Mithridatic War. It was not until a hundred and twenty years afterwards that they were introduced into Britain.

By cultivation, wild and native growths,
Nor let your lands lie idle. Sweet it is
With Bacchus Ismarus' slopes to plant, and clothe
With olives rich Taburnus' mighty crest.

ADDRESS TO MÆCENAS:

And draw thou near, and with me sail the sea, 40
Whereon my undertaking now is launched,
Begun 'neath thy command and auspices,
O thou my glory, thou of my renown
Who should'st the greater portion claim as thine,
Mæcenas, let thy hand spread out our sails
As forth upon this ocean broad we fly.
Not I within my verse all things would wish
To bring, nor could I so, even if my tongues
A hundred were, my mouth a hundred mouths,[1]
My voice a voice of iron; approach thou, then,
And step thou from the shore's edge to thy seat; 45

[1] "Oraque centum." Ignored by PRESTON. A special excuse is that VIRGIL's phrase seems redundant; and a general excuse for all the translators, as to this passage (and they all need it), is that the passage is one presenting unusual difficulties in translation. I consider this difficulty a matter of design, and attribute it to the *art* of VIRGIL: he affects in the presence of his patron a stammering hesitancy and confusion such as a common sailor might feel in the presence of a prince. Besides, modesty and diffidence were native characteristics of VIRGIL.

> "O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts
> With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
> With innocence and meditation joined
> In soft assemblage, listen to my song
> Which thine own season paints when nature all
> Is blooming and benevolent like thee."
>
> THOMSON, *Spring*.

THOMSON deserves the title of the "BRITISH VIRGIL." It has been said with equal beauty and justness that Spenser met him on the threshold of

The world in hand we have and all its lands,
But thee will I not hold with fancy's strains,
Nor lead through endless labyrinths of song.

FRUIT AND OTHER TREES:

To shores of light arise spontaneous trees
Not bearing fruit, but glad and strong: why not?
Sustains them in the soil kind Nature's self.[1]
Yet these will also, if in them the graft 50
Be set, or from their places changed they stand
Ranged in rich pits with broken soil filled up,
Their woodland leanings lose, and, cultured long,
Will follow, readily trained, in all those arts
Whereto thou dost them call. And e'en the branch
That sterile is, and grown from furthest sprouts,
The same will do if set in ample space;
Now clouded o'er with lofty foliage dense 55
And by its mother's branches held in check,
Its hopes of children die, its fruit is choked.
And trees that come from broadcast seeds are slow;

Elysium, *and hastened to present him to* VIRGIL. Yet did not THOMSON attain the art of his master.

It should seem that DR. JOHNSON was not aware how much THOMSON was indebted to VIRGIL, or the great critic would hardly have said of THOMSON without qualification that "his numbers, his pauses, his diction, are of his own growth, without transcription, without imitation." (JOHNSON'S *Life of Thomson*, Works, vol. ii., p. 235.) More truthful was the eulogy of Lord LYTTLETON that the British Virgil, like his prototype, wrote

"No line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

[1] "Quippe solo natura subest."

"For Nature, working in their vigorous bed,
Gives the tall stem to rise, the branch to spread."

SOTHEBY.

They shade for late posterity will make;
Its former juices will the fruit forget,
Or, if a vine, its grapes will feed base birds. 60
For, know ye,[1] that o'er all must work be spent,
All in the furrow must be onward forced,[2]
All, with great cost of labor, must be ruled.
But answer better olives when they 're grown
From pieces of the wood; and vines from lengths
Of vine laid down; and myrtles, which belong
Unto the Paphian Goddess, prosper best
When grown from solid boughs or even from trunks.
Grown from young shoots the hardy hazel thrives, 65
And mighty ash, the shady tree whose leaves
For Hercules' head a crown did furnish forth,
When he his journey made o'er Charon's slime,
Through Tartarus' stifling smoke;[3] and those
Which acorns bear in groves that sacred are
Unto Chaonian Jove, our Father great;
And so unto their heights rise lofty palms
And firs for navies felled and doomed to feel
The calms and wrecks that stretch along the sea.

GRAFTING:

Indeed the native strawberry-tree's rough growth
May with the walnut's offspring grafted be,
And sycamores that Nature barren made 70

[1] "Scilicet." A favorite word with VIRGIL.

[2] "Cogendæ . . . . domandæ."

[3] The poplar, a wreath from the leaves of which Hercules wore in his passage through the Lower World.

May apples bear, the fruit that doth avail,[1]
And beeches whitened be with chestnut blooms,
And with white pear-blooms beam the mountain-ash;
And swine crack acorns at the foot of elms.[2]
Nor is 't the same to graft and eyes to set:
For, where from out the body of the bark,
Burst forth the buds, and break their tender coats, 75
Just in the knot is made a narrow slit;
Herein a germ, ta'en from another tree,
They wedge, and teach it in the juicy sap
To grow. Or take, again, a tree, and where
Its trunk from knots is free, cut it across
And in the solid wood drive wedges deep,
And vigorous slips therein implant, and soon 80
Towards heaven will rise a tree with prosperous boughs,
Which wonder will its foliage new to see,
And fruits that natively are not its own.

[1] "Et steriles platani malos gessere valentes."
The plane tree, better known as the sycamore. HORACE calls it *cœlebs*, because it does not, like the elm, support vines.

"Platanus cœlebs
Evincit ulmos."

HORACE, C. 2, 15, 4.

In the selection of the word *valentes*, VIRGIL pays apples the highest compliment known to a Roman pen. *Valens* is the root of Valentia, the secret invincible name of Rome.

DRYDEN: "*Huge* apples."
SOTHEBY: "*Goodly* apples."
PRESTON: "*Sound* apples."
Sound apples is good. "Mobled queen is good."

[2] "And under the oak the *sow* on acorns fare."
PRESTON.

THE VARIETY OF TREES:

Besides, the kinds are various of each tree:
The hardy elm its several species hath,
And so the willow and the lotus theirs,
And theirs the cypress, pride of Ida's Mount.
Nor of one shape are oily olives borne: 85
The orchades are round, the radii long,
The pausias oval, rank and full of oil.
The same of apples, and of fruits that send
Their bloom and fragrance through Alcinous' trees.[1]
Of pears the same: the fruit is different seen
Reared from Crustumian [2] cuttings and from those
Which Syria sends; and different both from those
Which bend the bough from grafts that have supplied
The heavy load the ripe Volæma [3] gives.
And not the same the vintage is that hangs 90
Festooned on elms of ours, as Lesbos plucks
From her Methymnean palms. Then Thasian vines
There are, and Egypt's silvery yield, light soil
These loving, those the rich; the Psythian grapes
For raisin wine suit best; the Lagean [4] thin,
If kept, the feet will try, and of the tongue
A conquest make; the purple grape we have, 95

[1] Alcinous was a Grecian king whose orchards are celebrated by the poets.

[2] Pears partly red growing at the junction of the Allia and the Tiber.

[3] The Volæma pira, the handful pear, was so called from *vola*, the palm of the hand.

[4] A grape of the color of the rabbit, and so named from the Greek λαγος, a rabbit.

And precian,[1] earliest of the blooming Spring.
And with what charm of song shall I thee name,
Thou vine of Rhætian hills?[2] Such charm of song
Should yield the first place to Falernian bins.
Then Aminæan vines there are, whose wine
Most firm is found, and unto which, in sign
Of due allegiance tendered, rises up
The Tmolian prince, and e'en the Phanæan King.[3]
And thou, the lesser Argite, with which none
Can vie, either in its abundant yield 100
Of juice, or its capacity to hold,
Through years, its virtue unimpaired.
Nor should I thee, thou Rhodian wine, forget
Who welcome to the Gods art found, and hailed,
When comes the second course; nor thee, whose grapes,
Bumastus,[4] grow in luscious clusters large.
But number can we not their many kinds
Nor names; nor would whatever tale of mine
All comprehend; the which he who would know 105
Would ask in Libyan deserts that the sands
Be numbered which the zephyrs drive and whirl,
Or, on the deep, when rages 'gainst the ships

[1] "Preciasque." Ignored by DRYDEN and PRESTON, who also ignore the keeping of the Lagean wine implied in the words "olim," "temptatura" and "vinctura." This keeping is also ignored by SOTHEBY.

[2] This wine, SUETONIUS says, was the favorite of Augustus.

[3] Alcinous, mentioned just above. Or, by prosopopœia it may be understood that VIRGIL intends to thus make mention of the wines of Tmolus and Phanæ. The Tmolus was a Lydian mountain, the source of the Pactolus.

[4] The French VIRGILIAN, LILLE (usually and erroneously cited as *De* Lille) says the bumastus was a large grape which derived its name from a Greek word signifying a cow's teat.

The stormy wind, more furious than its wont,
How many waves Ionian reach the shore.

THE VARIETY OF SOILS:

Nor, truly, can all lands all things produce.
On streams are willows born, and in deep swamps 110
The poplars rise, and on the rocky ribs
Of mountains clings the ash. Most grateful seem
To myrtles shores of seas; and Bacchus' choice
Is on the open hills; and yews love wind
And cold. Behold the world subdued by tribes
Of men whose culture 's wide apart; the homes 115
Eoan of the Arabs there, and here
Of far Geloni painted, and each land
Its own trees hath. Alone the ebony black
Is borne 'neath Indian skies; alone the bough
Of frankincense claims Sabæan soil;
And what shall I of that pure balsam say
That, from its odorous tree, in tropic climes,
Sweats healing streams, and berries saffron-hued
The evergreen acanthus [1] only bears,
And Ethiops' wide-spread groves of soft white wool,[2] 120
And Seres combing fleeces soft from leaves? [3]

[1] Here the VIRGILIANS are not united as to the meaning of VIRGIL. MARTYN and PRESTON suppose the acacia acanthus to be meant, and that by "bacca" VIRGIL means the globules of gum arabic.

LEE and LONSDALE say "berries of the evergreen acanthus." This follows the text of VIRGIL more closely, and, I think, more correctly.

DRYDEN's adroitness does not fail him: —

"The *green Egyptian thorn* for medicine good."

[2] Cotton-trees.

[3] The silk-culture is meant. VIRGIL, speaking for his times and their

Or of those groves which nearer to the sea
Are found in India's bounds, that nook extreme
Of all our world, where, in the air driven high
No arrow can the highest tree-top clear,
And they a race not slow, when on their backs 125
Their own familiar quiver's load they feel?[1]
Bear Media's happy apples[2] juices sour
And lingering flavor keen, which aid doth bring,
Aid by naught else excelled, when with the cups
The cruel stepdame palters, mixing herbs
Therein and not innoxious words: it drives 130
The poison black from all the sufferer's limbs.
A mighty tree it is, in face much like
The bay; the leaves in no wind fall; the flowers
Hold firmly to the spray where first they grew,
And if 't were not that far and wide it casts
A fragrance that the bay doth not possess,
A bay it were. The Medes with it the breath 135
Make pure, and nurse the noisome mouth,
And medicate of age the panting pains.

THE PRAISES OF ITALY:

But neither Median groves that richest are
Of all, nor Ganges' beauteous stream, nor that

knowledge, seems not to have known that the silk-worm produces silk, but to have supposed that it was *combed* from the leaves of a Chinese tree.

GIBBON says VIRGIL is the earliest writer who mentions the culture of silk.

PRESTON ignores the leaves and the comb, besides missing an opportunity of making Seres rhyme with Chinese.

[1] "Et gens illa quidam sumptis non tarda pharetris."
"Sumptis" is ignored by all the translators.

[2] "Felices mali." Citrons.

Which turbid is with gold, rich Hermus' self,
Can vie in praise with Italy's merits great;
Not Bactra even, nor India's lands remote,
Nor all Panchaia fertile in fat sands
That bear the frankincense. Not here do bulls 140
That fire from out their swollen nostrils breathe
Plow hideous furrows sowed with hydras' teeth,
And rear a harvest dire that bristles dense
With helmets plumed and spears and shields and men;[1]
But fruits luxuriant load the fields, and flow
Abundant streams of Bacchus' Massic juice,
And olive-groves abound, and joyful herds.
Hence comes the headlong[2] war-horse to the fight; 145
Hence thy white herds, Clitumnus,[3] often bathed

[1] "Galeis densique virum seges horruit hastis."
I take the liberty of amplifying a little and transposing: the men arise from the ground, their plumes first, then their helmets, their spears, their shields, and at last, the entire man armed for battle. The allusion, of course, is to the dragon's teeth sowed by Jason, leader of the expedition for the golden fleece.

[2] "Arduus." An epithet which describes a precipice, and which has suggested to me the equivalent English "headlong."

SOTHEBY: "Hence the proud war-horse rushes on the foe."

LEE and LONSDALE: "Hence comes the warrior horse that proudly bounds into the field."

PRESTON: "And the fiery horse
Issueth out of thy pastures to the battle."

[3] PLINY (the younger), in the eighth letter of the Eighth Book, says the coldness of the water is that of snow, and its color pure white, but clear and glassy; PROPERTIUS (Book 2, sec. 17) speaks of the snowy oxen bathing in the beautiful stream; and EUSTACE (chap. 19), writing in our own century, says that white herds are still seen wandering over the fertile plains which it waters, and that these lines of VIRGIL, recalled upon its banks, transport the tourist to the crowds of the Forum, the pomps of the triumph and the majestic temples of the Capitol.

Thy sacred stream within, and chief of all,
The victim bull which Roman triumph leads
Up to the temples of the Gods. Here Spring
Continuous is, and Summer strays to months
It doth not claim. Their increase twice the flocks 150
Produce, and twice their useful fruits the trees.
But far from her the rabid tigers are,
And far the cruel brood of lions roars,
Nor here doth aconite fell the wretched hands
That gather herbs deceive, nor orbs immense
Through fields of hers do scaly serpents flash,
Nor into coils their hateful lengths collect.
And add hereto so many cities fair, 155
The labor of their works, and towns by hand
On abrupt mountains built, and mirroring streams
That glide beneath and lick their antique walls.[1]
The sea which flows above shall I recall, and that
Which flows beneath? And lakes so great? Thy charms,
Great Larius,[2] and thine, too, Benacus [3] rough 160
With waves and uproar of the sounding sea?
Shall I her forts recall, and Lucrine's gates
To Nature added on, and how shrieks forth
The indignant sea with all its clamors vast
When far the Julian wave sounds with the floods
That back defeated roll, and streams the surge

[1] Graphic and true to this day. "O, Casale!" rang out the richly musical voice of a little Italian girl in my hearing, as, at a turn in the Mediterranean Railroad, she recognized one of these cities of the clouds.

[2] Como.

[3] Garda.

Tyrrhenian forth into Avernian straits.[1]
And shows this land its seams of silver ore 165
And mines of copper [2] vast, and golden veins.
A race she boasts of men in courage keen:
The Marsian [3] bands, the Sabine youth; and, used
To ill,[4] Liguria's lords, and Volscians piked.
She Decii hath produced, and Marii grim,
Camilli great, and Scipios hard in war, 170
And, Cæsar, thee, supreme o'er all, who now,
On Asia's farthest coasts, 'neath victory's plumes,
Doth drive the unwarlike Indian from the towers

[1] VIRGIL here alludes to a harbor, the project of Augustus, which involved the connection by an artificial canal of two Campanian lakes, Lucrinus and Avernus, and the opening of an approach to Lucrinus from the sea. The volcanic upheaval, in 1538, of a hill two hundred feet in height, Monte Nuovo (New Mountain) on the borders of the Lucrine, had the effect to empty the lake of its waters.

[2] "Aerisque metalla." *Brass*, as a rule, say the translators, and herein they ignore "metalla," and mistranslate "æris" which is "of copper." Brass, compared with bronze, is a modern invention, which was hardly known in the days of VIRGIL. Bronze is an amalgam of copper and tin; brass of copper and zinc. It is important to note that metalla is in the plural: mines. PRESTON, on this point, is right: —

"Her veins of silver and copper."

"Æris metalla," says COOPER, "simply brass." Wherein COOPER ignores all the copper mines of Italy, and supposes brass to be, not an amalgam, but an original product of the earth.

See a note to the 35th line of the First Book of the Æneid.

[3] SOTHEBY cuts out the Marsians. This is to ignore a brave race, neighbors of the Volscians.

[4] "Assuetumque malo Ligurem." Even in the praises of Italy, VIRGIL cannot forego a blow at Liguria; but here he adroitly makes his phrase equivocal: accustomed to evil or to hardship. In the Æneid the Roman dislike for Liguria calls for no disguise, and has none. The offense of the Ligurians consisted in an obstinate and protracted defence of their native country. They were finally subdued by Augustus, whose colossal tower on a spur of the Mediterranean Alps (which I saw in 1867) commemorates the event: a massive and symmetrical work dominating the incomparable Corniche between Nice and Mentone.

That Rome hath set to guard her great domain.
Hail, parent great of fruits, thou soil beloved
Of Saturn's self, and parent great of men!
For thee I bring again of ancient praise 175
And art the memories fair, for thee I dare,
Thy minstrel bold, the sacred founts of song,
Their seal removed, again to bid to swell
Thy meads along, and through our Roman towns
The melodies sweet to weave of Ascra's verse.[1]

THE SELECTION OF SOILS:

The place this is the different soils to sing,
Their traits peculiar, what the strength of each,
And what of each the nature is to bear.
First, soils that hard are found to treat, in hills,
Intractable, by sterile clay possessed, 180
And thorns and stone: Palladian [2] soils are these
Wherein the long-lived olive will rejoice.
Hereof a good sign is that olives wild [3]
About the tract are seen spread here and there
And berries grow that native are to woods.
But if the soil be rich, in rushes sweet
Rejoicing, if a field where herbage thrives 185
And fruitfulness abounds, such as we oft

[1] Ascra, a town of Bœotia, was the birth-place of Hesiod, the father of agricultural poetry.

> "Hail, Saturn's land, great mother of fruits and men!
> For thee will I praise the arts of the olden days,
> Unseal the sacred fountain of song, and raise
> Ascræan measures along the Roman ways."
>
> PRESTON.

[2] Pallas (Minerva), was the patroness of the olive. Her choice of the olive gave her the victory in her contest with Neptune.

[3] Oleasters.

In some deep-seated mountain-gorge have seen,
As from above we scan the prospect o'er,
Whereto glide rivers down from rocky heights
With happy mud; which faces t'wards the South,
And ferns produces which the curved plow hates:
This shall, in time, supply thee vines most choice, 190
And, with abundant Bacchus, yielding wine;
Such grapes it shall produce, libations such,
As those in bowls of gold we hold, what time
The rotund Tuscan, from his ivory pipe,[1]
His tuneful invocation sends to heaven,
Before the sacred altars' fires, whereon,
From dishes deep, that hold the sacrifice,
Are placed the smoking entrails warm with life.
But if thy preference be for herds and calves, 195
Or young of sheep, or kids that herbage eat
As eats a fire, then seek the fields remote
And forest meads and ponds Tarentum owns,
Ground such as lost unhappy [2] Mantua's self,
Where pasture snowy swans on turf-bound streams:

[1] "Inflavit cum pinguis ebur Tyrrhenus ad aras."
"What time his pipe the stout Tyrrhenian *fills*
By the altar-side."
PRESTON.

Does this translator imagine this pipe to be a smoking-pipe produced at the altar for the convenience of obtaining a coal? A thing essential before the era of lucifer-matches!

The Tuscans, DR. BEARD says (in a recent number of the *North American Review*), are the prototypes of us Americans; but this individual Tuscan, in his obesity (and disregard of the proprieties?) can hardly be considered a fair specimen of the Tuscan race. DRYDEN and LEE and SHEPPARD say the pinguidinous party "blows his horn." And DRYDEN calls him a "*bloated*" Tuscan. Possibly a bond-holder?

[2] The confiscation of the lands about Mantua embraced originally VIRGIL's own farm. We have touched on this history in the First and Second Pastorals, *Tityrus* and *Mœris*.

There, for the herds, not crystal founts will fail 200
Nor herbage green, and what in longest days
The flocks will nip, that in the shortest nights,
The cool bright dew brings back. Soil well-nigh black,
And which beneath the plowshare's print is rich,
And which is friable (for this it is
That we by plowing imitate), for wheat 205
Is excellent found; from no plain wilt thou see
Depart more wagons on their homeward way
With weary steers; or that from which hath cleared
The irate [2] plowman forest-trees away,
O'erturning groves that stood, for many a year,
Unfruitful, and the ancient homes of birds
Through trunk and branch disturbing, while the skies 210
They seek, abandoning their nests, but shines
The rugged field the struggling share beneath
Which guide the plowman's care and anger both.
For scarcely to the modest bee, indeed,
Do starving gravel beds of rural banks
Cassia provide and rosemary, and so,
Are other fields by tufa [4] coarse denied,

[1] No one acquainted with the troubles of plowing newly-cleared land will fail to see the appropriateness of this phrase: and yet LEE and LONSDALE have it: "the *surly* farmer." PRESTON'S phrase is better: "the *wrathful* planter," and SOTHEBY'S: "the *indignant* peasant." But all of these fail to touch the troubles of *plowing*, and VIRGIL'S phrase is "iratus *arator*."

"When the *spleenful* plowman grubs the wood."

DRYDEN.

[2] A volcanic deposit, the subject of a note to the 213th line of the Fifth Book of the Æneid.

And chalk the food amphibious snakes devour, 215
To aught but serpents black: to them sweet food
It brings and lurking places curved as they.
Where land thin mists exhales, and fleeting fogs
And moisture drinks, and, when it will, rejects,
And always wears its dress of verdure bright,
Nor rusts with scurf and salt the laboring share, 220
This land will join with joyful vines thine elms,
This land will fruitful of the olive be,
This land thou may'st by culture try, 't will be
Thy flock's delight, 't will bear with patient grace
The plowshare's hook. Such wealthy Capua plows,
And coasts that border round Vesuvius' peak,[1] 225
And Clanius' floods Acerra's fields that waste.

[1] "Vesevo ora jugo." These words were written by VIRGIL about thirty years before our era. The mountain was not then known as a volcano. Its first explosion took place, as far as history knows, in the seventy-ninth year of our era.

Vesuvius is ignored by SOTHEBY.

GELLIUS relates that the present reading: "Et vicina Vesevo *ora* jugo," was originally "*Nola* jugo," Nola being the name of a town near Vesuvius, and that the change to *ora* was made by VIRGIL himself, because of the disobliging spirit manifested towards him personally by the inhabitants of Nola. The story is that he requested, and was refused, the privilege of leading across the property of the town a stream of water into lands of his own. AMBROSIUS LEO, the historian of Nola, labors, it would seem with success, to refute this story. Yet the change described by GELLIUS may be true, and the reason for it one of euphony and the desire for a more comprehensive word.

Nola still exists, about ten miles north of the ruined Pompeii, and has a remote antiquity. Four hundred years before our era it equipped two thousand soldiers against Rome. Three times Hannibal attacked it, and was as often repulsed. In it the Emperor Augustus and his general Marcus Agrippa both died.

SOILS FOR VINES:

Now what, and how, the soils to know, I 'll tell.
If thou the light dost seek, or would'st find out
A soil that 's close beyond the usual point,
Since wheat the last demands, the former vines,
The close to Ceres rather, but the light,
The lightest even, to Bacchus, he the mind
Who looseneth from its burdening weight of care.[1]
First, with your eyes a place select, and bid 230
That deep down in the earth a pit be digged.
Replace now all the earth, and with your feet
It press to see how near the top 't will rise.
If lacks it somewhat of enough the pit
To fill, that soil is light, for crops and vines,
The vines that nourish [2] us, that soil is fit;
But if not all can in the pit be forced, 235
And round the pit filled in yet clods remain,
The soil is dense, delaying crops expect
And stubborn ridges rough, and cut it up
With bullocks that can make their muscles felt.
  But land that 's salt, and that which sour is called,
(For fruits it wretched is, nor can the plow
It tame, nor can it e'en for Bacchus keep 240
His nature undestroyed, nor apples bear
That one could call by name,) will this sign give:
Do thou from 'neath thy smoky rafters take
Strong osier baskets down, and strainers used
In straining wine. In these let that ill soil

[1] My line translates a word which is at once Greek and Latin: *Lyæo.*
[2] "Almis." From almo, to nourish.

And water sweet from fountains clear brimful
Be by thy heels pressed down; and, this thou knowest,[1] 245
The water will be all absorbed, and fall
From out the yielding open wicker-work;
Large drops of it will come therefrom; these taste:
Their flavor manifest will give the sign,
And twist awry, with sense of sourness stung,
The mouth of him th' experiment that makes.
And fertile land we learn by this brief test:
When shaken in the hands it crumbles not,
But, like to pitch, unto the fingers sticks. 250
Wet land large herbage grows, and is, itself,
More joyful than is just. May fertile land
Like this be never mine! Ne'er may my crops
Too great a strength in their beginnings show!
The land that heavy is itself betrays,
Its very silence speaks, and so the thin. 255
At once, by sight, the black 's discerned,
And, by its color, each; but hard it is
The accursed[2] cold to bring to light: the pines
Its footsteps mark and noxious yews, and show
Its stealthy presence sometimes ivies black.
These things being noted, mind the soil to treat
As meat that for the feast is to be cooked; 260

[1] "Scilicet." Perhaps the equivalent of our English "You know" and the French "Vous savez."

[2] "Sceleratus . . . vestigia."
The simile is that of a fugitive from justice.

This simile, besides a great deal else which I do not care to note, throughout this Georgic and the others, and elsewhere, is ignored by the translators.

And this do long before the planting-time;
The mighty hill-sides into trenches cut;
Show prone the clods unto the bleak north wind,
Before the joyful nature of the vine
Thou dost impart thereto. A crumbling soil
The best fields have: for this the winds take care
And gelid frosts, and he, the overthrown hills
Who moves, the robust handler of the spade.
But if in hand these things to do have men 265
Who lose of vigilance no single jot,
They, then, such soil as this seek out, where first
Young vines intended to be ranged in place
May be made ready for the awaiting trees,
Whereto they afterwards may be brought of size
Not small nor weak, so that not uncaressed
By these new children may their mothers be,
The elms that them support in festooned wealth.[1]
Why, even upon the bark a mark they make
To show how stood the vine the heavens towards, 270
That, just as each plant stood, just as it bore
The radiance of the south, just as its back
Stood turned the northern blasts to meet,
So placed it may no difference find again:
So much avails it even in tender youth
To notice thus what habits they have formed.[2]

[1] The simile is that of the affection and regard existing between parent and child.

[2] The back, "tergum," of the tree, turned to the north, may always be known from its darker, and sometimes more moist and mossy appearance. I have known persons who, lost in the woods at night, have oriented themselves by this peculiarity of the trees, and thus succeeded in finding their way out. Take a tree cut down, and every section of it will tell forever how it stood in the forest. The annual rings will be less dense, and conse-

SITUATION :

Whether on hill or plain 't were best the vine
To set, that first inquire. If fertile fields
The whole space occupy, plant close. In rich, 275
Close rows no slower Bacchus is ; but if
The soil with sloping hills is rough or knolls,
Give freer space. There, too, let every row
Be squared, with its cut limit, when the trees
Are placed, even to the niceness of a nail's
Neat breadth, as, oft, in mighty war are seen
The cohort's lines, which from the legion's length 280
Hath been deployed, and stand the even ranks
In open order placed upon the field
In battle-line, and wide the whole earth waves
With flashing bronze,[1] nor yet the conflict dire
Hath mingled all, and Mars, not sure as yet,
Still wanders midst the grim array of arms.
So let with equal numbers all the rows
Be marked. Not that the view the empty mind 285
May feed alone, but for this reason plain,
That, otherwise, the earth will not at all
Give equal strength, nor can, in space cast forth,
The branches find their complement of room.

quently wider, on its *north* side, the side on which the sap feels less the drying and hardening power of the sun.

SOTHEBY notices this peculiarity, but either he or his printer locate the wide rings on the wrong side of the tree.

The simile on the habits of early youth seems to me to be used with exquisite taste.

[1] "Ære." Usually, and incorrectly, translated *brass.*

PLANTING :

Perhaps the trenches' depth thou may'st inquire.[1]
I might the vine unto a shallow trench
Intrust ; but loftier trees should be in earth 290
Fixed deep ; among the first, the massive oak
That 's esculent called, which rears so far its head
In airs etherial as t'wards Tartarus tends
Its root. Therefore not winters it, nor gusts,[2]
Nor storms disturb ; it stands, and sees,
By its enduring power, as years roll on, 295
A lineage long o'ercome and man on man,[3]
Whilst, brave, it stretches arms and branches wide
Here, there, and on itself firm poised, casts far,
On all inferior things, its breadth of shade.
Ne'er westward let thy vineyard have its slope ;

[1] "Forsitan et scrobibus quæ sint vestigia quæras."
The form of this line will be observed again in the 506th line of the Second Book of the Æneid: —

"Forsitan et Priami fuerunt quæ fata requiras."
Perhaps, too, thou may'st ask, What was the fate
Of Priam?

[2] "Flabra." It would seem that this word, like our modern "blizzard," conveys the sense in the sound; is onomatopoetic.

[3] "Unmoved he sees on ages ages rolled,
Sees nations perish and the world wax old."
Such is the extravagant tree-worship of SOTHEBY.

"Unmoved it abides, and in endurance conquers, as it rolls its onward course, many generations of posterity, many cycles of men.
LEE and LONSDALE.

"But, standing in its unmoved tranquillity,
Outlives unnumbered sons and cycles of men."
PRESTON.

"Cycles of men" is good; "many generations of posterity" is good, too.
"That 's good; 'mobled queen' is good."
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, II, 2.

Ne'er 'mongst thy vines let hazel-bushes grow;
Ne'er of the trees the highest cuttings seek, 300
The topmost wood is not for cuttings best;
The best wood loves the ground; ne'er with a knife
That 's dull the tender sprays of tree or vine
Mar thou; and this mind well, the olive ne'er [1]
Plant thou among the trees to hold thy vines,
For oft from careless shepherds falls the fire
Which first, by stealth, the oily bark beneath
Concealed, gains strength, and, creeping on, assails 305
The foliage that 's above, and gives to heaven
A sound immense; thence following on, it reigns
Among the limbs and tree-tops wide unchecked,
And all throughout thy grove of vineyard trees
A victor plumed; and upwards to the skies
Rolls on, with pitchy blackness thick, its cloud
Of smoke, and this more dense if from the height 310
Of heaven there broods a storm, and comes a wind
Which bears the fire along, and gathering drives
The torrent of its flames. This happening, naught
Of life the vines retain, their roots are dead,
Nor can they bloom again as once they did.
The pruner's knife a useless task will ply;
Remains alone the wretched olive wild,
It and its bitter leaves alone remain.

[1] The "never" here used in almost every line, translates exactly the Latin of VIRGIL's text "neve," which lacks only the *r* to be the same word. Yet the translators, with the single exception of PRESTON, ignore the sense of "neve." It may be claimed therefore, with apparent truth, for the translators, as a class, that they never ignore.

ENCOMIUM ON SPRING:

Nor let thee any one, how wise soe'er 315
The adviser be, the rigid soil persuade
To move 'neath Boreas' chilling breath. With frost
A prisoner close then Winter nature keeps,
And if abroad the seed be cast, the roots
Forbids uniting with the earth. The time
Is best for planting when to blushing Spring
The white bird [1] comes, whom coiling snakes dislike, 320
Or 'neath the first cold days of Autumn's reign,
When not as yet the scorching sun his steeds
Within the sphere of Winter's snows hath lashed,
But Summer 's gone. The Spring it is that gives
To vineyard-trees their foliage, and befriends
The sylvan scene. Then swells with joy the earth,
And, urgent, claims the procreative seed.
In showers prolific mighty Ether, then,
The Father and Omnipotent,[2] descends 325
Into the bosom of his joyful bride,
And, with her mighty body mingled, feeds
All Nature's births. With sounds of birds then rings

[1] "Candida avis." The stork.

[2] "Pater omnipotens Æther."

DRYDEN: "Almighty Jove."
COOPER: "Almighty father Æther."
LEE and LONSDALE: "Heaven the almighty father."
SOTHEBY: "The etherial Father, lord of life."
PRESTON: "Almighty father Sky."

This comprehensive title given by the poets of the mythological era to their Supreme God, the translators seem inclined to soften, or even to ignore. But this seems an injustice. Jupiter seems to deserve, in a translation, all the attributes of which he is thought worthy in the original text.

The woodland round, and seek the flocks
Their days assured for love. Brings forth 330
The nourishing soil its plants. In Zephyr's breath
Of balm, that pours from western floods its warmth,
The field its bosom opens to delight,
And over all things comes a moisture mild,
And in new suns the germs have faith and trust;
Nor fears the vine-leaf sudden eastern storms,
Nor, driven by northern skies, the freezing gale,
But push their way the buds, and all their charms 335
Of foliage new unfold. I could believe
That, in the crescent world's first origin hailed,
Such days shone out, and such a tenor had.
A Spring was that; a great Spring ruled the world;
And storms their wintry breath withheld, when flocks
First drank the light, and rose from rugged fields 340
The heads and limbs of men full-formed, a race
Of will of iron and clad in armor of iron,
And sent the wild beasts were the woods to roam,
And placed the stars were in the fields of heaven.
Nor could the tender things their labor bear
If came there not a quiet space of rest
The heat and cold between, which towards the earth 345
The kind indulgence held of favoring skies.

THE TRENCHES:

And this remains: What growths soe'er throughout
Thy fields thou dost implant, first for their roots
The rich manure provide and scatter round,

And mindful be to hide them 'neath much earth,
Or bury bibulous rock, or scaly shells
'Twixt which the rains may glide, and which will let
The gentle air slip in and courage give 350
The struggling plants. Now,[1] some are found who lay,
The roots around, large stones or ponderous tiles:
This to protect the ground from wasting showers
Or from the Dog that mighty heats doth bring
When gape with thirst in droughts the suffering fields.
The plants being set, it yet remains the earth
Around the roots to draw, and often draw, 355
And wield the double prongs that make the strength
The heavy hoe can claim, or drill [2] the soil
Beneath the plowshare pressed, and 'twixt the lines
Of all the vineyard bend the struggling steers;
Then set smooth wands and spears from branches peeled
And ashen stakes and forks that will avail,[3]
By strength whereof assisted, may the vines 360
The winds become accustomed to contemn,
And follow, stage by stage, the branching elms.
And whilst in infancy their growth remains,
And new and light the leafage of their youth,

[1] "Jamque reperti." VIRGIL seems, by this mode of expression, to wish to note his dissent from the plan of placing heavy stone and tiles around the plants. Doubtless both plans have their merits, and judgment should dictate when to use each.

[2] "*Exercere* solum sub vomere." The military word.

[3] "Valentis." Again a word of deep meaning, Valentia being the secret and mysterious name of Rome.

Their tender sproutage spare, and whilst their shoots
Delighted seek the air and gayly drive,
With reins relaxed, through graces wide and free,
Not yet must thou the keen edge of the knife 365
Upon them turn, but nipped [1] the sprouts must be
By fingers bent, and pinched their pride away.
But when gone forth they have with sturdy limbs
To give the happy elms their sweet embrace,
Then shear their tresses short, then lop their arms
Before they fear the steel; and then, in fine,
A strong control enforce, and curb the stream 370
Of branches running wild and fancy-free.

PROTECTION FROM ANIMALS:

Weaved must the osier hedge be, and restrained
From doing damage cattle and all flocks;
And this more strictly while the growth is green,
And while the tender branches ignorant are
Of so much strife and toil that them await.
For they the sport not only are of blasts
By surly winters waged and powerful heats
From suns supreme, but wild bulls [2] of the woods,
Persistently, and persecuting goats,
And on them greedy heifers feed, and sheep. 375
Not so much cold concrete with hoary frost,

[1] "Carpendæ." From carpeo, one of the words for which VIRGIL betrays a peculiar fondness. There prevails, in this passage, a remarkable degree of elegance and playfulness, to which SOTHEBY and PRESTON have not been indifferent.

[2] "Silvestres uri," animals described by Julius Cæsar, as inhabiting the Hyrcinian wood, and possessed of great strength and swiftness, and in size resembling elephants.

Nor heavy heat from rocks reflected down,
Them hurt as do the flocks, the poison fixed
Upon them by hard teeth, and on their bark
The scar the deep bite leaves. This fault alone 380
Makes bleed, on Bacchus' altars all, the goat,
And ancient games upon the stage are played,
And strolling players Athenian prizes give
For skill in feats of strength and suppleness
At villages and cross-roads, where they leap,
Their cups between, in meadows soft, on skins
Of goats that oiled have been, with noisy joy
That greets the loser down. So, too, from Troy 385
The Ansonian farmers sent, in verses rude
Whose wit suggests the comb,[1] with laughter loud,
And faces masked in rough bark, shaped and curved,
And calling, Bacchus, thee in jovial songs,
Their sports conduct, and unto thee suspend
From some tall pine thy little heads by winds
Turned here and there. Hence swells with fruitage large 390
The vineyard all, the curving vales are filled,
And blooming reaches deep of joyous vines
Abundant clusters show, and whereso else
The God his comely face on vine or tree

[1] "Versibus incomptis." The phrase would apply even to as great a versifier as DRYDEN. And, as though conscious of the satire, he translates: —

"In rude *Saturnian* rhymes,"

introducing a complementary (and complimentary) word which VIRGIL did not employ.

SOTHEBY: "Rude rhymes."
PRESTON: "Unkempt measures."

Turns full, as sways the gentle zephyr's breath.[1]
To Bacchus, therefore, in ancestral songs,
We his own honors give, and victims bring,
And pour libations forth. For him the goat, 395
That sacred is to him, we by the horn
Unto his altars lead, and roast, on spits
Of hazel wood, his offered entrails fat,
Thus goat and wood, both hostile unto vines,
Devoting to the God's renown and praise.

VINES REQUIRE CONTINUAL ATTENTION:

But, then, there is that other labor yet
In taking care of vines, which ne'er enough
Exhausted is: for each and every year,
And thrice and four times over, must the soil
Cut open be, and must the earth by hoes, 400
Two-pronged and heavy, and reversed, with work
That endless is, be beaten fine; and trimmed
Must all the foliage of the vineyard trees,

[1] "Oscilla mollia . . . caput honestum."

Figures, sometimes medallions in terra cotta, of the mouth or face of Bacchus, hung in or near the vineyard, that by turning every way to the breeze, they might inspire fruitfulness in the vines. It is said that from this little swinging mouth or face of Bacchus we have the word *oscillate*. Such is the etymology of the French scholar, SCHELER, adopted by HANSON and ROLFE. And it would seem to be a better etymology than that of SANTRA, who says things are said to oscillate because, being in motion, they are likely to strike one against the mouth, *os;* or than that of CORNIFICIUS, who says that people whose actions imply want of sincerity, oscelate, conceal their mouths, *os celare*, and that thence a swinging motion is called oscillatory. CORNIFICIUS seems to have had an uncontrollable leaning for phoneticism, and would probably, if of this era, have confounded dry Sillery with dry celery.

In one of the Galleries of the Public Offices in Florence I met with the gem, once the property of Lorenzo the Magnificent, whereon are engraved these swinging heads of Bacchus attached to vines.

To make it lighter, be. Comes labor back [1]
Upon the farmer in a circle driven,
And turned within itself the year runs round
On its own footsteps borne. And when aside
The vine has laid the latest of its leaves,
And from the woods the frigid northern blast
Has all their honors shaken to the ground,
Yet on into the coming year extends 405
The farmer keen his busy cares, and seeks
What of the vine remains, it shaving down
With Saturn's crooked tooth, and it, by dint
Of constant fixing, moulding to his will.
Be thou, of all, the first the ground to dig;
The first the cuttings brought away to burn;
The first thy vineyard-stakes again [2] to place
The roof beneath where they belong; the last 410
To reap the fruit. Twice crowds the vines the shade;
Twice brambles dense and herbage choke the vines;
Hard either labor is. Of large estates
Speak well: a small one cultivate thou. And yet
Rough rods of broom must in the woods be cut,
And reeds that fringe the river's shore along,
And to uncultured willows care be given. 415

[1] Of this vigorous passage SOTHEBY has a poor rendering. His industry seems to be exhausted in stripping the trees of "*all* their leaves." He ignores "quaterque," makes the three other plowings conjectural, and forgetting the footsteps ("vestigia") of the year, places it on "wheels."

PRESTON develops more vigor, indeed imagining the year in a waltz, and speaking of "the path of the *whirling* year."

[2] "Referto." Carry *back again.* Ignored by all the translators. A new reading.

The vines at last are conquered, they give rest,
They and the trees that their festoons support,
Unto the pruning-hooks, and sings, content,
The rows complete, the last glad vineyard-man.
And yet must be solicited the earth,
The very dust with industry be moved,
And for the ripened fruit, the air itself,
The very air of Jupiter, be feared.

CULTIVATION OF THE OLIVE AND OTHER FRUIT-TREES:

But, on the other hand, no culture needs 420
The olive tree at all; not it the knife,
Forthcurved,[1] expects, nor clinging hoe, when once
It in the field is fixed, and bears the breeze;
To it the earth, its bosom loosened up
By furrows of the plowshare's hook-like tooth,
Sufficient moisture gives, and gives the plow
Returns of weighty fruitage rich and ripe.
Thus, full of juicy gifts, the olive nurse, 425
The olive pleasing to the smiles of Peace!
And trees the orchard holds, when first they feel
Their trunks of vigorous strength, and that they powers
Within themselves possess, strive upwards, borne
With rapture struggling to the stars, nor need
Have prosperous they of any aid of ours.[2]

[1] "Procurvam."

[2] "They make for the stars with many a buoyant *shoot*,
All *unbeholden* to any care of ours."

PRESTON.

SOTHEBY ignores the stars, but still has a fine sentiment: —

"Nature herself the orchard's growth supplies,

FOREST AND OTHER TREES:

Nor less, meanwhile, with offspring every grove
Grows great, and blush, with crimson berries ripe, 430
The birds' wild haunts; are shorn the clover's blooms;
Pine torches by the lofty groves are given,
Which fires nocturnal feed, and light pour forth.
And shall men, then, to sow and care deem vain?
Why greater things should I pursue? There are
The less: the willows' sprays, the humble broom,
E'en these the flock give food, the shepherd shade, 435
The crops their hedge, and honey its supplies.
And glad the sight, Cytorus, 't is, to see
With box-wood waving, and Narycium's groves
Of pitchy pine; the sight is glad those fields
To see that nothing owe to wielded hoes,
Nor aught to care of human minds or hands.

THE LUMBER INTERESTS:

Why, even the groves unfruitful that the heights 440
Crown of the Caucasus, which break and dash
The bitter east winds with continual storm,
Produce, some this, some that; the useful woods
Supply the pine for ocean's ships, for homes
The cedar and the cypress; hence his spokes
For wheels, the farmer turns, and wagon-roofs [1]

Gives with internal strength to dart in air,
And scorn *the littleness of human care.*"

DRYDEN's translation here is too contemptible for criticism.

[1] "Tympana." The controversy here is whether this word means wheels

Are formed, and hence the spreading keel. In rods 445
Are rich the willows, and in leaves the elm,[1]
And strong the myrtle is in wands, and good
For war cornelian-cherry is. Are bent,
In bows Ituræan, supple yews. Light lin',
Or heavy box, the turning-lathe that needs,
Take form and figure from the sharpened steel. 450
The poplar light swims missioned [2] on the waves
That dash along the torrent of the Po.
In hollow trees the bees their swarms conceal.
The ilex tree decayed will honey hold.[3]
What gifts, that equal mention merit here,

of solid wood or wooden coverings for wagons. The translators evade the point.

DRYDEN: "Cypress provides for spokes and *wheels of wains.*"
SOTHEBY: "Form the swift spokes and orb the *solid* wheel."
PRESTON: "One tree giveth the wain
Its *drum-like* wheels, and one the spokes."

But tympanum seems to be only and simply a drum. As such the priests of Cybele and the Bacchante girls used it in religious ceremonies, and as such the Parthians (like ourselves) used it as the summons to battle. It seems worthy of note, too, that, as a *wagon*-wheel, the word is unknown to the great Dictionary of FREUND revised by LEWIS and SHORT. My conclusion is that tympanum cannot be called a wheel except as a drum in machinery may be called a wheel, and that, if it has any application to wagons, it is to describe a covering of sheets of wood, thin or thick. HEYNE says this is an idle intepretation, but I am content herein to depart from HEYNE. *Spokes* for wagon-wheels had just been mentioned; and solid drums of wood are unsuitable for wagon-wheels.

[1] The leaves of the elm supply an excellent fodder.

[2] "Missa."

[3] The phrase "nec non," which cuts such little figure in the English, recurs with curious frequency in the Latin text: —

"*Nec* tiliæ leves aut torno rasile buxum
Non formam accipiunt ferroque cavantur acuto;
Nec non et torrentem undam levis innatat alnus
Missa Pado; *nec non* et apes examina," etc.

Doth Bacchus grant? Indeed, occasion gave 455
The God for grave complaint: for he it was
The Centaurs' rage for blood who caused, made mad
Fierce Rhœtus, Pholus, and Hylæus grim,
Hylæus whom his zeal made seize, to hurl
Against the Lapithæ, a wine-cask huge.[1]

HAPPINESS OF A COUNTRY LIFE:

O happy they o'ermuch[2] the soil who till,
If they their own good only knew, to whom,
Remote from wars and discords placed, pours forth 460
The Earth herself, most just, from out her breast,
The easy means of life! If not to them
Belongs the lofty house with doors superb,
Whence every morning vomits forth the crowd
Obsequious who from all their homes have called
To make their homage to the great or rich;[3]

[1] That is, in his drunken frenzy, Hylæus made the attempt to hurl against his antagonists a wine-cask. The allusion is to the disgraceful and sanguinary riot between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ at the wedding of Pirithous and Hippodamia, a riot caused by excess in drink on the part of the Centaurs.

[2] THOMSON closes his *Autumn* with an admirable imitation, which is little more than a translation of the closing passages of this Georgic. This imitation begins: —

"Oh! knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he, who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life!"

[3] "What though the dome be wanting whose proud gate
Each morning vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abused?"

THOMSON.

If 't is not they who stare at stately halls
Whereof the door-posts gleam with gems inlaid
On tortoise shells, or at proud robes with gold
Inwrought, or Ephyreian[1] bronzes fine;
If their white wool hath not the purple tint 465
Which poison from Assyrian seas supplies;
If cassia's spice the olive oil they use
Corrupts and colors not; yet rest secure
And enviable purity of life is theirs
Without deceit; and rich they are in wealth
That varied is, and at their ease on lands
That wide their acres spread; and grottoes fair
They have, and crystal lakes, and Tempes cool,
And lowing herds, and slumber sweet 'neath trees. 470
The woodland lawns they have, the haunts of beasts,
And youth of labor patient and of wants
But few;[2] and reverence to the Gods is theirs,
And unto parents honor; Justice left
With them her lingering footprints when from earth,
At man indignant, she her sad leave took.

VIRGIL'S ADDRESS TO THE MUSES:

But, verily, first may me the Muses sweet, 475
Sweet far all things beyond, whose ministry great
I bear, my heart with mighty love o'erwhelmed,

[1] Ephyra was the ancient name of Corinth. The word here is bronze, not brass. Herein all the translators offend. Bronzes by Corinthian artists were highly prized.

[2] "Patient of labor, with a little pleased."
THOMSON.

Accept, and show heaven's ways and stars, the Sun
When veiled his light is by eclipse, the Moon
And all her labors done, and whence the Earth
Its tremblings hath, and by what force deep seas
Swell from their depths and break all obstacles, 480
And sink again within themselves withdrawn;
Why hasten so the winter suns their disks
In Ocean's wave to touch, and what delays
The tardy nights oppose: these would I learn.
But, if so cold shall stand the blood my heart
Around, that rapt I may not be so high
As to attain to nature's loftiest spheres,
May my delight in rural scenes be placed, 485
In winding streams that water valleys wide;
May I, the greater glory missing, love
For rivers feel and forest depths. O fields,
Where are ye? Spercheus' waves be mine and vale
Of Taÿgeta with thy Spartan maids!
And, oh! in glens of Hæmus cool who me
Will place, and with the branches' shade o'erarch?[1]

[1] "The first wish of VIRGIL was to be a good philosopher; the second, a good husbandman; and God (whom he seemed to understand better than most of the most learned heathens) dealt with him just as he did with Solomon. Because he prayed for wisdom in the first place, he added all things else which were subordinately to be desired. He made him one of the best philosophers and best husbandmen; and, to adorn both those faculties, the best poet. He made him, besides all this, a rich man, and a man who desired to be no richer." COWLEY.

"O Nature, all sufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven! Thy rolling wonders there
Give me to scan!"

THOMSON.

DESCRIPTION OF A FARMER SURROUNDED BY HIS FAMILY:

Happy the man whose mind the causes grasps 490
From which depend all things we see or know,
And who beneath his feet hath placed all fear
And with it Fate, inexorable Fate,
And all the roar of greedy Acheron's waves.
And fortunate he who knoweth the rural Gods
Whom Nature's realms obey, their leader Pan,
And old Sylvanus, and the sister Nymphs.
Not him the fasces of the people's power 495
Can bind, nor purpled state of kings; not him
Can move harsh discord, when to strife it drives
Unfaithful brethren rash; no terror him
Descending Dacia gives, what time her hordes
Confederate from the Danube's banks are hurled;
The Roman Commonwealth his care is not,
Nor feeble kingdoms doomed to fall; not he
Sees wretchedness around to weep, nor feels
The pangs of envy at his neighbor's wealth.
The fruits the boughs produce, or those which spring 500
Spontaneous from his woods, he gathers in; [1]
Not he compelled the iron tongue of law to hear,
Or see the Forum crazed with heat intense
Of party strife, or read in stately phrase,
On arch or pillar, of a nation's pride.[2]

[1] "Whatever fruit the branches and the mead
Spontaneous bring, he gathers for his need."
BLACKMORE.

[2] "Nec ferrea jura
Insanumque Forum, aut populi tabularia vidit."

With oars blind straits seek others, keenly swift
On foreign swords to run, and penetrate, rash,
E'en to the halls and bedrooms hushed of kings;[1]
One plans a city's fall, and seeks its Gods, 505
Its household Gods unhappy, so that he
From out a gem[2] may drink, and sleep on dyes
Of Tyre. His wealth another hides, and broods
O'er buried gold. One stands amazed at words
He hears, astonished, from the Rostra rolled.
Gapes wide another's mouth at loud encores
Wherewith the crowd and nobles shake the roof
That covers in the crowded theatre's lights;

> "Far from the tumult of the maddening bar,
> And iron justice and forensic war."
>
> SOTHEBY.

SOTHEBY, in these pretty lines, recognizes nothing but the law-courts. He forgets the politicians and the monuments. He places upon the lawyers three times as much blame as VIRGIL does.

THOMSON forgets only the monuments: —

> "Let these
> Ensnare the wretched in the toils of law,
> Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
> *An iron race;* and those of fairer front,
> *But equal inhumanity*, in courts,
> Delusive pomp and dark cabals delight;
> Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
> And tread the weary labyrinth of state."

DRYDEN betrays a reckless vehemence: —

> "The Senate's mad decrees he never saw,
> Nor heard, at brawling bars, corrupted law."

[1] It should seem that here VIRGIL was already meditating the Æneid. The allusion is to Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, during the sack of Troy, bursting, sword in hand, into the domestic royal circle of King Priam's palace.

[2] The possession of a drinking cup made of a single gem (agate or jasper, or other precious stone) was one of the distinguishing marks of the rich and powerful. Such a cup Petronius (according to PLINY) destroyed just before his death, that it might not fall into the hands of Nero. LILLE speaks of such cups as surviving in the treasuries of European cathedrals.

And some are found who in the blood rejoice 510
Of brothers wronged, and change for exile homes
And thresholds sweet, and 'neath another sun
A country seek. The tiller of the soil
With incurved plow makes move the earth apart:
Hence comes a year of labor, hence sustains
His diligent hand his country's weal, and guards
His household Gods, though small and modest they,[1] 515
And hence grow sleek and fat his lowing herds,
And bullocks, they whose aid warm praise deserves.
No pause: why, either overflows with fruits
The year, or with the young of flocks, or stalks
Of Cereal grain, and loads with wealth the fields,
And bursts the barns. Comes winter: in the mills
Is ground the berry that rich Sicyon sent;[2]
The swine, with mast made glad, return; the woods 520
The strawberry yield; and Autumn adds her gifts
That various are, and high on sun-robed cliffs
The mellowing grape grows ripe. Meanwhile, his lips

[1] "Parvosque *Penates.*"
Thus says the Medicean manuscript, followed by HEINSIUS and CONINGTON and others. DRYDEN and HEYNE, however, prefer *nepotes* (nephews or grandsons) and so do the modern translators, SOTHEBY, LEE and LONSDALE and PRESTON, but all, I think, without reason. PRESTON says prettily,

"For the land at large and the babes at home,"

but VIRGIL reserved "the babes at home" for a few lines further on, where they cling around the happy farmer's lips. He is here treating of patriotism and piety, the two most powerful forces that influence men.

[2] The olive.

Around, his children sweet cling close,[1] preserves
His chaste abode its modest grace, his cows
Let down from swelling bags their streams of milk, 525
And on the smiling turf browse fat his kids,
And, in their sports, with vigorous horns contend.
Himself the days that holy are observes,
And, in the grass, with heaven's blue vault his roof,
Stretched out, where in the midst the altar glows,
And friends the wine-bowl crown, thee doth invoke,
O thou Lenæan God, the while he thee
Libations pours, and for the masters round
That guard his flocks, sets games of darts sent swift 530
Against an elm, and bares their bodies tough
To wrestling-matches and palæstral sports.
Such lives of old the ancient Sabines led;
Such were the brethren twain whose infant limbs
And hungering lips the wolf caressed and fed;
So grew Etruria strong, as well ye know;[2]
And so arose, of things most beauteous, Rome,
And to itself, within its wall, drew round 535
Its seven famed hills.[3] Before the Cretan king

[1] "The little strong embrace
Of prattling children twined around his neck."
THOMSON.

[2] "Scilicet." It is said, pedantically, by HANSON and ROLFE: "Scilicet introduces an explanation or development." This might be said of a multitude of other words: but as to this word, it cannot be said. Scilicet is not a mere *quoad hoc;* on the contrary, it supposes explanation to be unnecessary and development already made. It is the popular "You know," or "Of course," and the legal "Know ye," or "Be it remembered."

[3] I beg pardon for repeating here what I have said in another place: DRYDEN, translating too freely, makes VIRGIL speak of Rome as

The sceptre held,[1] before on slaughtered steers
A race that lacked in piety did feast,
Lived golden Saturn in this land this life :
Not yet had they the trumpet's breathings heard,
Not yet the sword on anvils hard heard ring.[2] 540
  But we, by spaces, have the plain immense
Left all behind : 't is time our horses' [3] necks,
That smoke with all the ardor of the course,
To loosen, panting, from their foam-flecked gear.

"The seat of empire and the conquered earth
Which now on seven high hills triumphant reigns."

VIRGIL's lines repose. DRYDEN's swell. DRYDEN says Rome conquered the earth, and sits triumphant on seven high hills. A troublesome attitude, indeed one which would even defy an Asiatic acrobat. VIRGIL, knowing the hills better (DRYDEN was never in Rome), does not boast of their *height;* himself a Roman, he disdains to boast as a *conqueror.* Indeed, he is boasting of Rome as the product of industry, and attributes to the arts of peace, rather than to those of war, her prosperity and her magnificence, — a city which gleams with beauty as a jewel of seven brilliants in the setting of her circumscribing wall

[1] Jupiter, successor of Saturn.

[2] "This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man."

THOMSON.

HERRICK, but feebly, attempted the same thing that THOMSON accomplished, the imitation of this encomium.

I note in him the phrases, "the lily-wristed Morn," "the breath of great-eyed kine," and "nut-brown Mirth," and "russet wit," and these choice lines: —

"O happy life, if that their good
The husbandmen but understood."

[3] "Equum." There were at least *two* horses, possibly more; but DRYDEN ignores all but one: —

"'T is time to set at ease the smoking horse."

This unceremonious dismissal of the other horse or horses was brought about by the necessity of finding a rhyme for "course."

DRYDEN's line reminds one of the beginning of James's novels: "A *solitary horseman* might have been seen," etc.

THE THIRD GEORGIC: STOCK.

ARGUMENT:

Pales, the Goddess of Shepherds, and Apollo, himself a shepherd, are invoked as the leaders of a revolt against trite and threadbare illustrations, like the twelve labors of Hercules and the ivory shoulder of Pelops. VIRGIL proposes to institute, on his own farm, on the Mincius, the *modern* Olympian Games, in honor of Cæsar, a temple to whom, as to a God, shall adorn the middle of the grounds. Meanwhile, however, he pursues his present task, and again invokes, in its behalf, the patronage of Mæcenas. The poet gives the fine points of cattle and horses, describes with graphic power the war-horse and the chariot-race, and gives directions for the care of horses and mares, calves and colts. The battles of the bulls and the fury of mares claim in succession his Muse, whom he declares he aspires to meet in pathless heights. He proceeds to treat of the care of sheep and goats; of wool, milk, dogs, snakes. He pen-pictures the boa, and passes on to directions for the treatment of diseases, and describes the havoc which contagion sometimes makes among stock; the dying horse, the dying bull, — everywhere death; Tisiphone.

THE PERSONS SPEAKING:

VIRGIL *in invocation, compliment, and instruction.*

THE PERSONS APPEARING:

Italian farmers; charioteers; horsemen; the cave-dwellers; Tisiphone, one of the Furies.

THE SCENE: *Scythia; Italy.*

ANCIENT MUST YIELD TO MODERN INSTANCES:

THEE, also, Pales [1] great, and thee whose praise
Must not forgotten be,[2] thou Shepherd God,[3]
Who, on Amphrysus' banks a flock didst guard,
And ye, Lycæan woods and streams, I sing.
For all things else, which, through the charm of song,
Have wondering minds amused, are trite and stale.
Who knows not Hercules' toils? Eurystheus hard,
Who on him labors placed, and, unbeloved, 5
Busiris, slayer of guests, whom, stained with blood,
His own cruel altars burned? To whom hath verse
Not Hylas' beauty sung, and how the boy
Was lost and wept by Hercules sad, his friend?
Latonian Delos whence Apollo sprung?
And Hippodamia and the horseman keen,[4]
Her suitor, by his ivory shoulder known,
The storied Pelops? Tried the way must be
Whereby myself I also may lift upward, scorn
The common earth, and fly a victor forth,
Renowned through all the mouths of marveling men.[5]

[1] Goddess of Shepherds.

[2] "Memorande." Ignored by DRYDEN and SOTHEBY.

[3] Apollo, when he was in love with Admetus.

[4] "Acer equis." He gained his bride, Hippodamia, by success in a chariot-race. Yet DRYDEN and SOTHEBY both ignore these words. DRYDEN, not longer ago than the close of the preceding Book, lost us all our horses but one: we find him now losing all, not saving even one.

[5] "Victorque virum volitare per ora."

I have attempted a similar alliteration.

THE MODERN OLYMPIAN GAMES:

The first will I be, (let but life remain,) 10
With me, returning from the Aonian heights,
To bring the palms of Edom back to thee,[1]
My Mantua fair, and place a temple, bright
With gleaming marble, on the emerald field,
Close by the waters' side, where, in slow waves,
The mighty Mincius strays, his banks, with reeds 15
That wave above his crystal mirror, graced.
There, in the midst, will be my Cæsar placed,
And he will claim and hold this temple his.
And in his honor will victorious I,
In Tyrian purple brilliant to the sight,
A hundred four-horsed chariots [2] set at speed
Along the stream. All Greece to me will come,
Proud Alpheus leaving and Molorchus' groves,[3]
And in the races vie, and vie in games 20
Of boxing with the cestus [4] raw. Myself,
My head adorned with leaves from olives shorn,

[1] DRYDEN makes VIRGIL come back from Greece a conqueror with spoils, and not only so, but the *first* Roman conqueror of Greece. This VIRGIL, of course, does not say and does not mean. His evident meaning is that he looks forward to a visit to Greece, whence he will return with a store of knowledge and experience which will aid him in embellishing the modern instances which he is praising: Roman agriculture, Roman social life, Roman institutions, and Roman art.

[2] DRYDEN here will only grant a hundred horses: —

"A hundred coursers from the goal will drive."

VIRGIL's allusion is to the Circensian games, where, in one day, there were twenty-five chariot-races of four-horse chariots. These races were on the bank of a river. The Circensian achievement probably called for two hundred horses. VIRGIL proposes to put in the field four hundred.

[3] An entire line ignored by DRYDEN and SOTHEBY.

[4] DRYDEN gives to the cestus the expressive title of "whorlbat." Roughly onomatopoetic. See the Fifth Book of the Æneid, line 484.

Will offer gifts. E'en now the solemn pomps
To lead, I seem, up to the shrines with joy;
I see the bullocks slain; I see the scene
Poised on its changing fronts,[1] and see sustain 25
The purple curtain Britons woven in.[2]
Upon the doors the battle shall be seen,
In massive gold and solid silver wrought,
Fought with the fierce Gangarides, and arms
Victorious our Quirinus wields; and here
The Nile war-tost, the great and flowing Nile.
And columns here shall rise of naval bronze.[3]
Cities of Asia conquered I will add, 30
And add Niphates beaten, and the flight
To which the Parthian trusts with backward aim
Of arrows keen; and trophies wrenched, from foes
Wide, wide apart, by either hand, and lands
Which each a triumph yield from either shore.
And there the Parian stones that seem to breathe
Shall stand, Assaracus' descendants, names 35

[1] The scenery of an ancient theatre was simply a canvas prism, erect, and turning on a pivot in its centre. The three sides presented, respectively, a picture of a city, of a palace, of a forest. A comedy brought round the city, a tragedy the palace, a rustic or satirical piece the forest.

[2] The Britons were subdued by Cæsar: therefore the appropriateness of this method of ornamentation in games in honor of Cæsar. VIRGIL suggests that the Britons be worked into the curtain, as in the attitude of holding it up, — a proposition which offends the national pride of DRYDEN. He observes with feeling, resorting to *italics:* —

> "Which interwoven Britons seem to raise,
> And show the *triumph* which their *shame* displays."

Many are the offenses of DRYDEN in this Georgic, but this is the least of them.

[3] "Ære." *Bronze*, not brass. The translators here are all at fault. Of the bronze beaks of Egyptian ships Augustus made four columns, which SERVIUS, in his time, saw in the Capitol.

Which mark a race whose lineage comes from Jove,
And Tros our ancestor, and he who Troy
Her might and glory gave, Apollo's self.
And fear of furies wretched Envy shall,
In all her powerless hatred of these rites,
Feel deep her bones within, and feel the slime
Of dire Cocytus' stream, the hideous wheel,
The snakes Ixion gnaw, and that huge rock
That destiny says shall ne'er the summit reach.

ADDRESS TO MÆCENAS:

Meanwhile, Mæcenas, let us thy commands, 40
Not easy, follow, and the Dryads' woods
And forest-lawns as yet untouched seek out.
My mind naught high begins unless with thee.[1]
Lo! act! The slow delays break through! I hear
Cithæron's mighty call and clamor great,
The dogs that roam Taÿgetus, and shouts
That Epidaurus sends from her domains,
She who no rival hath in training steeds,
And comes the echo back from all the groves. 45
Hereafter will I gird me to the task
The flaming wars to sing that Cæsar waged,
And Fame shall through as many years his name
Bear onwards, as have been the years since first
Came from Tithonus' self her earliest breath.

[1] "And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite,
O Doddington! attend my rural song,
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,
And teach me to deserve thy just applause."
THOMSON, *Summer.*

CATTLE BREEDING:

Let him, whose admiration rising high
At prizes given of craved Olympian palms,
His time devotes to horses, or who trains 50
Strong bullocks to the plow, select with care
Those who should mothers be. That cow in form
Is best a lowering look that hath, whose head
Is homely,[1] and whose neck is thick, and down
From chin to knees whose waving dewlap sinks.
Then limit none should to the long side be,
And every part be large, the feet as well, 55
And hairy ears, 'neath horns which inward turn.
Not me displeases one with spots and white
Distinguished, or the yoke who scorns, and rough
At times is with her horn, whose face a bull's
Is like, who 's tall throughout, and as she steps
Sweeps with her tail her tracks. The age at which 60
Lucina she may suffer and just yoke
Hymeneal bear before her tenth year ends,
And its beginning hath before her fourth.
The other years for breeding she 's unfit
And for the plow lacks strength. Meanwhile,[2] whilst reigns

[1] SOTHEBY ignores the lowering look and homely head: "torvam . . . turpe."

DRYDEN's model "mother-cow" is without horns: he ignores "cornibus" and "cornu."

PRESTON brings the dewlap to the "*ankles.*" Preposterously long. DRYDEN brings it to the "*thighs.*" DRYDEN evidently did not know what "dewlap" meant.

[2] SOTHEBY here, deliberately, and without apology, ignores *ten* of VIR-

Above the flock exultant youth, let loose
The males. Be first the flock in Venus' arms
To place; by breeding one from one the stock 65
Make sure. From wretched mortals first escapes
The choicest day their age can boast; then come
Diseases' train, and sorrowful old age,
And from the scene them labor hurries off,
And death's severe and harsh inclemency.
Renew the failing race, anticipate, 70
'T will save a futile search for what is lost;
Each year secure fair offspring from the herd.[1]

BREEDING OF HORSES:

The same choice as to horses should be made.
But do thou upon those whom thou dost choose,
In hopes of sending down their qualities choice,
Peculiar care, from their first years, bestow.
Blood tells. At once the colt whose pedigree 75
A generous ancestry displays, a gait
More lofty than his fellows shows, and stands
On limbs more finely moulded. First is he
The road to follow, and to dare to tempt
The threatening floods, and trust his safety risked
Upon the bridge unknown. No terrors him
Alarm of empty noise. A neck high-raised
He has, and slender head, a stomach short, 80
Broad back, and breast with animation full,

GIL's lines, beginning "Interea superat," and ending "armento sortire quot annis."

[1] DR. TRAPP argues that the three lines of the text, which my three lines translate, are not genuine, that they have been interpolated. It is possible that VIRGIL does not here rise to his usual standard of excellence, but, with the VIRGILIANS generally, I believe the lines to be genuine.

And muscles that, luxuriant, spread around.[1]
Deserving honor are the bays and grays;
The colors that are worst are white [2] and dun.

THE WAR-HORSE:

When such a steed the distant clamor hears
Of arms and strife, he knows not how to stand
In one fixed place; erect his ears are pricked,
His limbs throughout a tremor runs, he rolls 85
With neighing [3] forth the fires his nostrils hold.
His mane is dense, and, tossed, falls o'er the right,
His shoulder's ornament. Along his back
Extends a double spine.[4] He starts, he bounds,[5]

[1] "Luxuriatque toris animosum pectus."

PRESTON seems to have misapprehended the meaning of toris: —

"And his fiery bosom, soon as the hour is come
For wedlock, swells with a riotous delight."

The original text is not capable of such a construction. A mistranslation on the part of PRESTON. And a mistake as idle as DRYDEN's stopping to examine the hoofs of the war-horse at the very moment when it was most dangerous to be about them.

[2] DR. TRAPP here betrays concern for VIRGIL's consistency. VIRGIL, the Doctor observes, describes (in the Twelfth Æneid, at line 84) the chariot-horses of Turnus as whiter than snow. But it does not follow thence that VIRGIL recommends white horses: it was his cue to surround Turnus, the enemy of Æneas, with unpropitious circumstances. He gives to Æneas no horses at all, but makes him fight on foot. A better citation for the Doctor would have been the white horses which Anchises saw on his first view of Italy; but they were white that they might emblematize hope and peace. The Gods, on one occasion, decided that the olive, not the horse, was the most valuable gift to men. It may be observed, however, that at every opportunity VIRGIL delights to express his admiration for horses.

[3] "Fremens." Ignored by all the translators. SOTHEBY is peculiar in ignoring the horse's *ears*.

[4] "Duplex agitur per lumbos spina."

Words ignored by PRESTON.

[5] "Starting, with a bound,
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground."

DRYDEN.

Flies far the turf scooped up with solid horn,
And heavily sounds beneath his hoofs the earth.[1]
Such Cyllarus was, by reins of Pollux driven 90
In Amyclæ, such they of whom have sung
The Grecian bards, the two that Mars drove yoked,
And they who great Achilles' chariot whirled.
Such Saturn was himself, when, as approached
His wife, a mane from out his neck he threw,
A nimble steed, and with shrill whinnyings filled,
As forth he fled, all Pelion's echoing heights.[2]
And him, when with disease o'erpowered or slow 95
In years he fails, retain at home; ignore not thou
His homely weight of age. Cold, old in love,
Ungrateful labor finds his toils in vain,
And if he may, at any time, the field
Of battle tread, in vain his fury swells,
'T is as a fire which once was great, but now
Sinks down 'midst straws whose weakness yields no flame.[3]
Their age and spirits, therefore, note thou well, 100
What aptitudes they have, what pedigrees,
And how each grief acutely feels, when flies
Beyond him, in the race, a fleeter steed,
And how he glories when the palm he earns.

[1] These lines will find their companion-pieces in repeated descriptions in the Æneid. TASSO, in his Ninth Canto, labors to paint the same picture.

[2] Saturn surprised in his attentions to Philyra, daughter of Oceanus.

[3] The translators give to this passage a literal meaning unknown to VIRGIL, and which would shock the modesty of Falstaff. DRYDEN is the chief offender, as usual. SOTHEBY, in order to be free from any risk of censure, ignores the entire passage, — four lines, ninety-fourth to one hundredth.

THE CHARIOT-RACE:

The headlong coursers' strife hast thou not seen,
When rush the chariots from the goal, and tear
Around the ring? When, in the drivers, hope 105
All jubilant swells, and pulsing fear their hearts
Exulting drains? Press they with twisted lash,
Prone they the reins give loose, fly hot with speed
The wheels. See, now the earth they hug, and now,
Elate they seem, sublime, the air to cleave,
Or wing their way upon the breezes fleet.
No lagging theirs, no rest, from their career. 110
Of yellow dust the clouds assail the sky,
Thick foam-flecks wet them, and the steaming breath
Of those they lead, but, just now, followed keen:[1]
Desire so great of glorious praise there is,
Desire so great for victory's wreaths and fame.
The first was Erichthonius bold, who dared
To join four horses to a chariot's wheels,
And o'er the wheels to stand serene in flight.
The Pelethronian Lapithæ were they 115
The art who taught to mounted men the bit
To use, and wheel the steed in circles round,
And mounted knights upon the plain to prance,
And bound in steps superb. Equal in each

[1] SOTHEBY's lines here would provoke the envy of PITT (one of the translators of the Æneid) who admired nothing so much as a "thundering horse:"—

"Horse, horsemen, chariots thundering in the wind,
Breath, flakes of foam, and sweat from every pore
Smoke in the gale and steam the victor o'er."

The labor is, to drive or ride, and so
The labor equal is the trainers [1] meet,
To seek a horse young, hot of spirit, keen
The race to try, albeit the foe he oft 120
Hath put to flight, and claims for place of birth
Epirus' [2] soil, or strong Mycenæ famed,
Or that his race a clear descent can show
From that first steed which Neptune placed on earth.

CARE OF HORSES AND MARES: [3]

With these things borne in mind, men watch in time,
And give all care with fatness dense to fill
Him whom they choose to be the leader strong 125
And husband of the herd. They flowering herbs
Provide, and water give and grain, lest weak
In his bland labor he may prove, and young
Of feeble frames their father's weakness blame.
The mares, of purpose, spare they make and thin,
And when known pleasure shows 't is time to breed, 130
Deny them leaves and drive them from the founts,
And run them till they 're tired, and in the sun
Them exercise, when groans the threshing floor
With heavily beaten grain, and when is thrown

[1] "Magistri." Ignored by SOTHEBY.

[2] "Patriam Epirum." Ignored by SOTHEBY. Epirus was famous for its fine horses.

[3] Here SOTHEBY ignores twenty-two lines, beginning "His animadversis" (line 123) and ending "Procubet umbra" (line 145). This without apology or explanation. Three of these lines (135, 136, and 137) are also ignored by LEE and LONSDALE.

Unto the rising wind the empty straw.
This do they lest, by too much ease of life, 135
A blunted use the genital field may find
And furrows weak be clogged, and so that thirst
May Venus seize and further onward hide.
Of sires the care now falls; begins, in turn,
That to the mothers due. Whilst heavy they
In months exact stray round, let no one them 140
To laden wagons yoke, nor on the leap
To move along the road, nor in keen flight
The meadows nip,[1] nor swim rapacious floods.
Let them in forest ranges feed, and near full streams,
Where mosses are, and banks with turf most green,
And grottoes' sheltering depths, and shade from rocks. 145
'Round Silarus' groves and 'round Alburnus' glades
All green with ilexes, an insect fares
In frequent flight, for which the Roman name
Asilus is, and Œstros is the Greek.
Fierce, with a sound of bitter shrillness wild,
And with a painful sting that brings the blood,
It all the herds annoys through all the woods
And scatters wide. The air with bellowings raves, 150
And stunned the glades are and dry Tanager's banks.

[1] "Carpere." One of VIRGIL's favorite words. He even here applies it to the sprightly motion of the mares' feet.

DRYDEN: "Or *lumber* o'er the meads."

LEE and LONSDALE: "Or *scour* the fields in swift course."

PRESTON: "Or scour the meadows in all too fleet a course."

Mine is a new reading.

This monster 't was that Juno used; with this
Wrath horrible she exercised, when she
A pest for the Inachian heifer sought.[1]
This [2] harm keep, too, from all the breeding flock,
And let your mares their pastures seek when Dawn 155
Her pearls is scattering o'er the joyous fields,
Or when the Night her starry robe puts on,
Cool hours devoted all to peace and rest.

CARE OF CALVES:

The young being born, all care 's to them transferred.
At once the farmer brands their marks, and notes
Their pedigrees, and those he may prefer
For breeding to retain, and which shall serve 160
For sacrifice, or cut the soil, and turn
The field all rough with broken clods. The rest
Are fed in pastures green. Do thou them form
To use and habits rural. Let the calves

[1] Io, daughter of Inachus, was a priestess of Juno, beloved by Jupiter. Jupiter, to conceal her from the jealousy of Juno, transformed her into a cow, milk-white. Juno sent the œstros to torment her, but, escaping into Egypt, she resumed her human form, became the Queen of King Osiris, and was afterwards deified as the Goddess Isis. We shall see, in the Seventh Book of the Æneid (line 789) Io embossed in gold upon the shield of Turnus.

[2] "Hunc quoque arcebis pecori."

PRESTON seems to have misapprehended the significance of hunc: —

"But the *sires* again, whom fervors of noon excite,
Thou shalt part from the dams," etc.

But why the *sires* again? The original text is not capable of such a construction. Another mistranslation on the part of PRESTON. Undue solicitude for the sires, whom VIRGIL had dismissed, has caused this translator to neglect the mares left to wander in the sultry noon beneath the tortures of the gad-fly.

Thy voice hear oft ; the way to rule begin
While young and easy are their tempers yet, 165
While yet their tender lives are tractable found.
And, first, bind on their necks loose circles twined
Of gentle willow wands ; then when the neck,
In freedom born, to servitude is used,
In couples apt them join by these same bonds,
By these same collars twined, and them compel,
Each with the other, step to take. And them 170
Let now unloaded wheels oft troll along,
And mark upon the earth's light dust their tracks ;
And afterwards let the beechen axle creak,
And struggle on, a real load beneath,
And let the copper coupling-pole connect
Four wheels.[1] Meanwhile, not grass alone provide
For this thy skittish team, nor wretched leaves 175
From willows stripped, and marshy sedge, but grain
Which thine own hand hath planted and hath gleaned.[2]
Nor do thou serve them as our fathers did,
Whose cows the milk-pails filled with snowy milk.
Let all the teats the mother-cow hath filled
Go to the sustenance of her children sweet.

[1] "Et junctos temo trahat ærus orbis."
PRESTON seems to have mistaken æreus for aureus: —
"Or the *gilded* pole its banded circles draw."
Banded circles is, of course, a pretty periphrasis for wheels. But the gilded pole is another mistranslation on the part of PRESTON. Still, this last error has its advantage: it develops capacity to train young calves — in a kindergarten school. DRYDEN himself, in this passage, speaks of the calf as possessed of "genius."

[2] "But serve them with gathered fodder out of thine own Hand."
PRESTON.

CARE OF COLTS:

But if to war your study rather tends
And its ferocious crowds, or upon wheels 180
To glide past Alphean streams on Pisan plains,
And in Jove's grove [1] the flying chariot urge,
The labor first the horse must see is this:
He must be brought where warriors' courage calm
And martial arms can on his senses press.
He must the thunder of the trumpet bear.
He must the rumbling of the wheel forget.
He must his rattling harness,[2] undisturbed,
Hear make its din about him in his stall.
Then more and more will his delight increase 185
To meet the praises bland his master gives,
And more and more will grow the love he feels
When he his pattings hears upon his neck.[3]
Let him such things experience from his youth,
So soon as from his mother's side he 's weaned,
And, in its proper time, commit his head
To easy halters,[4] even while yet he 's weak
And trembling and untrained and lacking years.
But when have passed three summers, and the fourth 190
Hath come, let him begin his nimble feet

[1] The localities of the Olympian Games are here mentioned: the stream, the plain, the grove.

[2] "Frenos." DRYDEN says whips, "clashing whips." Whips don't clash. They *crack*.

[3] "Cervicis." DRYDEN ignores the neck.

[4] "Palistris." DRYDEN mentions the snaffle and the bit, where VIRGIL mentions neither. PRESTON would have the colt "show his face in pliant headstalls."

To train the circle's round to nip,[1] and in set steps
To make the earth resound, and, curvetting,
To wind, in measured tread, alternate feet,
As one who labors on with industry
And care. Then while he dares the winds his speed
To match, and flying through clear space as free
Of reins, let him upon the sandy plain 195
Scarce print his footsteps, as when rushing comes
From Hyperborean coasts the strong north wind,
And Scythian storms and arid clouds [2] dispels,
And bows the wheat its lofty heads, a sea
In whose rough billows swims the surging breeze,
And sounds sonorous forth the melody hoarse 200
The tree-tops give, and eager shoreward drives
Long wave on wave; then flies it onward fleet,
And, in its flight, plows deep the plain, plows deep
The sounding sea. And he, on Elean tracks
Will sweat, and reap the honors that the turf
Accords, or scatter bloody foam from out
His mouth; or better still, his pliant neck
Yield to the yoke the Belgian wagon draws.
And, then, at least, when tamed his useful limbs, 205
Let great his body grow with fattening food;
For until tamed they lofty spirits raise,
Refuse restraint, fling out from gentle strokes,
Nor to the wolf's-teeth curb [3] will even yield,

[1] "Carpere gyrum." One of our poet's favorites, carpeo.
[2] "Arida nubila."
[3] "Duris lupatis." I can find no translator who has defined lupatis. A new reading.

Which with its sharp points stabs their tender mouths.

THE BATTLES OF THE BULLS:[1]

But yet no form of industry avails
So to mature their strength as them to keep 210
From Venus' toils and torturings of blind love,
And this whatever preference may be given,
Whether ye bulls prefer or care for horses more.
Therefore the bulls apart in pastures keep
Alone, behind a hill that intervenes,
Past rivers deep, or in their stalls full-fed.
To see the female, nips[2] and, by degrees, 215
Burns up their strength, nor suffers them to enjoy
The umbrageous woods, and makes them grass forget.
By sweet enticements she, indeed, (and oft,)
Her haughty lovers drives between themselves
Their rivalry dire to settle with their horns.[3]
In Sila great a beauteous heifer feeds.
They with much force alternating, mix wars[4] 220

[1] SOTHEBY here ignores, without explanation or apology, or any intimation of the deprivation to his readers, seventy-four lines of VIRGIL, extending from line 209 to line 283. I am at a loss to devise an excuse for the omission of a passage which, by common consent of the critics, ranks among the masterpieces of classic art. THOMSON, in his *Seasons*, thought it of sufficient merit to imitate it, and, indeed, to appropriate, without material change, considerable portions of it.

[2] "Carpit"

[3] "While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing near,
Stands kindling up their rage."
THOMSON.

[4] "The impetuous battle mix."
THOMSON.

With woundings thick;[1] black gore their bodies bathes;
Horns clash 'gainst horns opposed, and with their sounds
Great bellowings blend, till back the woods respond
And great Olympus bears the echoes round.
Nor is 't the custom that the warriors deign
In neighboring stalls to feed, but he departs 225
That hath defeat sustained, and on far shores,
Unknown, an exile dwells. Deep groans he heaves.
His ignominious fall, the wounds which deep
His haughty conqueror gave, and then, alas!
The love he 's lost and, unavenged, laments,
All grieve him sore, and, looking on the stalls,
He from his old hereditary realm
Withdraws. Therefore his strength with every care
He trains, by night upon a hard couch lies 230
That 's strewn with stones, on rough leaves feeds
And prickly sedge, and tries his powers, and rage
Into his horns instills by practice rough
Against a tree-trunk, feigned a hostile foe,[2]
Assails the winds with blows,[3] and to the fight

[1] "Multa vi prælia miscent."
VIRGIL will borrow this phrase for the Æneid:—
"Multa vi bracchia tollunt"
he will say of the Cyclops; and
"Multa vi vulnera miscent"
of the Trojan and Rutulian armies.

[2] "And oft, in jealous maddening fancy wrapt,
He seeks the fight; and, idly butting, feigns
His rival gored in every knotty trunk."
THOMSON.

[3] "Ventosque lacessit *ictibus*."
"He *snuffs* the wind." DRYDEN.

A prelude gives with scattered sand. And, then, 235
His force collected and his courage fired,
He bears his ensigns back,[1] and headlong 's borne
Upon the unguarded foe,[2] as when far out
The wave begins to whiten in mid-sea,

[1] "*Signa* movet."

"He moves his *camp*." DRYDEN.

By PRESTON the phrase is ignored.

[2] PRESTON makes the defeated bull's master pamper him, and train him for a renewal of the fight. But this is not VIRGIL. VIRGIL makes the defeated bull his own counselor and his own strategist, in continuation of his admirable simile of the self-exiled warrior, — a simile he does not drop until at the very moment of taking up that of the storm-tost wave.

TASSO applies, in simile, this description to the arrogant and defiant Agrantes: —

"E'en as a bull that, stung with hot desire,
Horribly roars, and with his roaring shakes
The nodding groves, thus cherishing his ire,
Till anger burns, and all the brute awakes;
He whets his horns against the oaks, and makes
As he to battle would the winds invite,
With empty strokes; then from the thicket breaks,
And spurns the yellow sand with hoofs that cite
The rival of his love, far-off, to mortal fight."

WIFFEN'S *Translation.*

An ancient Irish epic entitled *Tain Bo Cuailgne* (The Bull of Cuailgne) contains a record of a bull (an Irish bull, but what of that?), the thought of whose manly independence shook even a king in his slumbers: —

"The August morn
Had trailed already, on the stony floor,
Its fiery beam, when, laughing, woke the king:
He woke awakened by a roar that shook
The forest-dews to earth, Fionbannah's roar,
That snow-white Bull, the wonder of the age,
Who, born amid the lowlands of the Queen,
Yet, grown to strength, o'erleaped her bound, and roamed
Thenceforth the *leaner* pastures of the King,
For this cause — that his spirit scorned to live
In female vassalage. That tale recalling
King Ailill laughed."

AUBREY DE VERE.

An insult to this bull provoked, as might reasonably be expected, a bloody war.

And from the depths its gathering volume draws,
And, vaulting on the earth, through rocks resounds
Immense, and forward falls, no less in bulk
Than is a mountain's self, and boil the waves 240
That from the sea's floor come high as its crest,
And washes far ashore the quick black sand.
  Moreover, every tribe on earth of men,
And beasts, the watery tribes, the flocks, the birds[1]
Whose painted plumage glitters in the air,
All into furies rush and fires. In all
The same love reigns. More cruel ne'er raves forth 245
Than at such times the lioness dire, her whelps
Forgotten left alone, the while the plains
She roves, nor more profusely spread than when
So urged, the ill-shaped bears their deaths around,
And slaughters through the woods. And so flings out
The savage boar, and so the tiger, who, of all
The violent foes of man, is violent most.
Woe to the wanderer, then, whose luckless star
Him leads in Lybian wastes to roam! And so 250
Hast thou not seen how horses tremblings seize,
Through all their bodies flashed, if but the breeze
The well-known odor brings? No man can them
With bridles then restrain nor strokes laid on.
Rocks, cliffs impending, intervening streams,
No obstacles afford, nor waves which whirl

[1] "'T is love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love."
THOMSON.

Vast mountains undermined.[1] So raves, himself, 255
The Sabine boar, and whets his tusks, and digs
The earth up with his hoofs, and rubs his sides
In frenzy 'gainst a tree, and, striking here and there,
His shoulders toughens for his rival's wounds.
What of[2] the youth within whose bones harsh Love
His great flame pours? No doubt, in night's late hours, 260
He blind straits swims by abrupt storms disturbed,
While o'er his head heaven's mighty gate resounds,
And to the rocks complain the dashing waves,
Nor can his wretched parents him recall,
Nor she, the maid, whom cruel Fate assigns
To die upon his dead lips washed ashore.
And what of Bacchus' spotted lynxes? wolves,
And their fierce race? And dogs? And of the wars 265
That on each other wage unwarlike stags?

[1] "All wild he bursts away,
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies,
And, neighing, on the aerial summit takes
The exciting gale; then, steep-descending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills."
THOMSON.

[2] "Quid juvenis, magnum cui *versat*,' etc.
"What *did* the youth, when Love's unerring dart
Transfixed his liver, and inflamed his heart?"
DRYDEN.

DRYDEN, by changing the tense, restricts VIRGIL. VIRGIL intended a general application, illustrated by a reference to the story of Leander in love with Hero; and DRYDEN makes the sense historical merely.

THE FURY OF MARES:

Thou knowest[1] of mares the fury over all
Distinguished is. Herself them Venus gave
This mind, what time the Potnian four-horse team
Tore with their teeth doomed Glaucus' limbs apart.
Them Love past Gargarus drives, and far beyond
Ascanius' sounding waves;[2] they mountains clear 270
And rivers leave behind. Straightway when hot
The flame their greedy marrows hath within
Sunk deep, (in Spring 't is chiefly seen, because
In Spring 't is that the bones their heat reclaim,)
Stand they on lofty rocks, their mouths all turned
The western breeze towards, and there drink in
Its gentle air,[3] and often by the wind
Impregnate are, with other wedlock none, 275
A wondrous thing to tell, and through the rocks
And crags and lowly vales their wanderings push
But not t'wards thee, thou eastern wind, nor where
The sun his rising makes, but Boreas t'wards,
Or Caurus, or whence Auster blows most black,
Saddening the face of heaven with rainy cold.
And here, at length, from out their groins distills 280
A virus light, to which the shepherds give
A name which truly tells its source and power,
Hippomanes. Oft this by wicked hands

[1] "Scilicet." Equivalent to our colloquial "You know."

[2] The Ascanius was a river in Bithynia in Asia.

[3] "And, neighing, on the aerial summit, takes
The exciting gale."

THOMSON.

To Aquiline, the war-horse of the Count of Toulouse, TASSO, in the Seventh Canto of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, assigns this very origin.

Of stepmothers is gleaned, who with it herbs
Mix in and charms and not innoxious words.

ASPIRATIONS OF VIRGIL:

But flies, meanwhile, flies time irreparable,
Whilst we, by one love charmed, are hedged around. 285
Enough hereof is this: another part
Remains of this our task, to treat of flocks
That wool produce and shaggy goats.
Here labor meets us. Here, brave farmers, hope
Praise well-deserved to reap. And, for myself,
Not doubtful is my mind, how great a task
Meets me: to link such things with words;
To overcome the narrowness of the theme, 290
And add this lyric honor even to it.
Draws me the love of sweet Parnassus' air
Through her deserted heights, heights which I love
To seek, whence to Castalia's fount leads forth
No easy path by former poets trod.

CARE OF SHEEP AND GOATS:

Now, Pales,[1] thou who dost our reverence claim,
Now must my voice right roundly utter speech.
And, first, this I decree: In easy pens 295
The sheep shall herbage nip,[2] until, by and by,
The leafy summer time returns. And strew
Upon the naked earth much stubble round,
And ferns in handfuls, lest the chilly frosts

[1] Pales, the Goddess of Shepherds.
[2] "Carpeo." No word is a greater favorite with VIRGIL.

Their tender bodies harm, and scab bring on
And hateful gout.[1] Digressing thence, I next 300
Make order that the goats be well supplied
With leafy strawberry boughs and water fresh,
And that the stalls from wintry winds be turned
To face the sun, what time Aquarius cold
Is setting, and pours forth, from out his store
Of wintry waters, chilly dews that fall
Sprinkling the closing days of all the year.[2]
Nor must this care be lighter deemed than that; 305
Nor less the use of goats is than of sheep,
Although much gold Milesian fleeces claim
When stained with Tyrian tints.[3] Produce the goats
More frequently their young, produce they, too,
In great abundance, milk; so that the more
The milk-pail foams from the exhausted teats,
So much the more remains in joyful streams 310
The pressing fingers of the milker's hand
To follow forth. Nor less, meanwhile, long beards
From hoary chins, and flowing hair, for use
In camps, and clothing warm for sailors sad
At sea, Cinyphian he-goats yield. And, then,
The truth is, they in forests feed and steeps
Of lofty Lycæus climbed, on briers' rough teeth, 315

[1] SOTHEBY and PRESTON ignore the scab and gout.

[2] "What time the *skirts* of the receding year
Are sprinkled by chill Aquarius from on high."

PRESTON.

As February closed the Roman year, VIRGIL's meaning probably is that the goats should receive care throughout the entire winter.

[3] "When *drunk* with Tyrian *juice*."

DRYDEN.

Strange expressions.

And bushes that in breezy heights delight;
And self-conducted seek their homes again,
And with them bring their young, and dugs so full
That scarcely can they step the threshold o'er.
Therefore, as they so little need man's care,
Thy constant study make it to avert 320
From their abodes the ice and snowy winds,
And joyfully bear them food and edible twigs,
Nor close thy hay-lofts all the winter long.
But when unto the calling Zephyr's sighs
Responds the Summer glad, and either flock
Unto the woodland-lawns and pastures sends,
Then let *us* nip [1] the country cool, what time 325
Sends Lucifer's disk its earliest rays abroad,
While yet the morning's new, while yet the frost
Appears, or on the tender grass the pearly dew
Invites the well-pleased flocks. And, then, when comes
The fourth [2] hour to collect the thirst of heaven,
And with the shrill cicada's querulous song
Burst vineyard-trees and their festooning vines,
Do thou the flocks to wells command or ponds
Of water deep, that they from ilex-troughs 330
May drink the flowing wave. When noon arrives,

[1] "Carpamus." From carpeo.

"First let *'em* sip."

DRYDEN.

"*We* will hasten to the pastures."

PRESTON.

"Let us take *our* pleasure in the cool country."

LEE and LONSDALE.

SOTHEBY conveniently ignores the phrase.

[2] The first hour of the Roman day answered to our six o'clock. The fourth hour would, therefore, be ten o'clock.

A vale umbrageous seek, where some great oak,
Of Jove the ancient tree, its great breadth spreads,
Or where, black with thick ilexes, a grove
Its sacred shadows sends. Then give again 335
The sparkling wave, and let them feed again
Till sunset, when cools off the heated air
The chill of evening, and the dewy moon
The forest-glades refreshes, and the shores
The halcyon's song reëcho, and resounds
The note the goldfinch pours o'er hill and dale.

HARDSHIPS AND ROMANCE OF THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE:

Why need I thee the Libyan shepherds paint,
Or why pursue their pastimes, in my verse, 340
And districts wide by rare roofs tenanted?
Oft day and night, as runs the moon its rounds,
Their pasturing lasts, and goes the flock
Far into deserts deep beyond the bounds
Where hospitality exists, their place,
And only place, of rest the open field.
He flocks that tends in Africa his all
Brings with him, brings his roof, his God, his arms, 345
His trusty Amyclean dog, his bow,
And Cretan[1] quiver's load: not otherwise
Than, in his country's arms, the Roman brave
Strides forth, when 'neath his load severe he nips[2]
The way, till in pitched camps and battle-line
Prepared he stands to meet the expected foe.

[1] "Amyclæum," "Cressam;" these words SOTHEBY ignores.
[2] "Viam cum carpit."

But not so 't is where Scythian nations dwell
On either side of chill Mæotia's waves,
And where its yellowing sands the Danube rough, 350
Rome's stream, but not Rome's boundary, rolls along,
And where towards the pole steep Rhodope[1] turns.
There close in barns hold they their flocks, their fields
Have herbage none, their trees no leaves, but lies
The earth by snowy drifts deformed, and, deep
Concealed by frosts, its load of ice and snow 355
Sometimes seven ells of depth attaining quite.
'T is Winter always, always blasts prevail
Which frosts breathe forth. The sun cuts never through
The whitening shades, not when, borne by his steeds,
The upper air he seeks, nor when bathes he
His headlong chariot in the sea's red plain.
Quick on the flowing river crusts concrete: 360
And now the wave upon its back sustains
The circles tired with iron, and where it gave
To ships its aid, now lumbering wagons bears.
And not unusual 't is for things of bronze[2]

[1] Rhodope is a mountain-range in Thrace, which extends eastward as far as Mount Hæmus, and then turns to the northward.

"Where Rhodope bends and stretches under the middle of the pole."

LEE and LONSDALE.

"Where the measureless bulk of Rhodope
Sweeps to the north."

PRESTON.

[2] "Æraque dissiliunt vulgo."

DRYDEN: "The brazen *caldrons* with the frost are flawed."

To snap. The clothing worn turns stiff and hard;
The humid wines they cut with axes sharp;
Whole lakes a solid mass of ice become; 365
The icicles rough make hard the tangled beards.
The air seems but one mass of frost to be,
And ceaselessly the snow comes shimmering down.[1]
The smaller creatures die,[2] the oxen huge
Stand almost lost in snows, the desperate stags,
In bands collected, as for mutual aid,
'Neath this new form of hardship[3] are benumbed, 370
And scarce are seen their antlers 'bove the drifts.
These not by dogs are brought to bay, nor slain
By chance, nor scared by feathers red that hang
Around the toils, but, struggling all in vain
The opposing mountain's weight to push away,
In close encounter met, are killed with knives,
While they deep groans give forth, and homeward bear 375
The huntsmen glad their game with loud whurras.[4]

SOTHEBY: "*Brass* snaps in sunder."
PRESTON: "And *brazen* vessels even
Are oft-times rent."
LEE and LONSDALE: "*Brass* splits everywhere."

As VIRGIL'S speech is of wagons, is it not more likely that he means the bronze tire or the copper coupling-pole, than caldrons or vessels not exposed to severe frosts but enjoying the advantage of the warmth of habitations?

[1] "Ninguit."

"Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering; till, at last, the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow." THOMSON, *Winter*.

[2] "Intereunt pecudes." Ignored by SOTHEBY and PRESTON.

[3] "Mole." We have here one of VIRGIL'S favorite words.

[4] "There, warm together pressed, the trooping deer

THE CAVE-DWELLERS:

In caves that hollowed are from out the earth,
And deeply reach her fostering breast within,
Pass they, at ease, the time, the warmth increased
By oak-trees brought in whole, and lofty elms,
Which on their hearths they roll and gnaw with fire.
In gaming flies the night, their drink the juice 380
The acid apple of the sorb-tree yields,
Which quaff these merry bands as though 't were wine.[1]
Such is the hardy race severe and wild [2]
Which, 'neath the stars that circle 'round the pole,
Is by Rhipæan storm-bursts buffeted,

> Sleep on the new-fallen snows; and scarce his head
> Raised o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
> Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.
> The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
> Nor dread of sounding bows, wherewith he drives
> The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
> As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
> Their beating breasts in vain and piteous bray,
> He lays them quivering on the ensanguined snows,
> And with loud shouts rejoicing, bears them home.
>
> THOMSON, *Winter.*

[1] DRYDEN goes beyond VIRGIL, and introduces also *beer*, yeasty beer: —

> "Of windy cider and of barmy beer."

[2] DRYDEN: "Such are the cold Rhipæan race, and such
The savage Scythian and unwarlike Dutch."

If DRYDEN had lived to the time of Porson, he would have learned to call the Dutch "Germans," and would have lost a word to rhyme with "such," but he would have been as happy, probably, as Porson, for Porson rhymes the modern error prettily: —

> "Knows the Greek not a German,
> I except only Herrman,
> But, then, Herrman's a German."

And wraps its vigorous forms in tawny furs
Torn from the beasts that roam its heights and glens.[1]

WOOL:

Is wool thy care? See, first, that bushes rough
And burrs and thorns find in thy field no place; 385
Nor let the food be rich, and always sheep
With fleeces soft and white do thou select.
The ram, although he may a white fleece show,
Yet 'neath his palate moist may have a tongue
That 's black; if so, reject thou him, lest spots
Of darkish hue may stain the lambs' pure coats, 390
And round the field look for a better choice.
Thus (if the tale to credit to the Gods
No disrespect[2] implies) thee, Luna, Pan,
Arcadia's God, deceived, and prisoner made,
Thee in the deep groves wooing with a gift
Of snowy fleeces soft, thou not at all
Thy wooer spurning from thy silvery arms.[3]

[1] THOMSON thus supplements this passage —

"Tipped with jet
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;
Sables of glossy black; and dark-imbrowned,
Or, beauteous, freaked with many a mingled hue;
Thousands beside, the costly pride of courts."

[2] The word "dignum," which attests the constant modesty of VIRGIL, PRESTON ignores. One would suppose that dignum, of all words, would be the one worthy of retention.

[3] By Probus the story is differently told: that Pan, being in love with Luna, made her a present of his whitest sheep, thus deceiving her, as the white fleeces were not unfailing indications of the best sheep. There seems little probity in either transaction.

DYER's poem of *The Fleece*, published in 1757, has these lines: —

"Fertile Virginia, to thy growing marts,
The Iroquese, Cheroques, and *Oubacks* come,

MILK:

But he who milk desires will clover bring,
And frequent handfuls of the lotus strew
About their pastures; plants, too, which of salt 395
Partake. Thence will they more the streams frequent,
Thence will more swell their udders, and of salt
A hidden flavor make the milk more rich.
The kids, when born, by many are forbidden
Their mother's teats, and on their little mouths
Are muzzles strapped severe with bands of iron.[1]
That which at dawn they milk, or through the day, 400
At night they press; what in the dusk they press
Of setting suns, on the return of light,
In baskets placed, goes to the town, (there see
The shepherd, now, upon his way,) or stored
Remains 'neath sprinklings slight of salt, for use
When wintry blasts are sweeping o'er the meads.

And quit their feathery ornaments uncouth
For woolly garments; and the cheers of life,
The cheers, but not the vices, learn to taste.
. . . . . .
See the bold emigrants of Accadie;
And *Massachusets*, happy in those arts
That join the polities of trade and war,
Bearing the palm in either."

By the name "Oubacks" the poet alludes to the tribes of the Wabash, called by the Indians the Oubache. At that date the limits of Virginia extended from ocean to ocean, "a belt of twelve degrees," says Bancroft.

[1] VIRGIL is careful not to give his approval to this cruel treatment of the kids.

"And circle their tender *necks* with an iron ring"

PRESTON.

DOGS:

Nor last should be thy care of dogs. Feed fat,
On whey, the Spartan's sprightly whelps,[1] nor slight 405
Thy keen Molossians. Ne'er, with trusty guards
Like these, thou 'lt fear the nightly thief's approach
Unto thy stabled flocks, nor inroads dread
Of wolves, nor, from behind, the base attacks
Of Spaniards who regard not law nor peace.[2]
Oft in the course the timid asses wild
Thou wilt disturb with dogs, and oft the hare, 410
And oft the does, and oft, through tangled woods,
The wild boars hunt harassed by barkings loud,

[1] "THESEUS (Duke of Athens):
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
"HIPPOLYTA (Queen of the Amazons):
I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bayed the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seemed all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
"THESEUS: My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flewed, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed and dewlapped like Thessalian bulls;
. . . A cry more terrible
Was never hallooed to nor cheered with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.
Judge when you hear."
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

[2] "Though nightly thieves and wolves would fain attack,
And fierce Iberians never spare thy back."
BLACKMORE.

And through high mountains drive the stag immense
With clamor headlong safe within thy nets.

SNAKES:

Learn thou the odorous cedar to ignite
Thy stalls among, and with burnt galbanum's smell 415
The venomous snakes to drive from their retreats.
'Neath uncleaned stalls oft lurks the viper's breed,
Whose touch is ill, and heaven avoids alarmed;
Or reptiles, seeking shade and shelter deep,
In dank holes squat, of cows the bitter pest,
And scattering through the flocks their poisons dire.
Take, shepherds, in your hands rough rocks, take clubs, 420
And them, with threats arising, and with necks
That swell with angry hissings, dash to earth.
And now, in flight, the coward hides his head
Deep underground; his middle joints relaxed,
His tail's extremity unnerved, he draws
Slowly and painfully his last coils in.[1]

THE BOA:

And, then, there is that serpent vile which haunts 425
Calabrian forest-lawns' recesses deep,
Which rolls beneath its lifted breast the scales

[1] "His midmost knots incontinently undone,
And stilled his quivering tail."
PRESTON.

That mount its back, and hath a belly long,
With large spots marked.[1] He, whilst the gushing founts
Feed rivers' beds, and whilst is moist the earth
With spring and rainy winds, the deep sloughs haunts 430
And slimy banks. The rascal [2] there his throat,
Capacious and pitch-black, with fishes stuffs
And garrulous [3] frogs. But when are burnt the ponds,
And with the heat the earth is open split,
Then leaps he on dry land, and rolling round
His flaming eyeballs, rages in the fields,
Made savage by his thirst and crazed with heat.
Not, then, would I sweet sleep beneath my God,[4] 435
Attempt to nip,[5] nor dare upon my back
In herbage of the rustling grove to lie,
When now, his old coat cast, a youth, and sleek,
His sinuous coils he winds, and in his home
His young or eggs deserting, holds his crest

[1] "And ever his bulging bosom doth erect,
And scaly back, and belly long, bedeckt
With monstrous markings."

PRESTON.

"Bulging bosom" is good. "Monstrous markings" is monstrous.

[2] "Improbus." A favorite word with VIRGIL.

[3] "Loquacibus."

DRYDEN: "Loquacious."
LEE and LONSDALE: "Croaking."
PRESTON: "Chattering."
SOTHEBY ignores the word.

[4] "Sub divo."

[5] "Carpere."

The bright sun t'wards, and, with his tongue three-
forked,
His snaky lightnings from his mouth shoots forth.[1]

TREATMENT OF DISEASES:

Thee of diseases also will I teach, 440
Their causes and their signs. The hateful scab
The sheep annoys, when frigid rains their showers
Deep settle to the quick, and winter rough,
With chill hoar frost; or when the sweat unwashed
Remains upon their bodies when they 're shorn,
And bristling brambles cut their tender flanks.
In sweet streams, therefore, shepherds all their
flock 445
Profusely bathe, and with his dripping fleece
The ram into the depths is plunged, and sent
To float far down upon the healthful flood.
Or else with bitter lees of oil they treat
The bodies shorn, and litharge mix, and flowers
Of sulphur light, Mount Ida's pitch, wax mixed 450

[1] VIRGIL will adopt this description in the Æneid (Second Book, line 473), and apply it to Pyrrhus Neoptolémus advancing to the attack of the palace of King Priam: —

"Nunc, positis novus exuviis nitidusque juventa,
Lubrica convolvit sublato pectore terga
Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis."

PLINY says the boa has its name from its habit of milking cows. The species which is most dreaded is the constricting boa. It was a constricting boa which crushed in its folds Laocoön and his sons. Such a serpent, sent by Juno to destroy the infant Hercules, was strangled by the incipient hero. A constricting boa kept the whole army of Regulus at bay, dealing havoc among his soldiers, until at last it was slain by stones cast from the military engines. In the reign of Claudius a boa killed on the Vatican Hill contained the entire body of an infant. The boa of India will manage a buffalo.

For grafting trees, and squills, and hellebore pressed,
A pungent plant, and, last, black bitumen rank.
Yet ne'er is fortune nearer to our toils
Than when we with a knife can open cut
The ulcer's head. The vice by covering up
Is fed and lives, while holds his healing hands 455
The shepherd dazed, or sits him down to ask
The favoring Gods the omens to improve.
Why, e'en when pain the bleating sufferer feels
Down deep into its bones, and fever feeds
Upon its burning limbs, then good it is
To turn the kindled heat, and quite low down 460
Upon the foot to strike the salient vein.
This mode is used by the Bisaltic tribes,
This mode the brave Gelonian tries, when flight
Him bears to Rhodope or northern wilds
Where dwell the Goths, and milk he drinks that 's mixed
With horses' blood, blood from the leg drawn off.[1]

[1] VIRGIL here gives three remedies: water, a plaster, and the knife. He expresses almost open disfavor towards the plaster, but favors water, and in severe cases bleeding. His phrases, the sweet stream and the healthful flood, show how much he estimated water as a remedial agent, — a remedial agent whose qualities, although known to VIRGIL, and, before his time, to the shepherds of Italy, are only in our late times conceded by the medical faculty; a concession which Jules Verne (in his "Courier of the Czar") says, with literal truth, it took them six thousand hesitating years to make. The VIRGILIANS all ignore the healthfulness of the stream (secundo). Mine is, therefore, a new reading.

PRESTON omits from the recipe for the plaster the unguis, the grease or lard wherewith the beeswax is mixed to make it pliable. The wax so mixed is used for grafting. PRESTON imagines also that the *milk* mixed with horses' blood, by the hardy tribes mentioned, is *mares'* milk. VIRGIL does not say so.

CONTAGION:

If thou some mother of the flock shalt see,
At distance e'en, for such things quickly show,[1]
The mild shade often seek, or nip,[2] with sense 465
Of weariness, the grasses' tips, and be
The last to follow to new spots, or stoop,
While feeding, down upon the field, the which
She leaves not until after night hath fallen,
At once, with sharpened knife, the fault arrest,[3]
Before throughout the unguarded flocks unchecked
Its serpent length the dire contagion draws.
Less firm the tempest drives across the deep 470
Than pests abundant peaceful flocks attack.
Not single sufferers to disease succumb,
The storm in all its sudden strength comes down,
Wide o'er the summer camp its fury flies,
And hope and flock [4] at once destroy, and tear
The race out, root and stem and branch, all gone.
This any one may know, if he, e'en now,
When so much time has passed, will look around
On Alpine summits, and on chateau'd hills 475
In Norica, and fields Timavus' floods

[1] This line is an essential amplification of the one word "procul," which means at a distance, but not necessarily at a great distance.

[2] "Carpentem," — carpeo.

[3] "Revenge the crime, and take the traitor's head."
DRYDEN.
"Her, without tarrying, thou shalt slay."
PRESTON.

[4] "Spemque gregemque simul."
"The flock that is, and the hope of the coming days."
PRESTON.

Make green in lands Illyrian lone, and see
The shepherds' realms deserted, and made bare
The silent forest-reaches far and wide.
  Here once, through ills of heaven diseased, arose
A wretched season, wherein burned and burned,
With heat intense, the autumn through, and gave 480
To miserable deaths all forms of life;
The flocks, the savage beasts, and even the lakes
Were poisoned, and the food. Nor was the way
To death a simple one. But when was driven,
Through all their veins, the fiery thirst, which drew
Their limbs together, came a change, and flowed
Abundant fluids, which throughout the bones 485
Their rottening courses took, and, one by one,
Them made their prey. And often while arose
The sacrificial prayer, and streamed to heaven
The lofty honors due unto the Gods,
While stood the victim by the altar's side,
And while were wreathed around his waiting brow
That bore the consecrated red-white band,
The snowy ribbons, symbol high and pure,
And while, with reverence slow, the ministers
The ritual followed, fell (a fearful thing!)
The unhappy offering dead. Or if the priest
Had used the slaughtering knife, the flames refused 490
The entrails on the altar placed to burn;
No prophecy could from such omens come,
And silent stood the sad consulted seer,
The sacrificial knives scarce tinged with blood,

And but a meagre stain upon the sand.[1]
The calves who frolicked through the grass fall dead,
And render up, in stalls well-provendered, 495
Their sweet young lives. On gentle dogs there comes
A raging madness. Shakes the swine diseased [2]
A cough asthmatic, while their sick throats swoll'n
Seem suffering from the stings of untold pain.

THE DYING HORSE:

Sinks down the unhappy steed whom Victory oft
Bore through the battle-field or Elean course;
Now, lost his old ambitions, and his thoughts
Forgetful of the grass, and from the founts
His head averted, beat with frequent stroke 500
His fitful feet the earth. Droop his dull ears,
At times breaks forth a sweat that comes and goes,
And that a cold one as approaches death,
And dry and hard his skin is, and when touched,
Resists. The first days give these signs, while yet

[1] The translators, as a body, fail to appreciate this fine picture, one of the most remarkable for its stately pathos in all literature, and surpassing, as I think, the one so much admired by SCALIGER, and which comes into the poem just below. VIRGIL's word "cunctantem," from the date of the Punic wars a word sacred to Roman ears, seems to have been misunderstood by the translators. They apply it as a term of reproach to the ministering priests, whom they characterize as "loitering," "lagging," and "slow." DRYDEN even forgets that the priests were more than one. He imagines only one priest, and him neglecting his duty. Such is by no means the meaning of VIRGIL.

[2] "Ægros sues."

"The swollen jaws of the unwieldy *sow*."

PRESTON.

Herein PRESTON departs from VIRGIL.

The end delays. But when, in its career,
Gains strength the fell disease, then burn the eyes, 505
Deep-drawn is every breath, and made, at times,
More heavy yet by groans, and all the side
Is stretched by sobbing long, and comes black blood
From out the nostrils forth, and 'gainst sore jaws,
That clogged are with obstructions, there is pressed
The coated tongue.[1] From drenching came [2] some aid,
With milk Lenæan with a horn poured down: 510
This for the dying seemed the only hope.
The fever raged as though by Furies fed,
And they, at last, now lashed by Death's own scourge,
(Give better things, ye Gods, to men devout,
And this sad wandering only to our foes,)
With naked teeth the flesh tore from their limbs.

THE DYING BULL:

And see, how smoking 'neath the plow's fatigues, 515
The bull succumbs, and from his mouth throws gore

[1] The sick horse is one of the finest pen-pictures of TASSO: —

"Untasted, loathed,
Stands his once relished, once saluted corn;
The dancing mane and neck with thunder clothed,
But late superbly in the battle borne,
Droops to the ground; the pride of laurels worn
No more dilates his nostrils, swells his veins;
Glory his hatred, victory seems his scorn;
His high caparisons, embroidered reins,
And sumptuous trophies all, as baubles he disdains."

Canto xiii., WIFFEN.

[2] The change of the tense follows VIRGIL.

That 's mixed with foam, and utters groans his last.
And goes the grieving plowman, and disjoins,
Sad with his brother's death, the other bull,
And leaves his work unfinished, and his plow
Still in the furrow's depth. No shades of groves 520
His mind excite, groves whose wild paths
He sought, nor gentle meadows, nor the stream
Which twists round rocks its murmuring course
In crystal beauty more than silver pure
Or mingled gold, and seeks, a river now,
The widening plain. His sides sink in, his eyes
In stupor sink, and lays along the earth,
As by a weight borne down, that neck whose strength
But now was clothed with power. What pleasure, now, 525
To him the toils he rendered man, or where
Their benefits vain? What was 't to him that he
Had with the plow turned heavy lands? Not them [1]
Has feeble made the Massic wine, nor cloyed
Had they with costly banquets been; the leaf,
The food the herbage gave, were only theirs,
Their cups the sparkling fountains and the streams

[1] "Non illis," etc. The number now changes from the singular to the plural, to embrace, probably, both the dying bull and the dying horse, or, possibly, implying that both the bulls died. The translators, however, use only the singular, herein departing from VIRGIL.

SCALIGER, himself an Italian, so much admired these lines that he declared he would rather be their author than to enjoy the favor of Crœsus or Cyrus: his obvious meaning being that he esteemed gifts like VIRGIL'S above wealth or power.

That, like an army,[1] move along their course;
Their healthful sleep no carking cares annoyed. 530

DEATH EVERYWHERE:

'T is said that at none other time than this,
And in these regions, search was widely made
For bullocks that might serve for Juno's rites,
And that wild bulls unequally were yoked
Unto the cars that sought her votive heights.
And illy then with hoes the fields were scratched,
The grain was planted by their very nails, 535
And men o'er lofty mountains creaking loads,
With necks content to bear the burden, drew.
No wolf the snares around the sheepfolds watched,
Nor prowled nocturnal near the guarded flocks;
Him rules a keener care. The timid does,
The stags fugacious, now among the dogs 540
And round the houses roam. Now of the sea
Immense the progeny, and every form
Of life that swims, the flood pours forth
Upon the shore extreme, like shipwrecked men,
And fly the seals to unaccustomed streams.
The viper dies, the while it hopes in vain 545
For lingering life in lurking labyrinths' lengths,
And hydras horrified, with scales erect.
The very birds the air unkindly treats, and they
Headlong relinquish life, amidst the clouds.
A change of food no useful end effects.
The healing art, instead of helping, hurts.
Its masters quit the ground: Chiron, the son 550

[1] "Exercita." The military word.

Of Phillyra renowned, and e'en the sage
Melampus, famed Amythaonius' son.[1]

TISIPHONE:

From Stygian shadows to the light sent forth,
Raves pale Tisiphone, while drives she on
Before her face Disease and Fear, and she,
Arising to the day, her greedy head
Holds high. With bleatings sad of flocks, with noise
Of grievous lowings, sound the valleys wide, 555
The rivers and their sandy banks, and hills
Which seems the wail to crush. Now sends she deaths
In squadrons,[2] and she heaps, there as they lie,
Within their very stalls the corpses fallen
Beneath the hideous plague, heaped till men learn
Them with the earth to cover, and remove
To trenches deep.[3] The hides of no use were,
Nor could the inward parts by water e'er 560
Be cleansed, nor would they yield to fire. No knife
The pelts could shave, so eaten were they through

[1] "The learned leaches in despair depart
And shake their heads, desponding of their art.'
DRYDEN.

DRYDEN here omits a whole line, desponding, doubtless, of his art to weave it into his rhymes —

"Phillyrides Chiron, Amythaoniusque Melampus."

From Melampus hellebore has the name of melampodium.

[2] "Catervatim." A military word, to which all the translators seem insensible.

[3] "Donec humo tegere ac foveis abscondere discunt."

Here is an instance of what the Greeks call "First-last," Proteron-husteron. By PRESTON the entire line is ignored.

With gnawing poison and disease, nor could
The knife them touch. And if one sought to try
Their use for garments, burning pimples [1] came,
And came an oily sweat unclean o'er all
The limbs, and, with not long delay, came round 565
The time when an accursed fire [2] the parts
Which had been by contagion touched, consumed.

[1] "Papulæ." DRYDEN actually translates this word "*paps*." He says, also, that the oily sweat "loathsome *lice* begets," — a loathsome amplification.

[2] "Sacer ignis." Sacred or cursed.

Before dismissing this Georgic, I may pause to remark on the general subject of the dignity of VIRGIL's allusions and of the unworthiness of certain constructions placed upon them. The subject may be illustrated by a reference to the exalted character of his allusions in the Third and Seventh Pastorals. In these it is the opinion of no less a critic than HEYNE that the princely names of Phyllis and Alcon are merely intended as names respectively of some shepherdess and some shepherd, and that by that of Codrus is merely meant some rustic who affected poetry. Indeed, I have found a lexicographer who imagines that this Codrus is another person of the same name, who, more than a hundred years after the time of VIRGIL, provoked the satire of JUVENAL. To correct these errors it only needs to be remarked that VIRGIL, in connection with these names, is discoursing of Apollo and Fame, and that he introduces into his Pastorals, as into his Georgics, the highest names in literature and history, and even in prophecy. Lexicographers are wedded to their legions of mistakes; but HEYNE's effort to undignify, in this instance, the style of VIRGIL seems unworthy of HEYNE, and I have therefore pursued, in this direction, my own path, — a path which leads me into the company of as early and judicious a critic as SERVIUS; and, finding myself so well accompanied, I have not cared to note the other honored names who give to the sentiment which controls us the sanction of their indorsement.

THE FOURTH GEORGIC: BEES.

ARGUMENT.

In opening this his final Georgic, VIRGIL again invokes the attention and favor of his patron and of Apollo, and proceeds at once to treat of the care of bees, their habits, their battles, and describes the working bees and the drones. The subject reminds him of a frugal bee-keeper in Calabria whom he knew, and whom he describes in lines full of the very fragrance of the country air. He returns to the methods of the bees, describes their loyalty to their rulers, and recalls the opinions of sages who have deemed the bees divine; gives directions as to obtaining the honey, as to protecting the bees, and the treatment of their diseases. Supposing the case of the entire extirpation of the bees, he shows the mode of propagating bees from the carcasses of oxen. This subject being connected with the history of Aristæus, the father of bee-culture, the poet tells the story of the offence Aristæus gave to Eurydice and the Nymphs; the death of Eurydice; the journey of Orpheus to the Lower World to bring her back; the visit of Aristæus to his mother Cyrene, one of the Nereids; her counsel; his capture of Proteus; the sacrifices of oxen to the Nymphs, of a heifer to the shade of Eurydice, and of black sheep to the shade of Orpheus; and of Aristæus finding, on his return, after an absence of nine days, the carcasses of the oxen swarming with bees. VIRGIL, in conclusion, gives the date of the final Georgic, with a complimentary allusion to the military career of Augustus.

THE PERSONS SPEAKING:

VIRGIL, *in Compliment, Instruction, and Conclusion.*
ARISTÆUS, *Pupil of Apollo.*
CYRENE, *a Nymph, his Mother.*
PROTEUS, *Sea-God and Prophet.*
ORPHEUS, *Father of Minstrelsy.*

EURYDICE, *his Wife.*
CLYMENE, } *Nereids.*
ARETHUSA, }

THE PERSONS APPEARING:

Gods, Goddesses, Nymphs, Shades, Augustus Cæsar; a Keeper of Bees; Votaries of Bacchus.

THE SCENE: *Cave of the Cyclops; the Lower World; the East Mediterranean Coast; a flower-garden in Italy.*

ADDRESS TO MÆCENAS:

I NOW will follow on [1] to treat of gifts
That come from heaven, aerial honey's sweets.
Do thou, Mæcenas, cast on this part, too,
Thy favoring eye. By thee must be admired
The spectacles that these slight things afford,
For here are great-souled leaders, here a State,
In all its ranks, and 't is my task to tell 5
What customs with them rule, what studies theirs,
And of their tribes and of their wars to sing.
"This work in thin and narrow pathways runs?"
Yes, but not thin the glory is. 'T is broad,
If nods divine upon my left are seen,[2]
If only Phœbus hears me when I call.

[1] VIRGIL here alludes to his promise in the opening lines of the First Georgic to treat of bees.

[2] "Numina læva." Lightning which came to the left of the person was considered propitious, because it came from the *right* hand of Jove. The art of VIRGIL is here evident in his combination, almost in the same breath, of the names of the Gods with that of Mæcenas.

"Onslow, the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,
Would from the *public voice* thy gentle ear
Awhile engage. Thy noble cares she knows.

CARE OF BEES:

A station for the bees must first be sought,
And settled seat, whereto no wind can come,
For them from carrying home their loaded sweets 10
The winds prevent, and where no sheep the flowers
Insult, nor butting kids,[1] nor the young cow
That wanders o'er the field cuts off the dew
And wears away the tender budding plants.
And from your prospering stands the scaly backs
Of painted lizards keep, and birds, such birds
As eat the bees, and other birds, of which
One, Procne called, a breast with crimson marks 15
Displays, as from a hand of blood:[2] this bird

The patriot virtues that distend thy thought
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving through the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods sweeter than her song.
But she, too, pants for public virtue; she,
Though weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame."

THOMSON, *Autumn.*

"Here their delicious task, the fervent bees
In swarming millions tend: around, athwart,
Through the soft air the busy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul."

THOMSON, *Spring.*

[1] "Hædi petulci," butting kids. Onomatopoetic. ADDISON translated the first half of this Georgic in a manner not calling for high commendation. His ignorings are frequent, but I shall note only a very few of them, beginning with these kids.

PRESTON translates "petulci" *petulant*, and "errans bucula" *the vagrant heifer*.

[2] Procne is the swallow, the transformed wife of Tereus.

Makes havoc wide ; the bees upon the wing
'T will in its mouth bear off, a morsel sweet
To please its hungry nestlings' merciless maws.
But let there be the crystal fountain's flow,
And ponds with mossy depths all green, the brook
That slips, with slender silvery gleam, through grass,
And, shade providing for the vestibule's porch, 20
The palm or olive huge ; so that when comes
Their own loved Spring, and their first swarms
The new-made kings lead forth, and sport the youth [1]
Just sallying from the comb, a neighboring bank
May them invite the heat to shun, and them
The lofty tree its leafy welcome give
And generous hospitality of shade.
And in the pond or brook, in moisture cool 25
That stands or runs, throw transverse willows down,
Or large-sized stones, so that their stand they may
On frequent bridges take, when them delay,
By chance, rough Eurus' showers, or headlong send
The mimic realm of Neptune to explore,
And they a place may need, whereon their wings,
Thus rudely splashed, may dry, spread out to catch
The warmth and splendors of the summer's sun.
Round them let verdant cassia's flowerets bloom, 30
And pungent savory spread, and bounteous thyme
With perfume load the breeze, and violets drink
The fount that waters all. And let the hives,

[1] "Juventus." DRYDEN says, *the raw soldiers.* He is not far wrong. Juventus has a heroic and sometimes a military meaning.

Or sewed by thee from folds of hollowed bark,
Or woven of slender willow-sprays, admit,
By narrowing entrances, their thronging swarms ; 35
For winter's cold the honey's bulk contracts,
And summer sends it melting through the hive.

HABITS OF THE BEES :

And either force, the hot, the cold, alike
And equally, must for your bees be feared.
Not they in vain vie with each other close
With wax the tiny crevices to daub,[1]
And fill the gaps with reddish lichens' juice
And pollen plundered from unnumbered flowers, 40
And bird-lime use and pitch more smooth than yield
The boasted pines of Phrygian Ida's woods.
For often, if report be true, they seek,
In places deep dug out beneath the earth,
Resorts where safe they cherish may their homes
And household Gods, and deep are found
In pumice caverns fixed, or in the caves
The body of a tree decayed affords.[2]

[1] "The diligent *bees*
Besmear with layers of wax the interstic*es*."
PRESTON.

[2] "In pumic*es*
And in the rotten trunks of hollow *trees*."
DRYDEN.

"The industrious insects *live*
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their *hive*."
ADDISON.

Pumice and tufa are both volcanic, pumice being the freest from dust and ashes and scoriæ; but the resorts of bees and birds, as of men, are found to be in the tufa, rather, on account of its greater softness and friability.

And do thou aid their work, assist to close 45
The cracks their chambers suffer with smooth mud,
Spread as an ointment round, and scattering leaves
At intervals along cast in. And near
Their roofs the yew tree ne'er permit, nor burn
Red crabs upon your hearth,[1] nor trust deep ponds,
Nor where the rocks sound hollow when they 're
struck, 50
And echoed back returns the mimicked voice.
Remains yet this: when drives the golden sun
The beaten winter down into the earth,
And heaven unlocks with golden keys, which rays
Of summer light release, the bees the glades
And forests wander through, and harvest sweets
That brilliant flowers produce, and lightly taste, 55
As offered wine the robed and mitred priests
With reverence drink from chalices divine.
And then, with such endearments and delights
As pass my power to know, their little ones
They nurse, and make their nests fond, happy
nooks
And strike,[2] with measured art, the new-made wax

That which we call pumice is closely allied to obsidian and glass. The roof of the Nereids was hung in pumice, as we shall see at the 374th line of this Georgic; and our poet, in the Twelfth Book of the Æneid, at line 587, will use the expression "latebroso in pumice."

[1] The ashes of burnt crabs were esteemed as furnishing a healing application to burns and scalds.

[2] "Excudere." A Cyclopean word, of which the translators fail to see the force. ADDISON so far departs from it as to use another metaphor: —

"They *knead* the yielding wax."

Further on in this Georgic, beginning at line 170, VIRGIL will again use the Cyclopean metaphor, as applicable to the labors of the bees, — a passage he will repeat in the Eighth Book of the Æneid, beginning at line 449. The

As strike the Cyclops on their anvils huge ;
And all their spoils tenacious in fair cells,
A honeyed store, arrange. And then, when them
In sortie thou shalt see from out their hives
In band of battle swarm towards the stars,
And through the liquid summer heaven take flight,
And by the wind are wondrously made dense, 60
As darkening clouds are dense, look thou, their thought
Is ever of sweet streams and shady roofs.
Do thou the odors scatter now prescribed,
Rubbed honey-leaf [1] and gentle bee-bread's balm,
An humble herb,[2] and tinklings raise, and round
Make sound the cymbals Cybele's worship knows,
The towered Queen, whom own a hundred Gods
Their mother fair.[3] The bees upon the seats 65
Thus medicated for them will descend,
And in their usual method throng again
Their old, familiar, well-established home.[4]

labors of the bees will also illustrate the busy scene of the building of Carthage in the First Book of the Æneid.

[1] "Melisphylla." Honey-leaf, balm-gentle.

[2] "Cerinthæ ignobile gramen." Bee-bread, honeysuckle.

[3] DRYDEN and PRESTON ignore the mother of the Gods. ADDISON compromises on the vague phrase "the Goddess."

[4] "Sese in cunabula *condent.*"

A remarkable feature of this passage is the elevated dignity of its tone. This elevation and dignity it retains to its final word, which, it should be remarked, is the same word with which VIRGIL will close the exordium of the Æneid: —

"Tantæ molis erat Romanam *condere* gentem."

THE BATTLES OF THE BEES:

But if they should to fight go forth : for oft,
Two kings [1] between, a discord rises grim,
With mighty stir, and always when 't is so
The spirit that the restless crowd controls, 70
The hearts that beat with fluttering zeal for war,
Thou canst from far foretell, for chides the dull
That hoarse, stern song of strife the sounding bronze [2]
Gives forth, and sounds are heard which imitate nigh
The trumpet's broken notes. Then rush they close,
Alarmed, together,[3] and their flashing wings
A radiance make around, and of their beaks
The points they sharper make, and fit their claws
For fight, and round the king, and e'en within 75

[1] In the matter of the sex of bees, modern entomology substitutes, in the place of the king, a queen, and divides her subjects into working bees, who are supposed to be neutral in sex, and drones, who are supposed to be male.

Queen. Worker. Drone.

[2] "Æris." *Bronze*, not brass.

[3] "They hurry them to the *meet*."

PRESTON.

As "meet" was designed to rhyme with "whet," why not have made it *met* at once?

The royal tent, in dense crowds mix, and shout,
With clamors loud, against the hostile force.
So when a spring day comes that 's bland and clear,
And when the fields lie open to the sun,
They from the gates their sudden rally make:
The shock in lofty ether comes; the noise
Of battle rises on the air; they roll
All mingled in a mighty circle's scope,
A mighty orb, and headlong fall to earth 80
The dead and wounded of the aerial war.[1]
Not denser falls from out of heaven the hail,
Not thicker from the shaken ilex [2] fall
Its acorns showering down. The kings on wings,
That shine distinguished forth throughout their lines,
Prove well what mighty minds in narrow breasts
May lay, and struggling neither yields, while drives
To turn their backs in flight, now these, now those, 85
He who by turns the wavering victory claims.
Stirs spirited as these, and strifes so great,
By throwing of a little dust, subside.
But when, from battle's perilous edge [3] recalled
The leaders thus thou hast, him put to death 90
Whose looks inferior are,[4] lest wasteful he

[1] The mutual stings inflicted by the bees upon each other produce almost instant death. See *post*, a note to line 238: —

"Animasque in vulnere ponunt."

[2] "Concussa ilice." ADDISON ignores the shaken ilex, and thereby loses a superb illustration. But ADDISON was never in Italy.

[3] "Acie." I borrow the English of MILTON.

[4] "Do thou on the seeming *worser* straightway fall."

PRESTON.

Do harm. The other suffer that he reign
In royal state alone. Ablaze with gold
Will he be, gold his spotted mail. For they
Of two sorts are, this one the better, high
His noble air, and clear the gleam that flings
Its splendors from his scales, the other rough
And slothful, with a paunch broad-spread, whose weight
Ingloriously along he draws uncouth.

THE WORKING BEES AND THE DRONES:

As are these rival kings, so doth appear 95
The body of the people, too, for some
Are basely rough and slothful in their ways,
And seem like travelers covered thick with dust
And from their parched mouths spitting earth, while slow,
In squalid rags, their breadth of belly fares,
A dull, inglorious crowd, worth little praise;
While others gleam and sparkle, glittering gay
With golden drops wherewith their bodies burn,
Spread forth in order due and equal rows.
These are the nobler stock.[1] These, when comes round 100
The season of the year, sweet honey 'll yield,
But yet more clear than sweet, and apt to quell
The flavor harsh of Bacchus' juicy realm.
But when uncertain fly the swarms, and sport

[1] VIRGIL's admiration of the nobler stock has led him to describe it three times over. But this was probably through design, suggested by the symbolism of three, the sacred number.

In heaven, and hate the honeycomb, and leave
Their cool retreats, do thou forbid their minds 105
Unstable thus to roam in idle play.
Nor is the labor great this to forbid:
Pluck from the kings their wings. While they delay,[1]
None will the lofty journey try, nor dare
From out the camp the royal ensigns move.
Let gardens them invite that sweetly breathe
With saffron flowers, where watch and guard 110
O'er thieves and birds Priapus keeps, the lord
The Hellespont obeys, whose weapon sole
A sickle is of braided willow sprays.
He whom such cares employ the mountain-thyme
Will bring, and climb for pines rough heights,
And them around the homesteads of the bees
In plenty range. And such an one will wear
With labor hard his horny hand, and fix 115
Prolific plants his grounds throughout, and bring
Upon them friendly irrigating showers.

PICTURE OF A FRUGAL BEE-KEEPER IN CALABRIA:

And now, unless the final limit soon
Of this our promised voyage were at hand,
And I were slackening sail, and t'wards the shore
My hurrying prow were turned,[2] I would a song

[1] "Illis cunctantibus." A plain allusion to the history of Fabius Cunctator, and one missed by all the translators except PRESTON.

DRYDEN strays so far from it as to say: —

"Confine the *tyrant*, and the *slaves* will stay."

[2] VIRGIL, it will be observed, here renews and makes plainer the metaphor which he used in the beginning, — in the 40th line of the First Georgic. And his whole picture here is in allusion to his promise there made to walk with Mæcenas in the lowly walks of the frugal and the illiterate.

Attempt of those whose care to gardens gay
Is given, and Pæstum's roses blooming twice,
In spring not only, but in winter too,[1]
And how the thriving chiccory drinks the rills, 120
And celery [2] crisp delights the verdured banks,
And through the grass the twisted cucumber fresh
In breadth of belly swells ;[3] nor would I slight
The wreath that late round thee, Narcissus, comes
In tresses fair,[4] nor the lithe reed that bears
The acanthus' graceful leaf, the ivy pale,
Nor myrtles which the conscious shore caress.
For, 'neath Œbalia's lofty turrets' spires, 125
Calabria's pride,[5] where moistens yellowing fields
Galæsus' tide, Galæsus deep and dark,
How once I saw, I well remember me,[6]

[1] EUSTACE (*Classical Tour*, chap. iii.) mentions the Pæstan roses as blooming in May and December, and as possessed of a remarkable fragrance.

I saw in Pæstum roses fling delight
When gleamed the morning star 'midst freshening dews.

I thus translate from AUSONIUS.

[2] "Apio." So called because the bees are fond of it.

[3] "And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twisted grass."

ADDISON.

The excuse (a bad excuse is better than none) for Alexandrian lines is, usually, that they more fitly express devotion to the Gods. ADDISON, however, cannot lay this monstrosity on the divine afflatus. It is simply a writhing, bellying, cucumberish, twisted line, which ought never to have been written.

[4] "Nor daffodils that unrumple their swoln buds."

ADDISON.

Unrumple is good.

[5] The city of Tarentum was so called.

[6] "Memini me." Our phrase of to-day is the same: I remember me. Yet all the translators forget this homely beauty. And ADDISON ignores the phrase.

An old Corcyrian swain,[1] whose share of lands
A few abandoned acres only were,
Which gave to herds no grass, to flocks no crops,
Nor sites convenient had for Bacchus' plants.
Yet here, upon his sterile knobs, he 'd plant, 130
Though wide apart, his vegetables round,
And lilies white, and fair verbenas mixed,
Which spread upon and pressed each other's hues,[2]
And poppies fit for food; and, in his heart,
The wealth of kings he reached, and, late at night
Returning to his home, his table rich
He 'd load with unbought feasts. He, first of all,
The rose would gather and the autumnal fruits,
And when, already, Winter's gloomy frosts 135
Had split the rocks, and strapped upon the streams
Its icy harness smooth, he now would shear
The tresses that the gentle hyacinth wears,
The while he 'd chide the slow approach of spring,
And blame the zephyrs that they so delayed.
And so, in bees prolific and in swarms
Abundant he was first, and first to press 140
From loaded cells the frothing honey forth.
And linden trees[3] were his, and pines with wealth

[1] "I mind how I,
An exile of Corcyrus, a man of eld,
Tilling a few spent acres, once beheld." — PRESTON.
Was VIRGIL, or the man of eld, the exile?

[2] The verbena spreads widely on all sides, and puts forth flowers in endless variety of hues. The word "premens" is ignored by all the translators except DRYDEN, and he retains it only to put it in the passive tense and call it "bruised." He misses the verbenas and bruises VIRGIL.

[3] "Tiliæ." These trees bear a fragrant flower, which in some seasons

Of cones. As many blooms as promise gave
Of fruit, so many ripened [1] in the haze
Of autumn's suns upon his thriving trees.
And well-developed elms [2] he set, spaced out
In order due, the hardy pear, and thorns 145
That brought forth plums, and sycamores broad whose shade
Protection gave when went the drink around.[3]
But I, excluded by my narrow space
From this delightful theme, must it pass o'er,
And leave to other poets' pens than mine
Its due commemoration, and commit
To future idyls his full meed of praise.[4]

put forth in great abundance. The bees obtain from these flowers the choicest honey.

[1] "So many dangling apples mellowed on the bough."

ADDISON.

Another dangling Alexandrine.

[2] The allusion is here to the vineyard trees, the arbustum, wherefrom, in festoons, hung the vines.

[3] "Potantibus."

"To shade *good fellows* from the Summer's heat."

DRYDEN.

[4] Of all the translators of this unique picture of frugal country life, SOTHEBY easily bears away the palm: —

"Delightful scenes! but now, with gathered sail,
I seek the shore, nor trust the inviting gale.
. . . . . .
Yes, I remember where Galæsus feeds
Beneath Œbalia's towers the golden meads.
. . . . . .
Delightful scenes! in narrow bounds confined,
I leave your charms to future bards assigned."

TASSO, in his Seventh Canto, paints a frugal bee-keeper on the banks of the Jordan, who grants a refuge to the unhappy Erminia.

METHODS OF THE BEES:

Come now,[1] and I 'll set forth what natural traits
Great Jove himself imparted to the bees ; 150
And this for their reward when they the noise
Canorous of the Cretans and the sounds
Of rattling bronze [2] pursued, and fed heaven's king
Beneath the shelter of the Cretan cave.
'T is they alone whose children are the state's ;[3]
The roofs within their city are enjoyed
As property that 's jointly owned by all ;
The majesty stern of law rules all their lives ;
And they alone a country recognize 155
And Penetralian Gods that certain are.
Of coming winter mindful, they their work
In summer practice, and their gains store up
In common stock ; for some for food make search,
And, by agreement settled, in the fields
Are disciplined ; part bring within the walls
That form their home Narcissus' *tear*,[4] and place, 160
As of the hive the first foundations firm,
The gluten soft of bark, and then aloft
The wax tenacious hang ; when forth they lead
To fragrant fields the workers of their tribe,
Those who the nation's hope are and their stay ;

[1] "Nunc age." We may suppose that these words, which possess an affectionate turn, are addressed to Mæcenas.

[2] "Crepitantia æra."

[3] "Solæ communes gnatos."

[4] "Narcissi lachrymam." Narcissus fell in love with his own figure, seen in the mirror of a mountain lake, and grieved himself to death with love of it. The daffodil. One of its varieties is the jonquil.

And honey fair lay up, and fair-wrought cells
With nectar sweet distend; and some there are 165
On whom the lot to keep the portal falls,
And, turn by turn, the waters watch, and clouds
Of heaven, and these the weighty loads receive
Brought by the busy, and the ill-favored drones,
A lazy herd, by line of battle formed, as foes
Drive out; as boils the pot wherein steams high
The savory broth the prudent matron tends,
So boils the busy hive where labor swarms,
While redolent are of thyme the lucid sweets.
And, as when thunderbolts from molten bars 170
The Cyclops hasten, some the air draw in
To bull's-hide bellows' depths, and drive it thence;
Some to the lake the shrieking bronzes touch,
While Ætna vast groans with the anvil-strokes.
Sounds roar, arms raise, blows clang, in succession; 175
And quick clip, turn, beat they the flat masses.[1]
Not otherwise, (if to compare small things
With great 's allowed,) Cecropian bees a love
Inborn of having drives, and each controls

[1] "Illi inter sese magna vi bracchia tollunt
In numerum, versantque tenaci forcipe ferrum."

Needless to dilate on the exquisite onomatopoesy of these lines. They, and the entire passage of which they are the conclusion, will form the subject of further comment in the First and Eighth Books of the Æneid, where VIRGIL will introduce them again: at lines 435 and 449 of these Books respectively.

PRESTON renders these final lines thus: —

"As the bulk of the iron is lifted and is thrown
From one to other, upon the forceps strong."

Does this translator imagine the process to be a kind of kindergarten calisthenics?

In such a way as suits his several gift.
The town's concerns the aged have in care,
To build the comb, to frame Dædalian roofs;[1]
The weary young late in the night return, 180
Loaded their thighs with gathered spoils of thyme,
And everywhere they feed on strawberry-blooms,
And whitening willow sprays, and cassia flowers,
The blushing saffron's sweets, the honey rich
The linden's blossoms yield, and hyacinth flowers
Ferruginous with rust of rusted steel.
One rest have all from work, and all assume
A common share of toil. Has morning come? 185
All rush from out the doors, there 's ne'er delay.[2]
Has Vesper trimmed anew her evening lamp,
And from their pastured fields them homeward warned?
At length they heed her admonitions given,
And homeward fare,[3] and some care give
Their wasted strength to mend. A sound is heard,
And buzzing, round their doors and entrances.
Then when at rest they are their cells within
The silent night rolls on, and soothing sleep 190

[1] "Dædala tecta." Roofs worthy of the art of Dædalus.

[2] "Nusquam mora."

"The bees do never upon their going stay."

PRESTON.

Is it not a poor compliment to these innocent and industrious people to quote, in their behalf, Lady Macbeth?

One movement of the bee has passed into a proverb, — the direct line in which it approaches the hive: "a bee-line." An important railroad corporation (the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, and Indianapolis Railway Company) has, with great good taste, adopted the phrase as the title of its road: The Bee-Line.

[3] "Tum tecta petunt."

Their wearied members clasps.[1] But when it rains,
They go not far from home, nor trust the skies
When driving gales arise, but water seek
In distance easy of their city walls,
And brief excursions try, and pebbles oft
They bear, as boats, in heavy weather, take, 195
To make their progress steadier, ballast in.
Through clouds inane they thus their balance keep.
  Moreover, this your wonder will excite,
That pleases it the bees to never wed,
Nor in concubinage indulge, nor lend
To Venus' rites debilitated frames,
Nor bring with painful birth their young to light,
But, with their mouths, from leaves and gentle herbs, 200
They take their children up, and thus supply
Their king and little Roman Quirites [2] bright

[1] VIRGIL, with apparent devotion to the sacred number, three times mentions the *weariness* of the bees.

[2] "Parvos Quirites." The Quirites were originally the inhabitants of the Sabine town of Cures. When the Sabines and Romans formed a union, the names of both their cities were retained in their more solemn and ceremonious public acts. Populus Romanus Quiritium (the Roman Nation of Quirite Citizens) became a popular Roman phrase. The names were also preserved and honored in that favorite piece of heraldry which survives to this day, and can at this moment be seen inscribed in the Capitol, the initials

S. P. Q. R.,

which should be read, Senatus Populi Quiritium Romanorum, the Senate of the Nation of Roman Quirites.

The bee, as since the lily, was once the emblem of France. The *golden bees* wrought into the royal robe of Childeric the First are said to be still preserved in the church of St. Brice, in Tournay.

And in Florence, on the Lungarno, at the junction of the Acciajoli Avenue with the Square of the Palace of the Public Offices (I have the exact date), on the twenty-ninth day of March, eighteen hundred and sixty-

And people thus their halls and waxen realms.
And oft their wanderings lead them 'gainst rough rocks
Which tear their wings, and ultraly[1] they fall
Beneath the fasces'[2] weight, and yield their lives
Borne down devoted to the public cause ;
Such is their love for flowers, and such their zeal 205
And glory in producing honeyed sweets.
And so, although a narrow strip of life
Is them allowed, (which not seven years exceeds,)
Their race immortal stands, and years on years

seven, I stood in awe before the monument to Francesco Ferrucci, the hero of Gavinana, where, on the most conspicuous memorial extant of the theocratic government of the Tuscan city, is proudly recognized in the initials "S. P.," *the Senate of the People:*—

JESUS CPISTUS
REX FLORENTINI POPULI
S. P.
DECRETO ELECTUS

[1] "Ultro." A favorite word with VIRGIL. My translation gives a new phrase. In it I give, as VIRGIL does, the same vigor to the action of the bees as he assigns to Turnus, resisting the invasion of his native land. In my notes to the later Books of the Æneid I will discuss the merits of this new phrase.

[2] "Sub fasces." Still another title of dignity. The fasces were the bundle of rods surrounding the axe, borne by the lictors in front of the civil magistrate. How have the translators appreciated the words Quirites and fasces and gloria, just below?

DRYDEN: "Citizens" and "burthens," and for gloria "rage."

ADDISON: "Subjects" and "load," and for glory "love."

SOTHEBY: "Courts of kings," "burden," and "glorious strife."

PRESTON: "Romans wee," "burdens," and "pride."

In Italy they have a proverb, "Who shall translate the translators?" It might be pertinent, too, to ask, "In what direction shall they be translated?"

Continues still the good will [1] of their house
Wherein they count grandsires of grandsires on.

LOYALTY OF THE BEES:

Besides, not so their king great Lydia's sons 210
Adore, nor so the Egyptian, nor the tribes
That Parthia owns, nor Medes upon the banks
Of fair Hydaspes' stream. The king being safe,
There 's but one mind in all: he 's lost, they faith
And due allegiance break, destroy the stores
Of honey they had saved, and scatter wide
The combs. He of their work is guardian, he 215
The object chief of their admiring gaze;
Round him they stand, and deep applauses hum,
Round him they throng in loving multitudes warm,
And often him upon their shoulders lift,
And with their bodies him in battle shield,
And thus, through wounds, seek out a glorious death.

THE BEES DIVINE:

Through signs like these, and following proofs like these,
It has been said that bees the mind divine 220
Partake, and draw ethereal breath; for that
The God through all things goes, through lands and tracts
Of sea, and heaven profound, and thence come flocks

[1] "Stat fortuna domus." I understand VIRGIL as using these words in a mercantile sense. A new reading.

And herds, and men, the tribes of savage beasts,
And every creature unto whom, at birth,
The subtle principle high of life is given,
Which, as thou knowest,[1] thereto 's returned at last, 225
And in the course of dissolution 's brought
Round to its source; that unto death there may
No place be left; that every living spark
May to the stars in harmony's strains [2] ascend
And in the heights of heaven its station take.

TO OBTAIN THE HONEY:

If thou shouldst seek, at any time, to unseal
The narrow treasury's vaults, and its stored sweets
Forth to the light to bring, hold in thy mouth 230
A draught of water, scattering [3] it around,
And, in thine hand, hold penetrating fumes.

[1] "Scilicet." A word in which VIRGIL uses, in its familiar sense, the "you know," "vous savez," and "sie wissen" of modern conversation. Yet how is it treated by the translators? All, with the exception of LEE and LONSDALE, ignore it, and they say "in course," than which it would have been better to have said "of course."

[2] "In numerum." Words ignored by all the translators, without exception. Mine is a new reading. The phrase "in numerum," as referring to the harmonies of the musical scale, has just been used by VIRGIL (line 175, *ante*), and he returns to it again here, and elevates it to the highest planes of devotional thought.

[3] "Prius haustu sparsus aquarum
Ora fove."

A phrase which has greatly annoyed the VIRGILIANS. The literal meaning seems to be: *Keep* it in your mouth for gradual expulsion through the teeth, by which expulsion not only the bees, but yourself, will be *sprinkled*, and implies a censure on this method. The method is nowadays abandoned, and only smoke is used. My construction follows the excellent suggestions of TRAPP and HEYNE.

DRYDEN, ADDISON, and SOTHEBY ignore the words "ora fove."

Men twice collect the heavy honey births,
Two times this harvest is : so soon as shines
The glorious face Taÿgete wears sublime
Among the Pleiad sisterhood,[1] o'er lands
And seas, what time her jewel-sandaled foot
The Ocean's rivers spurns, and drives remote ;[2]
And then, when, not so bright, she sinks in flight,
Before the rainy Fishes' gradual fins,
Down to the Ocean's bleak and wintry waves.[3] 235
Their wrath unmeasured is, and, so betrayed,[4]
They poison breathe into their shafts, and leave
The reckless weapons sticking in the flesh,
And they themselves upon the wound expire.[5]

[1] VIRGIL's favorite astronomical allusion is to the Pleiad group. They have thence derived their title of the VIRGILIAN stars.

[2] Here may be thought to be an allusion to our Gulf Stream, called by MAURY "a *river* in the sea." PRESTON says: —

"She treads with her foot the river Oceanus."

Is there any *river* Oceanus? *One* of the meanings of Oceanus is a large bathing-tub, and it is to be hoped that the daughters of Atlas, at least in this state of existence, did use bathing-tubs; but what has this or a *river* Oceanus to do with our text?

[3] These two seasons are, respectively, the end of April and the end of October.

[4] "Læsæ." Another term of dignity. "Læsa majestas," injured majesty, is the legal phrase defining high treason in the Laws of Rome and England alike.

How do the translators entertain this word?

They find in it no reference to treason.

DRYDEN's term is "provoked;" SOTHEBY's, "injured;" and PRESTON's, "insulted."

ADDISON ignores the phrase altogether, — a regicidal omission, foreign to the loyalty of his nature.

[5] "Animasque in vulnere ponunt."

DRYDEN: "There fix their stings and leave their souls behind."

SOTHEBY: "Die on the wound, and leave their stings behind."

ADDISON: "They perish for revenge, and die upon the wound."

PRESTON: "The living weapon doth in the wound remain."

PRESTON alone, of the translators, therefore, ignores the words "ani-

TO PROTECT THE BEES:

But if the winter thou dost fear, and them
From future ills wouldst spare, and pity hast
Their wounded feelings towards and ruined state:[1] 240
(But who can doubt 't is right their hives with thyme
To fumigate, and cut away the cells
That vacant are?) for oft unknown the comb
The lizard eats, and filled with beetles black
That shun the light the chambers are, and there
The drone, in full immunity[2] clothed, sits down
An idle guest, besides stores not his own,
Or that dire race, the moles, or spiders sly, 245
Whom sage Minerva hates,[3] their toils hang loose

masque in vulnere ponunt." The sting consists of two needle-shaped darts, armed with minute teeth, like those of a saw. These teeth sometimes prevent the withdrawal of the darts, and they are left in the wound, a mutilation which causes the death of the bee. The sting will also cause the death of other insects stung, and even of animals, and sometimes almost of men. Bees in battle kill each other with a single sting, death ensuing almost instantly.

[1] "Res fractas." Another word of dignity: res. The word finds apt place in the verses (Sixth Book of the Æneid, line 846) in praise of Fabius:

"Qui nobis cunctando restituit rem."

Who by delay to us the state restored.

The words are by Ennius ("ille noster Ennius"), but thought worthy to be adopted by VIRGIL.

In grammar and construction, in our present text, I follow VIRGIL. The words "ruined state" I adopt from SOTHEBY. DRYDEN says "state;" ADDISON, "sinking state;" and PRESTON, "fortunes low."

[2] "Immunis." Again a legal phrase, implying exemption from military or civil service. Fiftieth Book of the Digest of the Civil Law, the sixth title.

[3] Arachne, who presumed to contend with Minerva in the art of spinning, was changed into a spider.

In passage-ways. The more their woes their strength
Exhausted have, the keener all fall on,
To mend the ruins of the luckless tribe,
To fill again their wasted public squares,[1] 250
And from the flowers their granaries rear once more.

TO TREAT THEIR DISEASES:

And if (since also unto bees life brings
Our ills) their bodies with diseases sad
Are sick, which now thou mayest by certain signs
Perceive: always their color 's changed; deforms 255
Emaciation's horrid traits their looks;
At last from out their roofs they, grieving, bring
The bodies of their dead, of those whose light
Has fled; and gloomy obsequies they lead,
Or hang they by the feet together linked
From out their entrance-gate, or inside stay,
Shut close within their halls, and all made dull
With hunger's pangs or stunned with numbing cold.[2]
Then heavier sounds are heard, and long-drawn hums, 260
As murmurs through the woods, at times, the blast
The South sends forth; as groans the anxious sea
With refluent waves; as roars the rapid fire
In furnaces shut close. Here now the scent

[1] "Foros." The word "forus" is also of dignity, being akin to forum.
[2] The grammar and construction here also follow VIRGIL.

Of galbanum burnt 't is my advice to use,
And honey to lead in through channels made 265
Of reeds, thus ultraly [1] the weary ones
Exhorting to take courage and refresh
With their accustomed food their wasted strength.
'T will profit, too, to mix of powdered galls
The pungent smell, and roses dried, and, rich
With frequent boilings, wine, or branches dried
From off the Psithian vine, and thyme from realms 270
Cecropian,[2] and the odor strong that comes
From the centaury plant. A flower there is
In meadows found, whereof the name that 's given
By tillers of the soil *amellus* [3] is,
An easy plant for those that seek to find;
A single sod its mass of foliage holds;
Its eye of gold; but in its crown, which round
In bounty swells, the purple [4] shines beneath, 275
And shine above the dusky violet's tints;
Oft show of Gods the festive altars gay
And shrines its wreaths that wind in ornament fair;
Rough in the mouth its flavor is; in vales
Close-cropped, and near the winding streamlets clear
Of Mella, plucks the swain its starry crown.
Of this the roots in wine high-flavored cook,
And for their food place of it plenteous spreads 280
Around the doors where dwell the suffering bees.

[1] "Ultro."
[2] Greece, of which Cecrops was the first king.
[3] Star-wort.
[4] PRESTON ignores the purple.

THE PROPAGATION OF BEES:

But if it should to some one happen so,
That all at once the race entire should die,
And he no source possess whence a new stock
He might recall, 't is time [1] I should set forth
The invention strange, and memorable as strange,
Of the Arcadian master,[2] and the mode
Whereby he oft, from muddled gore confined 285
In bowels of oxen slain, brought bees to birth.
The story all, down from its lofty source,
I will repeat, beginning at the first,
And following all its fame celestial through.
For where the race felicitous that dwells
In fields or lakes Pellæan Canopus rich
Doth hold, plows plains whereon the Nile
Stands stagnant when in floods it overflows,
And sails in painted barges round its farms,
And where close press the neighboring bounds that mark 290
The vicinage of quivered Persia's lands,[3]
And where the rushing river, in its sweep,
Which swarthy India [4] drains, divides its floods,

[1] The grammar and construction are VIRGIL'S.

[2] Master of olive and bee culture.

[3] We learn from Xenophon that, under Cyrus, the Persian Empire extended as far west as Egypt.

[4] India was in ancient, and even in modern times is, the common designation for remote and unknown tribes. Thence we have the designation of our own aborigines, the American Indians. In the same sense HORACE used it in *The Secular Hymn*: —

"Jam Scythæ responsa petunt superbi
Nuper, et *Indi*."

And seeks the sea through seven wide-spreading mouths,
And Egypt green makes rich with inky sand,
The region all upon this art relies
For certain safety when their swarms are lost.
There 's first chosen out a place by nature small 295
And for this special use made narrower still.
This press upon a roof of tiling low
And walls of art; and windows four they add,
Four as the winds are four, with light oblique.
A bullock then is sought, upon whose brows
Are curving now his horns of two years' growth.
His nostrils twin, the breath his mouth draws in, 300
'Midst all his mighty strugglings, are blocked up,
And straight with blows are beaten all his bowels,
And all his entrails blended are by force,
While yet the skin entire remains and firm.
So placed they leave it, lying closed around,
And 'neath the ribs strew broken boughs
And thyme and cassia flowers fresh-plucked. And this 305
A business is that should be done when first
The zephyrs drive the waves, before with tints
Of spring the meadows blush, before his nest
The twittering swallow hangs beneath the eaves.
Meanwhile, the softened bones within, ferments
The moisture steeped, and insect-life is seen
In wondrous ways, mere trunks of feet at first, 310
Then buzzing wings; then, mingled each with each,

And nipping more and more the subtle air ;[1]
Until, like to a shower from summer clouds
Effused, they break away, or as, when first
The nimble Parthian into battle springs,
Leaps from the pulsing nerve the arrows' flight.[2]

THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS, SON OF APOLLO AND CYRENE AND LOVER OF EURYDICE :

What God, ye Muses, hath for us worked out 315
This art? Whence hath this new experience strange
Of men its source derived? Fame brings report
That when, through Tempe's Vale, on Peneus' stream,
The shepherd Aristæus fled, what time
His bees by hunger and disease were lost,
Sad stood he at the consecrated source
Whence flowed the river all its wandering way,
With lamentations many, and invoked 320
With words and woes like these his mother's name :

[1] "Magis magis æra carpunt." The French preserve the "magis magis" in their "mieux mieux." Carpeo is a word distinctively Virgilian.

[2] Bees have thence been called *bougonai*, bull-born. Is it not worthy of inquiry whether the word *bee* does not owe its derivation to the Greek *bous*, through the Latin *bos?*

Sacred writ, it will be recollected, records an instance of the propagation of bees from the carcass of a *lion*. When Samson went down to Timnath to visit his affianced, he slew by the way (as a casual diversion, without weapons, and using his hands only) a young lion who had the temerity to roar against him, and on his return found in the carcass of the lion a swarm of bees and honey; and he went on his way eating the honey. Thence his riddle to the artful Philistines, whom he accused of plowing with his heifer: "Out of the eater came forth meat; out of strength came forth sweetness;" and their answer to the riddle, extorted from his wife: "What is sweeter than honey? and what is stronger than a lion?"

"O mother mine, Cyrene, mother dear,
Thou who of these fair springs the source dost hold,
Why unto me hast thou given birth, a birth
Illustrious from the Gods, if only that
Which thou dost say be true, that Thymbra's God
My father is, Apollo's self, me whom
Despise the Fates? Whereto is beaten back 325
Thy love for me? Why wert thou wont to bid
Thy child to hope for heaven? Lo! here I leave,
E'en of this mortal state, this glory gained,
Which scarcely unto me my sedulous care,
Of fruits and flocks had, in the midst, worked out,[1]
Of every trial; and all while thou, e'en thou,
My mother art. Well, then, go thou, destroy
My happy forests with thine own right hand,
Bring to my stalls the hostile flames, and fire 330
The granaries I have heaped, and all my wealth
Of uncut corn, and plant within my vines
The keen and heavy double-axe's stroke,[2]
If thee hath loathing seized so great
Of all that praise which I supposed my due."
The sound his mother heard deep down within
Her crystal chambers in those sources deep;
Around her nipped[3] Milesian fleeces Nymphs, 335

[1] "Extuderat." A word repeated from the Invocation to the Muses, just above. Extundo is a word of the studio, meaning the beating out or shaping of a work of art.

[2] "Et validem in vitis molire bipennem."

Here are four words, all special favorites of VIRGIL, thus grouped together.

[3] "Carpeo." The word, in its simple meaning, so dear to VIRGIL, exactly expressed the action of the fingers. The wool nipped hung from the distaff, and was the pensum or weighed-out task which Cyrene, as the matron of the Nymphs, had allotted to each to weave.

Milesian fleeces dyed with hues deep set
As of fine glass ; and Dymo, Xantho, too,
And fair Phyllodoce and Ligea lithe,
Whose snow-white necks the long bright hair streamed down ;
And Spio, Thalia's self, Cymodoce sweet ;
Cydippe, and Ligorias golden-haired,
The one a maid, the other having then 340
First felt the labors that Lucina sends ;
Clio, and Beroë, who her sister is,
Of Ocean daughters both, and belted both
With gold, and both [1] in painted skins enrobed ;
And Ephyre famed and Opis, and the Nymph
That Asian swans well knew and loved and sung
Deiopea's [2] self ; and, laid aside
At last her arrows, Arethusa fleet.

CLYMENE :

Among them Clymene the fruitless care 345
Of Vulcan sung, and sung the frauds of Mars
And his sweet thefts, and of the Gods the loves
Recounted numerous down from Chaos' age.
Enraptured with the song whilst weave the Nymphs
The delicate wool into the flowing woof,
Again his mother's ears the plaintive woes 350
Of Aristæus reach, and on their thrones
Of glass the Nereids shock. But first of all
Among her sisters Arethusa rose,
And, with her wealth of tresses blonde, looked forth

[1] "Ambæ." The repetition is triple and Virgilian and intentional.
[2] De-i-o-pe-a. Five syllables.

Above the summit of the loftiest wave ;
And in the distance thus her song went forth :

ARETHUSA :

"O sister mine, Cyrene, not for naught
Is all thy dread at groanings great like these ;
For Aristæus' self it is, thy son,
Chief care of all thine heart, who, weeping, stands 355
By Father Peneus' source, and thee by name [1]
Invokes, and in his woe thee cruel calls." [2]

CYRENE :

By this new shock was stunned the mother's mind :
"Haste, bring him hither, bring him unto me,"
She said, "'t is right that on the threshold bright
Of Gods his feet should stand." And in the act
Of speaking, she commands the deep strong stream 360
To open wide its volume and admit
The hero [3] in, to make a path his feet
To hail. So him, on either side curved up,
Like cliffs precipitous a mountain shows,
The watery flood stood round, and him received
Into its bosom vast, and him led on
Down to its further sources 'neath the stream.

[1] So Lucia calls Beatrice to the relief of DANTE. *Lower World*, Second Canto.

[2] DRYDEN's translation of all these passages is tame and silly. He has no heart for such work. He lavishes upon the Nereids epithets unknown to VIRGIL and insincere in DRYDEN. And, as though himself conscious of his ludicrous performance, he boasts, in a note, of having got the Nymphs all in, — the whole "*fifty of 'em*," — whereas he knew that VIRGIL had mentioned but *seventeen* of 'em.

[3] "Juvenis." A choice word.

And now, his mother's home and humid realms
Admiring, and lakes locked in caves, and groves
Resounding, went he on his way amazed 365
By all the whirl of mighty floods he met,
For there he saw beneath the earth flow on
All of the mighty rivers which break forth
In diverse lands; Phasis and Lycus saw,
And saw the source whence first to bounding life
The deep Enipeus springs, the abundant floods
The Tiberine father sends, and whence proceed
The Anionian waves, and Hypanis cool 370
That leaps and roars through rocks, and Mysia's stream,
Caicus, and with face taurine, twin-horned,[1]
And each horn dipped in gold, Eridanus huge,
Than which none other with more violent course
Seeks, through rich fields, the purple-tinted sea.[2]
Then came he to the chamber with its roof
In pumice hung; and soon Cyrene knew 375
The idle fears that had her son distressed;
And give her kindred Nymphs, in due array,
And as their rank them ranged, unto his hands
Bright, pearly drops from sparkling fountains brought,
And towels with naps smooth-shorn, and placed
On tables bounteous food, and kept the cups
Replenished; and renewed the altar's youth

[1] The rivers were called horn-bearing, as indicating their bull-like force. See a note on "auratis cornibus Taurus" in the First Georgic, line 217.

[2] Plato taught that all rivers come from a Barathrum or Tartarus in the interior of the earth.

With Panchæan spices and rekindled fires.
And said the mother: "Let us take, devout, 380
Mæonian Bacchus' beakers, and perform
Libation due to Ocean!" And at once
She prayer addressed to Ocean, Father great
Of things,[1] and to the sisterhood divine
Of Nymphs, who guard a hundred woods, and streams
A hundred more. And thrice she poured
On Vesta's flaming altars floods divine
Nectarean, and the flame thrice leapt and blazed 385
Up to the rounding arch above their heads.
And, with this omen making firm his mind,[2]
She thus her counsel unto him began:
"In Neptune's flood Carpathian lives a seer,

[1] "Oceanumque patrem rerum." Water, according to the philosophy of Thales and Moses alike, is the source of all things. In the notes to Anchises' teachings, in the Sixth Book of the Æneid, this subject will receive further attention.

"The lord of *life in the sea.*" — PRESTON.

But VIRGIL does not so limit this lordship.

DRYDEN ignores "rerum."

[2] The translators are divided as to whether his or her mind was made firm by the omen: —

LEE and LONSDALE say "his."

DRYDEN, SOTHEBY, and PRESTON say "her."

I side with the minority. DRYDEN'S vote, where a woman is concerned, should not be counted.

"Then a Nebe-naw-baig caught me —
Chief of all the Nebe-naw-baigs —
Took me to his shining wigwam,
In the cavern of the waters,
Deep beneath the mighty waters,
All below is burnished copper,
All above is burnished silver,
Gemmed with amethysts, gemmed with agates."

GORDON'S *Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior.*

Cerulean Proteus, who the mighty plain
Swift measures with the fishes, and who mounts
A chariot which, with steeds two-footed yoked,
Him bears across the surface of the waves.[1]
He now Emathia's harbors once again 390
Revisits, and the shore that gave him birth,
Pallene fair. Him venerate much the Nymphs,[2]
And e'en grandfather Nereus' self. For he
A prophet is, and knows all things, which are,
And have been, and which are to be. Indeed
It thus hath Neptune pleased, whose mighty flocks 395
And seals ill-shaped he pastures 'neath the deep.
He first by thee, my son, must be in chains
A prisoner made, that he of this disease
The cause may fully show, and may the event
Make prosperous by the counsel he shall give.
For, without violence used, no precept sage
Will he impart, nor by thy prayers canst thou
Him bend unto thy will. Main force and chains
Do thou upon thy captive keep and hold. 400
Round these his arts will play, but fail at last.
Myself will thee, when his mid-heats the sun
Doth kindle fierce, and thirsts the herbage dry,
And to the flock more grateful is the shade,
Safe lead into the old man's hiding-place,

[1] I strictly follow VIRGIL here, and, in following him, make a new reading. The VIRGILIANS all confound the fishes with the horses, or make the fishes attend the chariot.

[2] DRYDEN says, flippantly, "*we* Nymphs," but VIRGIL does not so restrict the meaning. VIRGIL gives him the veneration not only of the Nereids, but of *all* the Nymphs.

Where, weary from the waves, he will himself
Betake, that, lying down, he quiet rest
More easily may enjoy ; but when fast held 405
By hands of thine and chains, then various forms
And shapes of beasts will seek thy power to shun.[1]
A bristling boar he 'll suddenly become,
A tiger black, a scaly dragon huge,
A lioness lithe, with sleek and tawny neck,
Or he 'll give forth fierce sounds of flame, and so
Thy chains annoy, or seek in water, then, 410
To glide away. But as much more as he
In various forms to escape attempts, do thou
The more, my son, hold fast upon him griped
Thy clinging chains, until so changed he will
In body be, as thou him sawest when first
Thine eyes beheld him as he sunk to sleep."
Thus spoke Cyrene. And profane her hands 415
The flowing odor of ambrosia gave,
Which all the body of her son imbued,
And through his short, crisp locks[2] a sweet perfume

[1] "Eludent." The sense here requires a departure from the word. The correct word is, evidently, *ludent*, and so the Roman manuscript has it. Other manuscripts have *illudent*. The Medicean, however, followed by HEYNE, says *eludent*.

[2] "Compositis crinibus." Difficult words. DRYDEN, accordingly, ignores compositis. SOTHEBY has it "wavy tresses;" PRESTON, "comely ringlets." DRYDEN's artist, in his picture of this interview (dedicated to Sir Bartholomew Shower of the Middle Temple), has represented the head of Aristæus with flowing locks, which might justify the "waving tresses" of SOTHEBY. But this does not follow the text of VIRGIL, which must be understood as giving to Aristæus locks crisp and close. VIRGIL had probably in his mind some bronze or marble Aristæus of his time, which gave the hero a head like that of the ideal shepherd of VIRGIL, a work in marble, of which I have, in my library, a copy, — a statue which wins and holds the eye with the charm of its cincinnated head.

Its breathings sent, and came at once new force
Within the sinews of his vigorous limbs.

PROTEUS :

A cave there is immense which has been formed
By eating teeth of waves upon the side
Which t'wards the sea a lofty mountain lifts.
Thereto by winds abundant floods are forced, 420
Which into creeks retired their waves divide,
Of old a harbor safe for sailors caught
In storms. Within it Proteus [1] loves to lie,
Behind a weighty rock's convenient bulk
Concealed. Here, in a lurking-nook from light
Averse, the Nymph the hero [2] placed, and stood
Herself removed by misty clouds obscured.
Now burned, in heaven, devouring Sirius' flame, 425
Whose scorching rage the thirsty Indians [3] feel,
And half his circle had the fiery sun
Fulfilled, the herbage withering fell, and heat
Intense was roasting hollow rivers' jaws
That gaped with dryness, and were hot
Down to the very mud; when Proteus came 430
From out the waves to seek his wonted cave.
Exulting round him were the humid tribes
The vast sea holds, who far the bitter spray
Shed round. The seals along the shore in sleep
Lay scattered here and there. Himself, as oft
The guardian of the flock in mountains sits,

[1] "Juvenem."

[2] "The various God." DRYDEN.

[3] "Indos." Another proof that the name was applied to any remote and unknown race.

When brings he, in the evening, back, from plains
Where pastured they had been, to roofs and home,
His steers, and when the bleats his lambs send forth, 435
Heard by the wolves, their hunger sharpens keen,
Sat, in their midst, upon a jutting rock,
And of their numbers made his reckoning up.
On whom, since unto Aristæus now
The offered opportunity fair has come,
Allowing scarcely that the tired old man
Should fix his limbs in attitude of sleep,
He straightly rushes with a mighty shout,
And, as he lies, chains fastens round his wrists. 440
And he, opposing keenly, of his art
Not unforgetful is, and into all
The miracles of change of which at will
He 's master, nimbly falls; a fire, a beast
Horrific, he 's by turns, and then a stream
Of silvery water which, in limpid notes,
Seems to its own congenial sea to lapse
And sing; but when by no deceit escape
He found he could contrive, o'ercome, he came
Again into himself, and spoke, at length,
In human accents forth: "Now, who hath thee, 445
Of heroes[1] all most confident, sent here
My home to invade, and what dost thou here seek?"

But he: "Thou know'st it, Proteus, yes, thyself,
Thou know'st it well; for lives there not the man
That thee can lure; but be thou pleased to cease.

[1] "Juvenum." Again the choice word.

Of Gods the precepts following, here I come,
In weary ways wherein my state hath fallen,
To seek responses from the oracles high."
This only did he say. To this the seer, 450
Exerting violence much, his burning eyes
In their gray [1] light rolled fierce; but thus, at last,
'Midst mutterings low but deep, the words of Fate
His mouth constrained, how loath soe'er, to speak:

STORY OF ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE: [2]

"Not thee of no God's nod do angers lash,[3]
And no less than a mighty pestilence [4] foul
Is this that thou hast done. He that hath stirred 455
Against thee what of punishment thou hast had,

[1] "Glauco." DRYDEN and PRESTON make his eyes *green*, SOTHEBY *blue*, but VIRGIL seems to make them *gray*.

[2] "The whole story," observes COOPER, "is told in so beautiful a manner that it does not seem unworthy of the mouth of a God."

[3] "Non te nullius exercent numinis iræ."

The double negative.

DRYDEN has it: —

"No vulgar God
Pursues thy crimes, nor with a common rod."

But this is not according to the fact; for Orpheus and the Nymphs were the instigators of the punishment of Aristæus, and they were inferior deities.

[4] "Magna *luis* commissa."

Luis is more than a crime: it is a pestilence. The word *commissa* involves the charge of guilt and crime. Luis is ignored by all the translators. Mine is a new reading. The art of VIRGIL in this passage is remarkable. He puts in the mouth of the struggling and indignant Proteus incoherent, excessive, and even absurd expressions. The angry God accuses a mortal of having *committed a pestilence*. SOTHEBY and PRESTON so little understand this passage that they make Proteus speak of Aristæus' woes as "unjust," and his offence as "unwittingly" committed. The construction of "Fata" is difficult, but there can be no hesitation in fixing the general scope and meaning of the passage. The one word "luis" fixes it.

Although far less than that thou hast deserved,
(And 't would be greater had not Fates opposed,)
Is wretched Orpheus, who, with heavy rage
Grieves that his wife is taken from his arms.
She, when she headlong through the river fled,
Saw not, (the girl then doomed,[1]) before her feet,
The mighty water-snake that kept the banks,
By lofty grass concealed. But filled with cries 460
The very mountain-tops the Dryad Nymphs
Who had her playmates been, and wept the cliffs,[2]
Wept towering Rhodope's self, wept Pangæus' heights,
And, e'en the land Mars owns, King Rhesus' realm,
The Goths, and Hebrus' banks, and Attic homes
Where Orithyria charms. Himself alone
Upon his hollow tortoise-shell his love,
His sick and weary love, consoling sore,
Of thee, sweet bride, thee, by himself, he sung 465
Upon the desolate sand, as day arose
From out the sea, as day again sank down
Into its depths. Tænarian jaws his feet
Attained, the portals deep of Dis, and, grim
With terror black, the gloomy grove profound;
And realms of ghosts he reached, and saw their King
Tremendous, realms whose hearts for human prayers 470

[1] "Moritura puella."

[2] "But all her *fellow-Nymphs* the mountains *tear*
With loud laments, *and break the yielding air*."
DRYDEN.

No pity's promptings feel. And at the song [1]
The grieving minstrel sung, from lowest seats
Of Erebus' realms remote the phantoms thin
And shadowy images weird of those who light
And life had rendered up, were thronging [2] round,
As many as the birds by thousands hid
In trees deep-foliaged, or when evening falls,
Or from the mountains drives the wintry storm;
Men, matrons, husbands, wives, of life bereft, 475
The forms of heroes great of soul, and boys,
And girls unwedded, and fair children placed
Upon the bier before their parents' eyes,[3]
Round whom the black slime clung and dripping reeds
Forlorn of dread Cocytus' banks, and whom
The sluggish waves of that unlovely lake
Hem in, and whom confines Styx nine times coiled, 480

[1] "Cantu." By a most curious mistake, this word, which is the keynote (in more senses than one) of the entire passage, is omitted by LEE and LONSDALE. It is a strange and unintentional error, and I cannot say that they have ignored the word, because to ignore implies intention.

"Thrilled by his minstrelsy."

PRESTON.

So PRESTON has *not* missed this point.

"Drawn by his song."

SOTHEBY.

"The infernal troops like passing shadows glide,
And, listening, crowd the sweet musician's side."

DRYDEN.

[2] "Ibant." I preserve the peculiar and expressive tense of VIRGIL, the imperfect past. As Orpheus sung, the thronging was going on, as a continuous action.

[3] VIRGIL will return to these scenes in the Sixth Book of the Æneid, and will paint the picture more in detail. At line 306 of that Book he will adopt lines 475 to 478 of this Georgic.

So as to form a barrier 'gainst their steps.
Why, e'en those halls, with horrors' echoes deaf,
The lowest depths of Death, deep-down and dire,
That lurid Tartarus holds, astounded were,
And so the Furies were, the Eumenides wild,
Their hair bound up with hissing reptiles blue,
And Cerberus held his three red mouths agape,
And stood still with the song Ixion's wheel.[1]
And now, his steps retracing, he had passed 485
In safety every form of ill and chance
Adverse, and with Eurydice restored,
Was pressing onward to the upper air,
She following on behind (such was the law
That fair Proserpina gave), when seized, alas!
The incautious lover's mind a madness strange
And sudden, which, indeed, might well expect
Forgiveness, if forgiveness were a thing
The phantoms knew:[2] he stopped and turned, and
looked 490

[1] PRESTON says the *wind* which impelled Ixion's wheel was astounded, and therefore the wheel stopped for want of wind-power. This is a fair reductio ad absurdum. It is following to its ultimate absurdity the word "vento," which, in some manuscripts, has usurped the place of the word "cantu."

LA RUE, VALPY, and HEYNE are they who suggest the working of this wheel by wind-power. Its twenty snakes might suggest snake-power, or the agonized man upon it man-power; or the fire which involved them all might suggest fire-power; or its incessant motion, that an irreversible decree had prescribed to the wheel the condition of its revolution, as one of the laws of its organization.

SOTHEBY ignores both vento and cantu, and thus conveniently escapes the dilemma.

[2] There is a good deal of hell in the translators at this point.

DRYDEN: "A fault which easy pardon might receive
Were lovers judges, or could hell forgive."

SOTHEBY: "Such might love atone,
And hell had pardoned, had hell pardon known."

At his Eurydice, now with the light
Of day itself almost upon her face,
Unmindful of his word, and overwhelmed
In mind. And, in that very moment, all
Was gone, his labor lost like water poured
In sands,[1] his covenant snapped in twain; the King
To whom must be his prayer for mercy made
An iron King; and thrice was heard across
Avernus' pools the thunder peal.[2] And she:
'What, Orpheus, wretched me hath so betrayed
And thee? What fearful frenzy great? For lo! 495
The cruel Fates again have my return
Required, and sleep e'en now my swimming sight
Seals up. And now farewell! The mighty night
Surrounds and bears me on, while hold I forth
Weak hands to thee, alas! thine hands no more!'
"She said, and suddenly from his eyes, as smoke

PRESTON: "Oh, surely, if Hades aught at all doth know
Of pardon, there shall be pardon for the same."

All this does not lack a certain sort of force, and might all do passably well; but, as it happens, VIRGIL's word is not Tartarus, nor even Avernus, — certainly not Hades, — but "Manes." Now Manes has two senses: first, the *benevolent* spirits of the departed, and in that sense is applied to the shades of Anchises and Creusa; and, secondly, the *government* of the Lower World, and in this sense it refers here to Pluto, the breach of the sole and easy condition of whose benevolent permission he could not ignore; besides, even the government of the Lower World recognizes the force of laws and treaties.

[1] "Effusus." I could not lose the simile.

[2] DRYDEN very properly adds lightning also, and adds, too, "the sign of covenant broke."

PRESTON omits the thunder and lightning and broken covenants, and gives: "An ear-piercing *shriek*." Probably from Eurydice herself. But, if we are to follow VIRGIL, Eurydice did not lapse into hysterics, but proceeded to make to Orpheus a calm and considerate farewell speech.

In thin air lost, she fled apart, nor him 500
Saw e'er again, as he in vain his hands
Reached unavailing forth her shade to stay,
And many things his eager lips would speak ;
Nor him would Orcus' ferryman again
To pass the dread opposing stream allow.[1]
What should he do ? Where go, when now his bride
Had twice from out his arms been snatched away ?
By what excess of mourning could he move 505
The Powers below,[2] or with what voice of prayer
The heavenly Thrones ?[3] And she, cold, cold, her way
Was making in the Stygian boat, lost, lost.
"Month after month, seven months entire, they say,
A rock aerial 'neath, on desert shores
By Strymon's waters washed, he wept, and sung,
So sweetly sung, the story of his woe
That tigers melted were, and by his song 510
The listening oaks were led ; as, 'neath the shade
The poplar foliage yields, the nightingale
Laments her offspring lost, whom from the nest
The watchful plowman hard hath plucked away
Before have yet their tender feathers grown ;
But she the long night weeps, and from a branch
Her plaintive song renews, and widely fills

[1] "Nor would the infernal ferryman once more
Be bribed to waft him to the farther shore." — DRYDEN.

[2] "Manes." And SOTHEBY ignores them.

[3] "Numina." My reading assigns the Manes to the powers below, and the Numina to those above. It is new.

DRYDEN ignores both Manes and Numina.

The neighboring wood and plains with all her sad 515
And tender questionings trilled. No other love,
No thoughts of wedlock other, bent his mind.
Alone, the Hyperborean ice, alone,
The snowy banks of Tanais, forth he roamed,[1]
And fields ne'er widowed [2] by Rhipæan frosts,
His lost Eurydice lamenting sad
And gifts of Dis that were so vainly given. 520
Offense to Thracian dames these tributes gave;
They deemed their charms despised; and so,
'Midst sacrifices rendered to the Gods,
And orgies in nocturnal Bacchus' praise,
They through the fields the noble [3] youth, torn limb
From limb, spread wide. And yet, when borne
Œagrian Hebrus' waves full floods upon,
The head that from the marble neck was torn
Called, as it rolled, that voice and death-chilled tongue, 525

[1] "No other love, no nuptials, any more,
Might sway the soul of Orpheus; but he did move —
Alone the Hyperborean glaciers o'er,
Or, yet, by the snow-bound banks of Tanais rove."
PRESTON.

Can this sort of poetry be said to be strictly Orpheustic? WIFFEN, in his translation of TASSO (Canto XII., stanza 90), seems to me to have had a larger measure of success: —

"Like a lorn nightingale when some rude clown
Has stolen her plumeless brood; in piercing strains
She fills the dying winds and woods and plains
With her sweet quarrel; all night long she weeps,
And to the listening stars repeats her pains,
Till morn with rosy tears the forest steeps."

[2] "Numquam viduata." DRYDEN and SOTHEBY ignore viduata.

[3] "Discerptum juvenem."

While fled his life, 'Eurydice, ah woe!
Ah wretched one! my own! Eurydice!'
And through the river's length its banks sent back
The same lamenting word 'Eurydice!'"

ARISTÆUS RECOVERS HIS SWARMS:

Thus Proteus; and at one quick leap, himself
Unto the sea-plains' depths consigned, and dashed,
Where his descent he made, the foaming wave
In eddying circles round his hurrying head.
Not so Cyrene; ultraly[1] to him 530
Who stood in fear before her thus she spoke:
"My son, be it thine to banish from thy mind
Thy cares. The cause, the only cause, this is
Of this disease. Hence have the Nymphs, with whom
She used, in lofty groves, the dance to join
And song, sent to thy bees, as thy chief pride,
Their miserable end. Do thou seek peace, 535
Make gifts, and venerate low the gentle Nymphs;
For difficult foes the Napææ are not.[2]
They will unto thy prayers and vows sincere
Their pardon grant, and lay aside, appeased,
Their righteous anger; but the method best
Of prayer, that I 'll declare in order due.
Four bulls superb of bodies excellent, son,
Who now for thee the heights are pasturing fat
Of green Lycæus' slopes, do thou choose out, 540

[1] "Ultro." Ultraly, willingly, ungrudgingly, and with emotion.
[2] "Faciles Napæas." Affable, easy of approach.
"The *soft* Napæan race." — DRYDEN.

And choose as many heifers who the yoke
Ne'er knew. For these, four altars build, where stand
The lofty shrines the Goddesses frequent,
And from their throats the sacred gore send forth,
And these same bodies of the oxen leave
A leafy grove within to stay awhile.
Then, when her beams the ninth Aurora sheds,
Do thou, as funeral gifts on Orpheus' shade 545
Bestowed, Lethæan poppies send, and slay
An ewe coal-black, and seek again the grove,
Forgetting not a slaughtered heifer's blood
To offer to Eurydice appeased."
Delay was none. At once the precepts given
From out his mother's mouth he all fulfilled.
He hastened to the shrines, he raised, devout,
The altars as she said, and to them led 550
Four bulls superb of bodies excellent forth,
And heifers four who yet the yoke ne'er knew,
And when her beams the ninth Aurora shed,
He gifts to Orpheus gave, and sought the grove.
And here, indeed, upon his eyes there broke
A sudden wonder strange, a prodigy rare:
Throughout the melted entrails of the bulls 555
And heifers slain, and all their bowels, bees buzzed,
And through the broken sides swarmed out, and drew
Into a cloud immense, and settled down [1]

[1] "Then, on a neighboring tree, *descending*, light."
Such is, in my copy, the print of the folio DRYDEN. The hand of a neat penman, however, has inserted, in ancient penmanship, above the word "descending," the word "ascending." This is the only correction by pen

Upon a tree's tall top, and thence hung low
Like grape-vines swinging in festoons from elms.[1]

VIRGIL IN CONCLUSION:

Thus singing was I of the furrowed fields
And flocks and trees, the while flashed forth in war, 560
On deep Euphrates' stream, our Cæsar great,
And, conquering, tendered laws to willing tribes,
And would his way towards high Olympus wend.
But sweet Parthenope me, VIRGIL, nursed,
Enjoying, through all that time, the fragrant balm
Of peaceful studies in ignoble ease.
For songs of shepherds on the tuneful reed 565
Played I, a daring youth, and, Tityrus, thee
I sung, stretched at thine ease beneath the shade
The spreading branches of a beech-tree gave.

in the entire volume, and, I am almost persuaded, is the work of the amanuensis whom DRYDEN, in a note to the close of the Sixth Book of the Æneid, mentions as having omitted from the description of the gates of sleep two of the poet's lines. The correction of the amanuensis, however, I deem a mistake. He seems to have followed the artist who prepared the engraving illustrating the page (and dedicated to the Honorable John Granville, Second Son of the Earl of Bath). This engraving represents the bees as ascending directly from the carcasses of the oxen into a tree. But this does not have the warrant of VIRGIL; and DRYDEN, or his printer, followed VIRGIL more closely than did the engraver and the amanuensis.

[1] VIRGIL seems solicitous, at the close of this exquisite story, to recur again to his favorite picture, the vines festooning the elms.

TASSO, but at a respectful distance, has imitated this Mission of Aristæus in the visit of two knights to the cavern of "a courteous wizard," described in the Fourteenth Canto of the *Jerusalem Delivered.*

POSTSCRIPT.

I began the translation of VIRGIL's Works with the Æneid, on the 17th day of January, 1880. I completed the translation of the Georgics, and thus of all of VIRGIL's poems, on this 14th day of April, 1882.

VIRGIL'S PREFACE TO THE ÆNEID.

In many manuscripts of the Æneid are found prefixed to the poem the following lines: —

> Ille ego, qui quondam gracili modulatus avena
> Carmen, et, egressus silvis, vicina coegi
> Ut quamvis avido parerent arva colono:
> Gratum opus agricolis: at nunc horrentia Martis. . . .

The words seem to connect grammatically with "Arma, virumque cano."

Of these four lines the reader (even though he be a learned reader) will thank me for a translation: —

> That man am I who, heretofore, my songs
> To modulate upon the graceful reed
> Have sought; and from the forests coming forth,
> Have made the neighboring fields their harvests yield
> To anxious husbandmen, a grateful aid
> To those the soil who till; but now of War
> And all its bristling horrors . . . tell the tale.

The Virgilians, with few exceptions, condemn these lines as spurious, as utterly unlike Virgil; and they rest their argument on the circumstance that the lines are not in wording as careful, nor in sound as sonorous, nor in diction as stately, as those which begin the Poem. But I would remark, with submission, that this argument defeats itself. It begs the question. These lines, devoted *to the person only of the poet*, should not swell with that roundness, that fullness, which those lines possess which announce *the person of his hero.* These introductory lines seem to me to compare well with the lines, personal to Virgil and Bathyllus, which Virgil affixed to the doors of the imperial palace, and which,

like these, are based on his familiarity with, and fondness for, rural sights and themes. The lines and their sentiment are as true to VIRGIL and his tastes and aspirations as are those which, in the last hour of his life, only a few moments before his death, he wrote as his epitaph, and which no hand for thirteen hundred years or more disturbed, as they encircled the urn which enclosed his ashes: —

> Me Mantua gave to light; Calabria reared;
> Holds now Parthenope; of flocks and herds
> My songs have been, and fields, and heroes' deeds.

No artist — not even HOMER — has ever painted with so masterly a pencil, the horrors of war, and yet, through this modest preface to his magnificent epic, and through the simple inscription on his tomb, he desired that posterity should not forget that, besides the deeds of heroes, he sung those of the sons of the soil.

So fond, indeed, was VIRGIL of emphasizing his inclination for rural pleasures and rustic verses that, in his fiftieth year, — twenty-two years after writing the Pastorals, ten years after the completion of the Georgics, and only one year before his death, — he added to his Georgics a postscript of eight lines, with the express object of contrasting his peaceful employments and pastoral musings with the conquering career and governmental projects of Augustus. Augustus was then just returned from his Asiatic campaign, wherein he compelled Phraates to restore the Roman Eagles taken from Crassus. And these events suggested, by a contrast now made more forcible than ever, the serener pleasures of rural life. Even after writing the Æneid, his imagination went back, and perhaps his feet followed his imagination, to that *beech-tree* beneath the spreading branches of which he supposed himself, as

Tityrus, to have received from the lips of Melibœus the first line of the First Pastoral: —

> Thus was I singing of the furrowed fields,
> And flocks, and trees, the while flashed forth in war
> On deep Euphrates' stream, our Cæsar great,
> And, conquering, tendered laws to willing tribes,
> And would his way t'wards high Olympus wend.
> But sweet Parthenope me, VIRGIL, nursed,
> Enjoying, through all that time, the fragrant balm
> Of peaceful studies in ignoble ease.
> For songs of shepherds on the tuneful reed
> Played I, a daring youth, and, Tityrus, thee
> I sung, stretched at thine ease beneath the shade
> The spreading branches of a beech-tree gave.

He herein speaks of himself as a daring youth, because, at the date of beginning his Pastorals, he had but recently attained his majority.

TABLE

OF THE

BOOKS OF THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL.

1. JUNO.
2. TROY.
3. THE SEA.
4. DIDO.
5. SICILY.
6. THE SIBYL.
7. LATINUS.
8. EVANDER.
9. TURNUS.
10. PALLAS.
11. CAMILLA.
12. PEACE.

ORDER OF THE MATTERS IN THE ÆNEID.

1. The Table of the Books of the Æneid.
2. The General Argument.
3. The Invocation to Venus.
4. The Argument of the First Book.
5. Table of Persons speaking and appearing; and the Scene.
6. Note as to the Marginal Numbers.
7. Virgil's Preface.
8. The First and other Books in their order, with their respective Arguments and Tables of Persons; and the Scene.

THE GENERAL ARGUMENT OF THE ÆNEID.

Æneas, son of Venus and Anchises, escaping from the flames of Troy, and pursued by the wrath of Juno, suffers shipwreck on the coast of Africa, near Carthage, but is kindly received by Queen Dido, and urged to narrate in the hearing of her court the history of his adventures. He complies, and, while struggling with his emotions, depicts the fall of Troy, the loss of his wife, and his escape, with his father and son, from the burning city. He then enters upon the narrative of his wanderings among the islands and shores of the Mediterranean, and deplores the death of his father and his hitherto unsuccessful attempts to reach Italy, where the Fates had declared that, after consulting the Cumæan Sibyl, he should found a colony. His misfortunes, his splendid ancestry, and his personal qualities impress the mind, and finally the heart, of the Queen, and under the promptings of her sister Anna, ambitious to attach Æneas to the throne of Carthage, she surrenders herself to a fatal passion. Iarbas, her rejected suitor, prevails upon Jupiter to order Æneas to continue his voyage

in the direction of Italy; and his abrupt departure drives Dido to suicide. The fleet, turned from its course by head-winds, arrives at Sicily. The Æneans there make a visit to King Acestes, a Trojan refugee, and the piety of Æneas suggests the celebration there, by appropriate games and religious ceremonies, of the anniversary of his father's death. The games include competitions in boat and foot racing, archery, and boxing, and a display by the mounted Trojan boys of evolutions of cavalry under the lead of their play-fellow, Æneas' son; and lavish presents are made to all contestants. Cumæ is next reached, and, Apollo being propitiated by sacrifices, and the aid of Venus rendered in securing the golden branch as a gift to Proserpine, the Sibyl conducts Æneas through the Lower World, where he meets the shade of his father Anchises who reveals to him the origin of nature, and who, in the view of a shadowy procession of future Roman worthies, foretells to him his whole career and that of his posterity, and of the Roman state and people. Proceeding to the mouth of the Tiber, he finds Latinus, King of Latium, favorable to his purposes, and prepared to hail him as the foreign guest whom the Fates had foretold should marry Lavinia, his daughter, and build up an empire. But Turnus, a native prince, and a suitor for the hand of the princess, resents the intrusion of a stranger, and favored by Latinus' queen and Lavinia's mother, Amata, and stirred to violence by Juno, the implacable foe of Venus and Æneas, declares war against the Æneans and summons his allies, but is disappointed in his attempt to secure the alliance of Diomede. Æneas, counseled in a dream by Father Tiber, leaves his camp, and seeks and obtains the alliance of Evander, a friendly Grecian king, and of the Tuscans, already in arms against Turnus. The reception of Æneas by Evander and his son Pallas, a youthful but able prince, in Pallanteum, afterwards Rome, is the occasion of the narration by Evander of the aboriginal history of the spot where the loftiest of the seven hills were once crowned with the respective cities of Janiculum and Saturnia. During the absence of Æneas on

this mission, two of his men, Nisus and Euryalus, zealous to be the bearers to him of dispatches from his subordinates in command, undertake to find their way at night through the besieging army of Turnus, and, tempted by its disorderly condition, inflict great havoc upon the enemy, but are themselves intercepted by hostile reinforcements and are slain. Their adventure precipitates an attack upon the Trojan camp, wherein the fiery impetuosity of Turnus narrowly fails to carry the day. Æneas returns with his Pallantean and Tuscan auxiliaries, and with celestial armor and weapons, the workmanship of Vulcan and the gift of Venus, and the fighting is renewed, during which Æneas, as the ideal Roman warrior, deals terrible slaughters, and Pallas, his ally, is slain by Turnus. The loss is a sore one to Æneas, attached as he was to the young Greek by a strong personal friendship, and holding himself responsible for him to his aged father. A truce is agreed upon, and the obsequies of the fallen prince receive due attention. The truce expired, the war is renewed, and Camilla, a maiden warrior, an ally of Turnus, wins universal admiration for her daring courage and sanguinary successes, but is herself slain, to the grief not only of the Latin princes and army, but of the Goddess Diana, to whose service she was vowed. Turnus, yielding to the pressure of the public clamor, agrees to meet Æneas in single combat. The space is provided, the mutual battle-oaths are taken, the sacrifice offered ; but the augur Tolumnius, of the party of Turnus, hurls his spear into the Æneas ranks, and brings on a general engagement. Æneas scours the field in search of Turnus, whom his sister Juturna, a river-nymph, seeks to keep from meeting the Trojan hero. But the meeting cannot be avoided, and Jupiter declares that the opposition of Juno must cease. The favor of heaven gives the victory to Æneas. Turnus begs for life, and Æneas is about to grant his prayer, when his eye rests upon the sword-belt of Pallas, worn by Turnus as a battle-trophy. The sight of the insignia of his lamented friend overcomes his merciful resolution, and anger and sorrow bring down the victorious sword upon the head of his hapless rival.

THE INVOCATION TO VENUS:

If unto me the task which now is mine,
O thou whose smiles in Paphos'[1] fanes are found,
And adoration meet receiv'st where gleam
Idalia's favored seats, 't is given to see
Pass like a steed triumphant to the goal;
If, in exalted song, such as the theme
Deserves, at length, with thee, through Roman towns,
Troy's own Æneas may his progress make:
Not I by incense only will thy praise
Make soar to its congenial seats above,
Or make it speak, with art's emblazonry rich,
On painted panels in thy holy shrines,
But shall alike the humble offering smoke
The ram, horn-bearing, yields, and that, of all
The greatest, the proud bull, with blood profuse
Thy sacred altars tinge, and shall be thine,
O Goddess, in thy temple placed, as rules
The ancient custom, hailed by pious hearts,
A marble Love with wings of changing tints
And quiver painted gay.[2] Do thou approach,

[1] Paphos was a city in Cyprus, sacred to Venus. Idalia was a mountain-city in Cyprus, also sacred to Venus. This city still exists under the abbreviated name of *Dali.*

[2] A pretty clear proof is here afforded of the truth of a statement sometimes ventured, rather than maintained, that the ancients colored or painted their statues. Reference has been made to this peculiarity of ancient art in a note to the Second Pastoral, *Melibœus*, where Corydon vows to Diana a marble statue with purple buskins, and Thyrsis vows to Priapus a golden statue. Reference there is made, too, to what I myself saw in Rome on the Capitoline Hill, the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, on which sufficient traces remain to show that man and horse were once

O Cytherea ;[1] thee thy Cæsar[2] calls
From high Olympus ; thee the voices call
That breathe their echoes round Surrentum's[3] shores.

covered with gold, and to the accounts of statues of solid gold, furnished by history.

[1] So called from Cythera, an island in the Ægean, now Cerigo, celebrated for the worship of Venus.

[2] The Emperor Augustus.

[3] Now Sorrento. VIRGIL had a villa near that place. HEYNE thinks some *friend* of VIRGIL's living at Surrentum is alluded to. But does not this suggestion fall to the ground when it is considered that it is not a friend of VIRGIL, but VIRGIL himself, who is making this call or invocation upon Venus?

THE ÆNEID.

BOOK THE FIRST, ENTITLED JUNO.

ARGUMENT.

Æneas and his Trojan colonists, after wandering for seven years upon the Mediterranean, sail from Sicily toward Italy. The wrath of Juno involves the fleet in disaster. But Jupiter, on the remonstrance of Venus, foretells the ultimate success of the expedition and the future grandeur of Rome. Driven upon the African coast, Æneas and his bodyguard Achates are met by Venus disguised as a Spartan maid. She assures them of a favorable reception at Carthage; and the Book closes with the description of the royal banquet given by Queen Dido to Æneas and the Trojan army; the gifts made by Æneas to the Queen; the presence, at the feast, of Cupid disguised as Iülus, son of Æneas; the song of Iopas; and the Speech of the Queen introducing Æneas. His speech extends throughout the Second and Third Books, and details the Fall of Troy and the sufferings which up to that moment Fate had laid heavily upon him and his people.

THE PERSONS SPEAKING:

JUPITER, *the Supreme God of Olympus.*
JUNO, *Wife of Jupiter.*
VENUS, *Goddess of Love, mother of Æneas.*
NEPTUNE, *God of the Seas.*
ÆOLUS, *God of the Winds.*
MERCURY, *Messenger of Jupiter.*
DIDO, *Queen of Carthage.*
ÆNEAS, *Leader of the Trojans.*

ACHATES, *Companion of Æneas.*
ILIONEUS, *a Trojan Orator.*
IOPAS, *the Tyrian Bard.*

THE PERSONS APPEARING:

The Winds, the Zephyrs, Soldiers, Sailors, Colonists, Citizens, Servants.

THE SCENE: *Olympus, Æolia, the Mediterranean, Carthage.*

NOTE AS TO THE MARGINAL NUMBERS.

THE numbers in the margin are those of the original text of VIRGIL. As applicable to the lines of the translation, they will be found to occur irregularly. But with this suggestion, they will be intelligible to the reader, and will be found to promote his ease and convenience in any comparison he may desire to make between the text and the translation. This method of numbering originated with the present translator.

BOOK THE FIRST: JUNO.

Of arms I sing, and of the man who first [1]
To Italy came and the Lavinian shores,
From Trojan coasts by Fate a fugitive.

[1] "Trojæ qui *primus* ab oris."
He who *first* from the shores of Troy.

Antenor, a Trojan, and nephew of King Priam, preceded Æneas to Italy, and touched the coast where the River, or rather the Fountain, of Timavus falls into the Adriatic, in the extreme northern arm of the Gulf of Trieste. This we learn from VIRGIL himself, at line 240 of the present Book. But all Northern Italy was, in the time of VIRGIL, Gaul, Cisalpine Gaul. So that it might be said that Antenor was never in Italy. But admitting that he was, that he did set foot in Italy, it still remains true that on the Western or Tyrrhenian coast of Italy, Æneas was the first Trojan adventurer. He found there Evander, Latinus, Turnus, and the Tuscans. Evander was of Pelasgic origin, a Greek from Arcadia; and Latinus, Turnus, the Tuscans, and other tribes in possession were the descendants of indigenous peoples, or of colonists from Phœnicia or elsewhere, so remote that they are spoken of as the Aborigines of Italy.

It may be interesting to note the various methods followed by the VIRGILIANS in grappling with this initial sentence of the Æneid: —

PITT: —

"Arms and the man I sing, the *first* who bore
His course to Latium from the Trojan shore;
By fate expelled, on land and ocean tost
Before he reached the fair Lavinian coast."

SYMMONS: —

"Arms, and the man who *first*, by Fate's command,
From Ilion flying, sought Italia's strand,
And gained Lavinium, are my themes of song."

CONINGTON: —

"Arms and the man I sing who *first*,
By Fate of Ilian realms amerced,
To fair Italia onward bore
And landed on Lavinium's shore."

MORRIS: —

"I sing of arms, I sing of him who from the Trojan land
To Italy and that Lavinian strand *first* came."

CRANCH: —

"I sing of arms and of the man who *first*
Came from the coasts of Troy to Italy
And the Lavinian shores."

PIERCE: —

"Of clashing arms, the hero's deeds I sing, who *led the way* from Troy's once happy clime to Latium, and Lavinian shores, a fugitive from fate."

It should be noted that PIERCE's translation is neither prose nor verse, but that it is what the translator denominates "Rhythmic-Prose."

LONG: —

"I sing of arms. I sing the man who *erst*
From off the shore of Troy, fate-hunted, came
To the Lavinian coast in Italy."

LONG, it is thus seen, has adopted a convenient word, "*erst*," which may either mean first or early.

The curious translation published in 1553 by GAWIN DOUGLASS, Bishop of Dunkeld, has the following: —

"The battelis and the man I will descrive,
Fra Troy's boundis *first* that fugitive
By fait to Itale coyme and coist Lavyne."

The language of this translation is a quaint and obsolete dialect, and (with probably this single exception) I do not propose to quote it in these notes. This passage is remarkable as retaining, as do all the other translations except DRYDEN's, the word "primus."

DRYDEN alone of all THE VIRGILIANS ignores the word "primus." Not observing, probably, its important bearing, he drops it as a superfluous word: —

"Arms and the man I sing, who, forced by fate
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Expelled and exiled left the Trojan shore.
Long labors both by sea and land he bore."

HEYNE and WAGNER, deeming primus here equivalent only to *olim*, are inclined to side with DRYDEN. This convenient elimination of a word and words from the text has been followed, even to a wholesale extent, by other translators, insular and continental. And SEGRAIS (whom PITT admiringly styles "the judicious") omits a passage in the present Book (the lighting of a fire by Prince Achates), line 174, and explains that he feared to introduce it, lest it might offend his French readers, who would not be pleased on finding a prince engaged in a menial occupation! So the same judicious VIRGILIAN omits part of line 556 in the present Book, because Prince Iülus had not been formally presented to Queen Dido! And a whole class of critics have cut out a passage from the Second Book as not complimentary to Helen!

The same remark we have had occasion to make in the Pastorals and Georgics. In the Third Georgic, besides minor offenses of the same sort,

SOTHEBY ignores no less than one hundred and twelve lines of the text: this in a book containing only five hundred and sixty-six lines. So he ignores, by average, nearly every fifth line.

Throughout my notes will be found instances of other *ignorings*, whereof, in the proper place, will be found a table.

The resemblance is noteworthy of the beginning of the Æneid to that of the Odyssey: —

> "Muse, make THE MAN thy theme, for shrewdness famed
> And genius versatile, who far and wide,
> A Wanderer, after Ilium overthrown,
> Discovered various cities, and the minds
> And manners learned of men in lands remote.
> He numerous woes, on ocean tossed, endured."
>
> COWPER, *The Odyssey*.

The *Jerusalem Delivered* (which should rather be called the *Godfried*) of TASSO opens with the words: —

> "I sing the pious Arms and Chief who freed
> The Sepulchre of Christ from thrall profane."
>
> WIFFEN'S *Translation*.

And the Henriad (in French "Henriade") of VOLTAIRE: —

> "I sing that hero who, by right of birth
> And conquest both, ruled over France."
>
> (My own translation)

In SHAKESPEARE'S *Troilus and Cressida* (Act 1, Scene 2) we read: —

> "ÆNEAS *passes over the stage*.
>
> CRESSIDA: Speak not so loud.
>
> PANDARUS: That 's Æneas. Is not that a brave man? He 's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you."

The close of this Book of the Æneid brings into prominence the word "Wanderer:" —

> ". . . for now the seventh year
> Sees thee a Wanderer on all lands and seas."

And Æneas uses the same word in closing his Speech at the Royal Banquet, reported in the Second and Third Books: —

> ". . . Departed thence, some God
> Me hither brought a Wanderer to your shores."

Æneas, the Poet records, was

> "By *Fate* a fugitive."

He fled from Fate: —

> "Fato profugus."

CICERO, in treating of the Aristotelian philosophy, says that that philosophy recognizes a Power, which Power is the Soul, Mind, and Perfect Wisdom of the World; and which Power the Aristotelians call God, and sometimes Necessity, which has constituted a sort of fatal and immutable continuation of the ever-eternal ("sempiterni") order. *Questions of the Academy*, 7, 29. Ciceronis Opera Omnia, vol. iv. p. 13.

Much he on sea and land was tossed[1] through power
By heavenly thrones put forth urged on by wrath
Of Juno cruel[2] which no slumber soothed
And which no lapse of memory made less harsh.
Much, too, by war he suffered, till was done 5
His task, and built the City was, and brought
The Gods to Latium. Come from thence the race,
The Latin race, and thence the Alban sires,
And all thy lofty walls, majestic Rome!

This Aristotelian doctrine he again alludes to as based on the idea that all events were fatally defined from all eternity ("ex omni eternitate"). *Of Divination*, 2, 7, 19, Opera Omnia, vol. iv. p. 666.

CICERO, after writing these treatises, wrote also another, specially devoted to the discussion of this question, under the title of "FATE," but this latter treatise furnishes nothing more pertinent to our subject than the foregoing citations. The "FATE" of CICERO is imperfect: considerable portions of it are lost.

We thus recognize, in the opening sentence of the Æneid, a hint of that intelligent Gentilism (of which CICERO possessed so large a share) which, before the Christian era, had admitted the idea of a Supreme Being, the Author of immutable decrees. We shall see, in the progress of the poem, that the Gods of HOMER and VIRGIL submitted to these decrees as controlling and limiting their authority. If we look, for a moment, to Buddhism, we shall find that that system, too, recognizes this Supreme Power. To Buddha,

"Under the Bodhi tree by Phlagu's bank,"

the revelation was made of the existence of that Power which controls the Gods: --

"That fixed Decree, at silent work, which wills
By wordless edict; having none to bid,
None to forbid; for this is past all Gods,
Immutable, unspeakable, supreme."

ARNOLD, *Light of Asia*, Book Sixth.

[1] "Multum ille et terris jactatus et alto."

[2] "Sævæ memorem Junonis ob iram."

The wrath of Juno in the Æneid, like the wrath of Achilles in the Iliad, is the key of the poem. VIRGIL is careful to give the causes of this wrath a few lines further on.

INVOCATION:

Relate the causes, Muse,[1] what broken faith,[2]
And why the Queen of Gods, offended thus,
Should so through perils drive and labors vast 10
A man for piety so famed. Can rage
In heavenly minds so firm a lodgment find?[3]

[1] Calliope, the Muse of Epic Poetry, is here supposed to be addressed. This Invocation is the first of a series which occur at intervals throughout the poem, and of which the head-lines will contain mention.

[2] I am here just as faithful to grammatical rules as VIRGIL is, and not more so. Instances will hereafter occur in this translation where I shall claim the same privilege.

In the pleasure with which I adopt, and shall adopt, VIRGIL'S frequent disregard of grammatical nicety, I am far from intending to scoff at grammarians. Yet, even were I so intending, I would be sustained by good authority. Such good authority should be such names as HALBERTSMA, BOSWORTH, and TRENCH. HALBERTSMA (whom the Archbishop, at the close of his *English Past and Present*, indorses with enthusiasm as illustrious for his scholarship) indulges in this scoffing (as quoted with approbation by BOSWORTH, in his *Origin of the English and Germanic Languages*, p. 39), and gives, in that connection, a striking analogy. "As our bodies," he says, "have hidden resources and expedients for the removal of the obstacles which the very art of the physicians puts in their way, so language, sustained by an indomitable inward principle, triumphs in some degree over the folly of grammarians."

I deem this, too, a proper place wherein to introduce his tribute to the excellence of our English tongue. The testimony is the more valuable coming, as it does, from the pen of a German scholar. "The old English principle," he remarks, "is never overpowered. It lives and plays through all the veins of the language; it endows with its temper the innumerable strangers entering its dominions, and tinges them with its tints of color, not unlike the Greek, which, in adopting Oriental words, disrobed them of their foreign costume, and bade them to appear as native Greeks." Nor is this quotation out of place in a poem which distrusts the Greeks "even bringing gifts" (Second Book, line 49), for as VIRGIL himself, speaking through Helenus, testifies (in the Third Book, line 398), there were bad Greeks and good Greeks.

[3] "Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ."

The appeal to the Muses is a pleasing feature in every epic poem. TASSO

Stood once an ancient city, colonized strong
By Tyrians, Carthage, fronting Italy's coasts
And far from Tiber's mouths, ample in wealth,
Bristling with warlike force, which Juno loved, 15
'T is said, e'en Samos far above. 'T was here
Her arms and chariot rested, and her aim
And fond desire sought, with the favoring Fates,
For Carthage boundless rule. But she had heard
That time would come when from the blood of Troy
A race would spring, fatal to Tyre's proud towers, 20
That hence a people of wide sway should come,
Haughty in war, for Libya's overthrow.
So spun the Fates. Saturnia,[1] seized with fear,
Remembered the old war which she had waged
On Troy for her dear Greeks, nor did she lose 25
The memory of events causing her wrath.
For to her breast clung close her heavy griefs.
Throned in her lofty mind remained the wrong
Of Paris' judgment, and her beauty scorned,

does not forget it. Thus runs the second stanza of his *Jerusalem*, which might well be called, as I have already suggested, the *Godfreid:* —

> "O thou, the Muse, that not with fading palms
> Circlest thy brows on Pindus, but among
> The Angels warbling their celestial psalms,
> Hast for thy coronal a golden throng
> Of everlasting stars! make thou my song
> Lucid and pure; breathe thou the flame divine
> Into my bosom; and forgive the wrong,
> If with grave truth light fiction I combine,
> And sometimes grace my page with other flowers than thine!"
>
> WIFFEN'S *Translation.*

So MILTON invoked the aid of the "heavenly Muse" to *his* "adventurous song."

[1] Juno was the daughter of Saturn.

The hated race, and Ganymede's famed charms,[1]
Though in a mortal, higher than Hebe's found.
And, with these memories fired, she drove far off 30
From Latium's border, on the wide sea tossed,
Those men of Troy whom spared the Grecian host
And merciless Achilles. Many years
They wandered, driven by Fate about all seas.
Such toil it was to found the Roman State![2]

[1] "And Ganymede,
Loveliest of human kind, whom, for his charms,
The Gods caught up to heaven, there to abide
With the immortals, cup-bearer of Jove."
COWPER, *Iliad*, xx. 289.

It will be observed that the grounds of Juno's displeasure are threefold: the Judgment, the Race, the Theft. The Judgment was rendered by Paris, a Trojan, in a contest for the prize of Beauty, and was in favor of her rival Venus, mother of Æneas. The Race of the Trojans was derived from the love towards Electra, their legendary queen, entertained by Jupiter, husband of Juno, and friend of Venus and Æneas. The Theft was of the mortal Ganymede, made cup-bearer to Jove, to the disparagement of Juno's daughter, Hebe. Naturally, under such circumstances, a woman would long harbor feelings of hostility to all things Trojan; and the Olympian system allowed to its Gods and Goddesses the attributes, and among them the animosities, of mortals.

SEGRAIS and DRYDEN derive the causes of the displeasure of Juno from a different source. They say that Juno and Venus were *political* rivals; that Juno favored the dynasty of Priam, while Venus labored for its destruction, Venus being encouraged by an oracle which said Anchises' line should flourish on the destruction of Priam's; that they thus took sides upon the question of the stability of the dynasty of Priam. But this is not in consonance with the tenor of the poem. It is not according to VIRGIL. It is evident from the whole drift of the Æneid that *social*, not political, not religious, animosities moved the displeasure of Juno.

It seems noteworthy that the heroic, in its higher manifestations at least, seems always associated with anger. Lighter graces have to do with the amiable, but the heroic is wrathful. The Iliad is but a story of the wrath of Achilles, the Odyssey of the wrath of Ulysses, and the Æneid begins with the wrath of Juno and closes with that of Æneas.

[2] "Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem?"

"Mole," we shall have repeated occasion to observe, is one of VIRGIL'S favorite words.

"Such a vast work it was to establish the Roman foundations."—VAILL.

Sicilia's land was almost yet in sight,
The happy crews were spreading sails to heaven, 35
And plowed their beaks of bronze [1] the salty foam,

[1] It is a common, I believe an invariable, mistake of the translators to call "Æs" brass. It is not brass; it is bronze. Brass, a composition of copper and *zinc*, was not known to the ancients, at least not sooner than about the date of the Christian era. But bronze, composed of copper and *tin*, was in use before iron. One of the lost arts is that of hardening and tempering copper in combination with tin. Before the art was lost, bronze was used for edged tools, for weapons, for plows, and other farming implements.

"Et prior æris quam ferri cognitus usus;
Ære solum terræ tractabant; æreque belli
Miscebant fluctus et vulnera vasta serebant."
LUCRETIUS, Book Fifth, line 1287.

"Micat æreus ensis." — *Post*, Book Seventh, line 743.

So OVID speaks of bronze fish-hooks: "uncæ æreæ."

This lost art is supposed to have been known, on our hemisphere, to the Peruvians, the Aztecs, and a race far advanced in civilization, who, before the Indians, inhabited the regions surrounding the copper mines of Lake Superior.

The copper mines of Cyprus gave that island its name and its power: "Opima Cyprus." This Book, line 621.

In the Palace of the Conservators of the Capitol at Rome is seen to this day the image of the wolf giving suck to Romulus and Remus. The figures of the twins are of comparatively modern date, and the question of their composition unimportant; but the figure of the wolf herself is of an antiquity so remote as to be unknown, and, it is interesting to note, is of bronze. In the bronze is seen a fracture (I speak from personal observation), which is supposed to have been made by a stroke of lightning which it sustained in the time of CICERO. CICERO mentions such a casualty in his speeches; and Byron, in his *Childe Harold*, speaks of this wolf as the "thunder-stricken nurse of Rome."

Those interested in fixing the comparative dates of the introduction of bronze, iron, and brass will find data in the American Cyclopædia, vol. i. pp. 185 and 462; vol. iii. p. 314; and vol. vii. p. 197; and the archæological works there cited.

The first money coined in Italy was coined not of iron, nor of brass, but of copper. And these coins continued to be the exclusive currency of the country until the 260th year before the Christian era. Copper, even after the introduction of gold and silver, continued to be the measure of value. The *AS* was always the denomination of a copper coin. By this standard of value all accounts were kept and all estates computed. (PLINY, Book

33, chap. 3.) It was among the popular sayings at Rome that one who owed heavy debts had accumulated a great deal of other people's copper. (SMITH'S *Wealth of Nations*, chap. 5.) This saying resembles, in homely wit, that which was in vogue with us, before our recent resumption of specie payments, that a party who sued in a personal action for damages was seeking a greenback salve. HORACE has preserved the Roman *bon-mot*, in one of his odes, in the phrase: "meo sum pauper in ære:" I am poor in my own copper, — I owe no debts.

If we may be allowed a further spice of drollery: In Dido's speech to Anna (Fourth Book, *sub init.*) the happy rhymes of VAILL show off at once these oldest and newest factors of value: —

> "Do you suppose your husband's bone-dust cares
> A Bungtown copper who his trousers wears?"
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Is not Tyre with us for a scrimmage booked?
> Will not Pygmalion seek his greenbacks hooked?"

In a mound, three hundred feet above the level of the Mississippi River, south of the present city of Winona, has been found, among other prehistoric remains, a copper *tomahawk* (should it not be called a battle-axe?), with a tempered edge hard as steel. Strangely enough, too, as though to demonstrate to our remote age the cleaving qualities of this weapon, it was found deeply driven into the skull of a man, — a man of heroic size and height, as shown by his skeleton; a skeleton which seems to prove that the main valley of our continent once boasted a race superior in point of physical development to those of succeeding ages.

The absurd result of calling æs brass is nowhere more plainly seen than in the 165th line of the Second Georgic, where the VIRGILIANS, with the single exception of PRESTON, propose to say *mines* of brass; that is, *mines of an artificial amalgam.*

It may be mentioned in this connection that in CICERO'S Works occurs a curious phrase: "æs circumforaneum." (Opera Omnia, vol. iii. p. 528.) It is in the first letter of the second series of his letters to Atticus, and the orator uses it to describe his indebtedness for money borrowed out of bank, circumforanean copper meaning the circle of brokers' offices surrounding the Forum. As showing, in a pleasing manner, the affectionate turn of CICERO and the unreserve of his private correspondence with this cherished friend, and as showing that thrice in the same sentence he uses the word æs, — but always as copper, and each time in a different sense (æs alienum as art, æs corinthium as bronze, and æs circumforaneum as money), — I here attempt a free translation of the entire passage: "Amalthea awaits thee and needs thee; Pomponia sent me word that thou wouldst be in Rome in Quintilis (afterwards named Julius, July); but this doth not concur with thy letters. My Tusculan and Pompeiian villas delight me much, only they are my foes in this, that I, who am a defender of copper in foreign art, am in debt, not for copper in Corinthian bronzes, but for copper

When Juno, (in her breast the [1] old wound sore,)
Thus with herself communed: [2] "From what I purposed

borrowed from the circumforanean brokers." It may be remembered that Amalthea was a private museum and gallery of the statues of illustrious men of all times (among which were, without doubt, choice works in bronze) which CICERO had established at his villa at Arpinum in imitation of a similar one established by Atticus in Epirus. Thence CICERO says: "Amalthea expects thee and needs thee." Pomponia was the daughter of Atticus, and wife of Quintus Cicero, the orator's brother.

CHATEAUBRIAND did well (*Genius of Christianity*, Part I. chap. 2) to select for his symbol of the mysterious and fascinating past a statue of *bronze*: "une statue de bronze, dont le bras déployé montre les regions où le soleil se couche, et dont la base soit chargée d'hieroglyphes et rongé par la mer et le temps," — whose extended arm should point to the regions of the setting sun, and whose base should be loaded with hieroglyphics eaten into by the waves and by time.

It should be noted, too, in this place, that the *earliest* remains of the Copper Age were found in our Western Hemisphere, in the country of the Chippewa Indians, on the borders of Lake Superior; and that the only specimens of *pure* copper hardened to the temper of steel, and even to a temper which, in competition with our best steel cutlery, turns its edge, were also found in this hemisphere, in the colonies — probably Atlantean — of the Mississippi Valley and Mexico and Peru; and that the only waif from the *Bronze Age* which has survived to these times *which bears an inscription* was found near Rome. DONNELLY'S *Atlantis*, pp. 140, 238, 258, 379, 384, 385, 386.

To add further to modern instances: A circumforanean telegram in the press dispatches from Wall Street of this date (March 30, 1882), reviewing the monetary situation, starts out with the words: "It is a toss of a *copper* whether either bulls or bears were particularly pleased with to-day's stock market."

It may be observed that SYMMONS avoids the metallic question, if he does not quite ignore it, by making the "*oars*" (not the beaks) plow the foam.

[1] PIERCE says: "*a* lasting wound." Why not *the* lasting wound?

SYMMONS: "The undying pangs that tore her vengeful heart."

CONINGTON: "The vulture at her bosom's core."

MORRIS: "The wound that never thence would pass."

[2] We have here the first in the series of Speeches of the Æneid, of which due head-linings will be made throughout the poem, and of which a Table will be found in its proper place.

Shall I beaten turn, unable to drive off
From Italy's coasts a Teucrian King? The Fates
Say 'Nay'? Indeed? Could Pallas, then, with fire
The Argives' fleet destroy, and them all drown
Within the deep, for crime of one alone, 40
The insolent Oileus? She sheer down
From heaven could launch Jove's nimble fire [1] and tear
Their ships in pieces, and with winds the deep
O'erthrow, and him, while from his bosom riven
Leapt lurid flames, seize in the cyclone's grasp, 45
And, dashed upon a pointed rock, transfix.
But I, who move [2] as Queen of Gods, sister
And wife of Jove, so many years wage war
With one sole people. My divinity scorned
Who now will worship, or what suppliant now
Will on my altars offer sacrifice?"
Such things revolving in her burning heart, 50
The Goddess to Æolia came, a place
That pregnant is with hurricanes. In caves
Here Æolus sonorous tempests rules,
Their king, and struggling winds with empire firm
In chains and prisons caged. They, struggling, groan.
Indignant murmurs, deep-resounding, pour 55
Throughout their mountain bars. Aloft enthroned
Sits Æolus. His hand the sceptre grasps,

[1] To wield the thunderbolts of Jove was one of the special prerogatives of Minerva.

[2] "Incedo." The word indicates the motion peculiarly assigned to deity; not so much a motion as a gliding, a progress.

And softens he their minds and moderates, calm,
Their rage, else would they with them bear the seas,
The lands, the very deep of utmost heaven,
And, rushing with them, wildly throughout space
Would scatter them. This Jove Omnipotent [1] 60
Had feared, and them to caverns black had forced,
And over them huge weights had placed, and rocks,
And mountains lofty, and a King taught well
Their rage to curb when pushed all law beyond,
Or give them a loose rein when cause might be.
To whom thus Juno supplicating spoke:
"To thee, O Æolus, the Sire of Gods 65
And King of men hath given to smooth the waves
And lift them with the wind. Men whom I hate,
Troy and her Gods domestic overthrown,

[1] "Pater Omnipotens." Some of the VIRGILIANS betray a tendency to soften or ignore this comprehensive title of the Supreme God of the mythological era. To this I object. He should be designated in a translation by all the attributes of which he is thought worthy in the text.

DRYDEN here softens the phrase into "the father of the gods."

SYMMONS: "The Sire of Nature."

PITT has it: "Mighty Jove,
The sire of men, and king of gods above."

CONINGTON: "The great Sire."

CRANCH: "The omnipotent father."

MORRIS: "The Father high."

PIERCE ignores.

LONG: "The Almighty Father."

CRANCH and LONG, therefore, here give a faithful rendering of the text, and PITT, SYMMONS, and PIERCE ignore

It is worthy of remark here that SYMMONS expresses vehemently (in a note to the Fourth Book of the Æneid, line 153) his disapprobation of this offense, which he calls "the *sin* of *slurring*," and with which he sharply charges DRYDEN and PITT, while protesting his own innocence. We shall see in how far this protestation is genuine.

Sail on the Tyrrhene Sea towards Italy's shores.
Give thy winds force. O'erwhelm their sunken prows.
Drive them abroad, and strew them on the deep. 70
Twice seven of nymphs are mine, of graces rare.
Her, passing all in beauty, thou shalt wed,
Deiopeia, firm in marriage bonds,
And claim her all thine own, and, all thine years,
Thou, so deserving, her mayst call thy wife,
And she to thee fair progeny shall bear." [1] 75

Then Æolus: "Thine is the task, O Queen,
Thy wishes to set forth, and mine to obey.
Thou giv'st me what I have, my realm, and Jove,
My sceptre, and my place at feasts in heaven,
And power the clouds and tempests to control." 80

He said, and 'gainst the hollow mountain drove
His well-directed spear. The winds rush forth,
Like squadrons in a charge, where vent they find,
And, with wild fury, shake the trembling lands.
Upon the sea they fall; invade with rage
Its depths the East Wind and the West, and full 85
Of storm [2] the South; and wild waves lash the shore.

[1] So, to Somnus, Jove promises Pasithea: —

"Come, then, and I will bless thee with a bride.
One of the younger Graces shall be thine,
Pasithea, day by day still thy desire."

HOMER, *Iliad*, Book 14, line 267, COWPER, line 318.

[2] "Creber procellis Africus." The poet, after mentioning the West Wind, which brings to the Mediterranean, as to the whole Western coast of Europe, even as far north as the most northern shores of Scotland, the gentle temper of our Gulf Stream, hastens to characterize the sirocco of Africa as full of storm.

Rude shouts of men succeed, and rattling ropes.[1]
Clouds blot out heaven and day from Teucrian eyes.
Black night rests on the deep; thunder the poles, 90
And ether blazes with incessant fire.
Destruction to the men all things portend.
Dissolved in chill, Æneas' limbs are weak.
He groans, and, reaching to the stars both palms,
"O thrice, and four times, happy," thus he speaks,
"Ye who, beneath the lofty walls of Troy, 95
Before your father's faces have met death.
O Tydeus,[2] bravest of the Danaan race,
Why could I not lie down on Ilian fields,
And breathe my soul out under thy right hand,
There where fierce Hector 'neath Achilles'[3] spear,

[1] "Stridor rudentum." "The whistling of the cordage," says ANTHON. "Rattling ropes" I have from PIERCE.
DRYDEN: "The cables crack."
PITT: "The cordage cracks."
SYMMONS: "Their *shivering masts* resound."
CONINGTON: "The main-ropes creak."
CRANCH: "Noise of whistling cordage."
MORRIS: "Whistling through the shrouds."
LONG: "The squeak of ropes."

[2] Tyd-eus; two syllables.

[3] It was to Neptune's good offices that Æneas owed his rescue from Achilles, as related in the Twentieth Book of the Iliad, lines 300 *et seq.*, where Neptune, in speech with Venus, declares his purpose and his reason for it.

> ". . . Lest if by Achilles' arm
> This hero perish, Jove himself be wroth.
> For he is destined to survive, lest all
> The house of Dardanus (whom Jove beyond
> All others loved, his sons of woman born)
> Fail with Æneas, and be found no more.
> Saturnian Jove hath hated now long time

And huge Sarpedon rest? There where roll on, 100
Beneath the Simoan wave, red, red, with blood,
Helmets and shields and bodies of the brave?" [1]
A storm, from northward whistling, strikes the sail
'Gainst him who so exclaims, and lifts sublime
The billows to the stars. The oars are snapp'd.
Æneas turns his prow, and with his side 105
Th' attack confronts. Comes on the rolling wave
A rugged mountain vast. Ships hang on peaks,
While others dive to earth in valleys deep
Where with the sands the angry surges fight.
Three ships the North Wind drives and whirls on rocks,
Rocks in the mid-sea which Italians call
"The Altars," a huge back in ocean fixed. 110
Three ships the South Wind drives from out the main
To shoals and quicksands (grievous sight to see!)
And hurls them on the reef, girded with walls
Of sand. One which the Lycians and their chief
The good Orontes bore, and which to Fate
Before Æneas' very eyes succumbed,
A toppling wave immense struck in the stern.

The family of Priam, and henceforth
Æneas and his son, and his son's sons
Shall sway the sceptre o'er the race of Troy."
COWPER, *Iliad*, XX. 369.

And he does save him, as the Homeric context immediately succeeding shows.

[1] "Where Simois rolls along
The shields of men, and helms of men, and bodies of the strong."
MORRIS.

The pilot out is cut,[1] and headlong falls. 115
Three times the ship is twisted round and round,
And then the nimble whirlpool swallows her.
Few are the swimmers in that maelstrom vast.
Men's weapons there are seen, and works of art
And Trojan treasures scattered on the waves.
Ilioneus'[2] strong ship the storm o'erwhelms,
Then that of brave Achates, and the barks 120
Which Abas bore and grandsire Alethes' self.
The hostile sea, through their loose joints, they all
Let in, and yawn with frequent seams and wide.
Meanwhile the sea in uproar, and the storm
Let loose, Neptune perceived, and the floods stirred 125
From their profoundest depths. Full heavily moved,
And, looking o'er the scene, his placid head[3]
He raised from a high wave, and all the fleet
Saw of Æneas scattered far and wide,
The Trojans under tyranny placed of storm,
And ruin of heaven. But Juno's covert craft 130

[1] "Excutitur." Cut away from the ship by the waves.

[2] "Il-i-o-neus." Four syllables.

[3] "Placidum caput." Placidity was the peculiar characteristic of the features of the Gods. And, it is worthy of remark, that, in this instance, this peculiarity of expression Neptune retains, although, as VIRGIL tells us, he is "graviter commotus," laboring under strong emotion, a deep feeling of indignation. This placidity of expression indexes the consciousness of power.

The visitor to the Church of the Capuchins in Rome will be confronted, in the first chapel to his right, with the finest illustration of this peculiarity that exists in the whole realm of art, ancient or modern. It is this same expression painted by Guido on the features of the Archangel Michael at the very moment that his combat with the Arch-Fiend is crowned with victory. — *Personal Observation.*

And rage did not her brother's mind escape.
To him called he the East Wind and the West,
And said: "And have ye in yourselves a pride
So great that heaven ye mix and earth confused,
And dare ye do such works, ye Winds, whom I . . .[1] 135
But better now to smooth the angry waves.
Hereafter ye shall not escape so light.
Speed now your steps, and to your King say this:
The empire of the waves not unto him belongs
But unto me. To me the trident fierce
Belongs. Those rough and towering rocks, thy home, 140
East Wind, still let him hold; there let him boast
His court, and rule imprisoned close the Winds."
Thus Neptune, and not yet had ceased his words
Ere he had smoothed the swelling waves, the Sun
Brought back, and chased the gathered clouds. The ships 145
From the sharp rocks Cymothoë moves aside,
Triton assisting, and the God himself
Wielding his trident, and the quicksands vast
Dispelling and the angry waves. Then high
Upon the topmost crests on his light wheels he rolls.

[1] "Quos ego . . . sed motos præstat componere fluctus."

A complete line embracing an emotional pause. The line is complete, but the sentence is interrupted. This line is the first of its character in the poem. Similar instances will occur as we go on, and I shall call attention to a considerable series, where the emotion is, as I shall contend, marked by the *discontinuance* of the line, the purposely leaving the line incomplete. This series of incomplete lines, commentators are in the habit of saying, but probably on insufficient grounds, that VIRGIL intended to perfect.

Simile of the popular Orator quelling a Sedition.

And as, when feels the crowd Sedition's power,
And rage ignoble rules the people's minds,
Clubs, rocks, are thrown, and fury lends them arms; 150
Then if by chance they see some man of weight,
In piety's traits and merits eminent, there,
They straightway silent are, and ready ears
Attention lend to the advice he gives;
He with his words controls their minds and soothes
Their troubled breasts: so yielded all the roar
And frenzy of the sea.[1] Far o'er the waves 155
The Father looks abroad, and, borne aloft,
Wheels his fleet steeds, and yields them ready rein.
Worn out, the Æneans for the nearest land
Now seek, and turn them to the Libyan coast.
A place there is in long and deep recess, —
An island's sides, opposing, form its gates, — 160
'Gainst which each bounding wave from seaward breaks,
And, in its fragments, creeps through hollow straits:
Vast rocks rise here and there, and double peaks
Their threatening foreheads raise to heaven. Beneath
Repose the silent waters safe; above
A scene flecked out with forests, where a grove 165
Dark hangs o'erhead its depth of fearful shade.
Just opposite, in the impending cliffs, a cave

[1] We have here the first in the series of those superb pen-pictures, the similes of the Æneid, charms with which VIRGIL knew well how to adorn and illustrate his Poem. As the similes are reached in the progress of the translation the general scope and purport of each will find its way into the head-lines. And a Table of them will be found in its proper place.

Pours its sweet waters forth, and seats are found
Made of the living rock, the home of Nymphs.
Here wearied ships are held by hawser none ;
No anchor holds them with its tooth of iron.
Hither of all the ships Æneas owned 170
He gathered seven ; and, by great love of land
Led forth, the Trojans sought the shore, and limbs
With salt rime dripping they upon the sands
Repose. And first Achates struck from flint
A spark, and caught the fire in leaves, and round
With dry stuff fed it, till he caught the flame 175
In logs.[1] Their grain all soaked and farming-tools
Weary they bring to land, and roast with fire,
Or triturate on stones the rescued food.
Meanwhile Æneas clambered up a height, 180
Seeking a prospect far across the sea,
If, haply, Antheus he might see wind-tossed,
The Phrygian double-deckers, or the arms
Caicus carries on his lofty stern.
No ship in sight ; three stags along the shore
Wander apart, and, after them the herd 185
Follow in line and feed along the vale.
He stood, and seized his bow and arrows swift
Worn by the good Achates. First he slew
The leaders of the herd, bearing their heads
Aloft with horns like trees, and then the crowd 190

[1] "Ac primum silici scintillam excudit Achates,
. . . rapuitque in fomite flammam."

SEGRAIS, the French VIRGILIAN, ignores this passage, being afraid, as he avows, that its introduction into his translation would offend his French readers, who would dislike to see a Prince pictured as lighting a fire, as engaged in a menial occupation!

He scattered through the groves with twanging bow,
Nor held he back till seven sleek bodies huge
The victor brought to earth, one for each ship.
Once at the port he shares these with his friends;
Shares, too, the wines which gave Acestes kind 195
To the departing heroes on the shores
Of his Trinacria; and upon their hearts
Sad grieving pours the balm of soothing speech:
"Comrades! we have before this evils known
Harder than these. The God will end these too.
Ye Scylla's rage have met and roaring rocks, 200
And Cyclopean stones have braved; and now
Recall your courage, lay sad fear aside.
Doubtless hereafter we shall joy to tell
These scenes. Through various fortunes and such stress
Of things we go to Latium. There the Fates 205
Point us to quiet seats. There Troy again
Shall rise and rightly rule. Hold out; be strong;
And save yourselves for prosperous days to come."
Such things he says. With great cares sick, he feigns
Hope in his face, and presses in his heart
Grief mountains high. Prepare they the fresh game 210
And future feasts. Strip they the hides and bare
The entrails, and in steaks some cut the flesh
And fix it trembling upon spits, while some
Fix on the shore bronze[1] pots and fire ignite

[1] "Æna." "*Brazen*" say the translators. "*Bronze*" say the archæologists. In the earliest metallic age these pots would have been copper. SYMMONS, as at line 35, so here, ignores "æna."

Beneath them. Thus with food strength comes again.
Filled with old wine and game, they press the grass. 215
Hunger appeased and tables cleared, they talk
Long time of missing comrades, dubious they,
'Twixt hope and fear, whether to deem them safe
Or to have suffered all, and beyond reach
Of words. Devout Æneas, more than all, 220
Grieves for Oronteus bold and Amycus loved,
Lycas, and Gyas, and Cloanthus brave.
And now there was an end; when Jupiter,
From highest air, stood looking down on Earth.
He saw the sea sail-flecked, countries and shores, 225
And nations wide, and turned his orbs divine
On Libyan realms. And him, with cares the same
Contending, Venus, still more grieved, with tears
Her bright eyes dimmed,[1] thus sad bespeaks:
"O Thou, Supreme, who dost of men and Gods 230
The eternal empires rule, thy thunderbolts
In all compelling dread, offenses what 'gainst thee
Have been, alas! by my Æneas wrought?
And by the Trojans what, that they by deaths
From all the world are shut because they seek
Their Italy's coasts? Full sure thy promise was
That hence the Romans in revolving years,
That hence the leaders, should from Teucer's blood 235
Arise, and sea and land all firmly hold.

[1] "To whom repaired Venus, each eye neatly fringed with a tear-drop." VAILL.

And what, my Father, hath thy purpose changed?
By this was I consoled at Troy's sad fall
And ruin vast, against dire Destiny's doom
Opposing Destiny's self.[1] But now clings close
The same sad Fate to men whom everywhere 240
The same calamities fore'er pursue.
What end, great King, givest thou of all their toils?
From 'midst of Greeks escaped, Antenor could
Illyrian harbors enter and the realms
Liburnian, and, unharmed, Timavus' fount
Attain, Timavus, from its crystal sources nine, 245
Pouring abundant floods, with wild uproar,
Through mead and mountain to the sounding Sea.[2]

[1] "Fatis contraria Fata rependens."
Here the Gods are seen to balance one Fate against the other, both being uncontrollable, even by the Gods.

[2] The Timavus is the modern *Timao*. It has its rise but little more than a mile from the Sea, into which it flows, so that, in the case of Antenor, its sources and its mouth are used as convertible terms. It is sometimes spoken of as a fountain, sometimes as a river, and its nine sources throw into the Sea floods so abundant that the stream is called by the natives *Madre del Mare*, the Mother of the Sea, as though the Sea owed its whole supply of waters to these abundant fountains and this plunging stream.

Rivaling the fountains of Italy, however, are some which "Picturesque America" affords. Even outside of the Yellowstone Park there are many instances. Those favored persons who have enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Breckenridge, of San Antonio, Texas, need not be reminded of the abundant fountains which leap from the swelling plain and dash in cascades through the smiling valleys of his magnificent estate to form the San Antonio River. A *Madre del Mare* within the waters on our Atlantic coast was, some six years since, by Commodore Hitchcock of the United States Coast Survey, discovered eighteen miles south of St. Augustine, and three miles from shore, off Matanzas Inlet. A fountain in the sea there gurgles up with force and volume sufficient to throw ships from their course. The Commodore found six fathoms of water everywhere in the vicinity, while the foaming flood made by the fountain was almost fathomless. It is re-

There he, at length, Padua's [1] city built
And Teucrian seats, and gave his name
To people, and made Trojan arms renowned.
Now, in composed and placid peace he rests.
But we, thy progeny wronged, to whom thy nod 250
Assigns the heights of heaven, for rage of one . . .[2]
Our ships, O shame! are foundered, and we driven
Far from Italian coasts. Is piety's name
Thus honored? Do we thus repose on thrones?[3]"
Smiling,[4] as when he soothes the sky and storms,
Sower of Gods and men, his daughter's lips 255
He touched, as would a God-appointed priest
Take on his lips the sacred wine. So he
The nectar of her kisses sipped,[5] and said:

lated that some of the superstitious on that coast regard the fountain with reverential awe, as the abode of supernatural influences.

[1] Pad-oo-a. Three syllables, and the Italian *u*.

[2] Here we may suppose that Venus stamps her foot and pouts. Thus: . . . !

[3] "Sic nos in sceptra reponis?"

DRYDEN: "Are these our sceptres?"

PITT: "And is our empire thus restored again?"

SYMMONS: "Is this our sceptre of the conquered earth?"

CONINGTON: "A monarch on his throne replaced!"

MORRIS: "Is this the promised throne?"

CRANCH: "And dost thou thus restore our sceptred sway?"

PIERCE: "Dost bring us to a kingdom thus?"

LONG: "Dost so restore us to our realm?"

The merit I claim for my rendering is that it faithfully follows the text, and, although in a different tense, retains the word "reponis."

[4] The Prophecies of the Æneid constitute in it a unique peculiarity. They are found in all parts of the Poem, and, as they are reached, will receive the prominent noting they deserve. The present instance is the first of this important series.

[5] "Oscula libavit natæ." The word *libavit* has a sacred meaning, to *take a little*, from the custom of the priest, in sacrificing, of first tasting a

"Fear, Cytherea, not. The Fates of thine,
Now and henceforth, remain unmoved to thee.
Thou shalt behold the city and the walls
Lavinian promised, and shalt lift serene
Æneas great of soul, up to the stars.[1] 260

little of the wine. So Jove tasted the wine (or nectar?) of his daughter's lips.

DRYDEN: "First gave a *holy* kiss."

PITT: "And *gently* kissed his child."

SYMMONS: "Then *touched* his daughter's lip."

CONINGTON: ". . . Jove on his daughter's lips
Impressed a *gracious* kiss."

ANTHON: "Gently sipped the nectar from his daughter's lips."

VAILL: "First helping himself to a choice lot of oscular plunder,
And smacking his lips till the clouds palpitated like thunder."

It is thus seen that VAILL misses the point, but that, as a compensation for his short-coming, he introduces a meteoric view of the subject which would do honor to PITT, in PITT's incomparable feats of horsemanship.

STANYHURST: "Bussing his pretty, prating parrot."

STANYHURST (the reader will be glad, or sorry, to learn) translated only the First Four Books of the Æneid; and that this is the only place where I propose to quote him may provoke a smile or a sigh.

[1] "Sublimemque feres ad sidera cœli
Magnanimum Æneam."

These words are worth quoting, if only as showing the pronunciation which VIRGIL gave to the name Æneas. The rules of scanning show that he placed the accent on the second syllable, Æneas. But they are further remarkable as touching upon the interesting theme of those divine honors which antiquity accorded to her heroic dead. The word usually employed to denote the idea as well as the method of this form of homage is *Apotheosis*. I prefer, as to the idea, a word which I myself take the credit of bringing into English literature: *Theopoiia*. These, the method and the idea, I have elsewhere characterized as constituting "the proudest exhibition of the spectacular superb, of the magnificent in popular or personal ambition, which any nation has ever contributed to human history."

"Apotheosis," to continue quoting the respectable authority I have just mentioned, "was objective — a spectacle. Theopoiia was subjective — a conviction. Apotheosis was the last funereal honor rendered to the departed — the translation of his soul by fire upon the wings of an eagle into the empyrean. Theopoiia was that excess of honor which placed a mortal in the ranks of the Gods, and upon him,

'latum sublimem ad sidera cœli,'

as upon a God, heaped divine honors."

My purpose doth not swerve. He (for, since care
Thy bosom gnaws, thee I will tell, and roll
For thee the curtain backward of the Fates,)
Shall wage in Italy's bounds great wars, and crush
Ferocious peoples, and to men shall walls
And manners give. Three summers shall his reign 265
O'er Latium's state confirm; and winters four
The Rutuli shall see subdued; the boy,
Ascanius, otherwise Iülus named,
(While power in Ilium dwelt, Ilus it was,)
Shall thirty years fill great with rulership, 270
And from Lavinium shall his throne transfer,
And Alba Longa strongly fortify.
Here, for three hundred years, shall reign the race
Hectorean, till, by mighty Mars with child,
Ilia, the Priestess-Queen, brings twins to birth.
Then Romulus, rejoicing in the roof 275
The she-wolf's yellow hide had furnished him,
Takes up the people, builds Mavortian [1] walls,
And gives the name of Romans from his own.
On them I lay no bounds of space or time.

I will add, in illustration of the popular belief in the divinity of the imperial rulers of Rome, one of the many extraordinary facts which the article I refer to sets forth.

If you take the letter C from Cæsar, you have Æsar, the Tuscan word for Deus, a God. About a hundred days before the death of Augustus, the lightning, striking one of his statues, effaced the letter C from CÆSAR, thus leaving only ÆSAR. The augurs declared that, as C represented a hundred, the Emperor would live only a hundred days, and would then be taken to the Gods. His death at about the time predicted impressed the people with the belief that the thunderbolt was sent as a monition to summon the favorite of the Gods to his destined abode in heaven.

[1] "Mavors" was the original name of Mars.

I give them Empire without end. E'en she
Who now the sea and earth and heaven fatigues 280
With dread, Juno severe, shall counsel take
Of better thoughts, and cherish shall, with me,
Rome's race supreme, the toga'd race [1] intent
On government, the lords of all the earth.
So doth it please me.[2] There shall come an age,
In lapsing lustres, when Assaracus, seen
In his descendants, shall in bondage hold
Mycenæ glorious, Phthia and the Greeks. 285
There shall be born of race all beautiful [3]
A Trojan Cæsar, Julius, by the waves
His Empire bounded, by the stars his fame,
And named from Iülus. Him thou, with spoil
High-laden of the Orient, safe shalt hail in heaven. 290
He shall in holy prayers be named. Then wars
Shall cease, and peace shall soften the harsh years.
Then Faith pristine and Vesta, pure as flame,
Shall men with manners mould, and wisely aid
Quirinus' self and him his brother twin [4]

[1] "Gentemque togatam:"
"Venient ex plebe togati qui juris nodus
Et legum enigmata solvant."
PLAUTUS.

[2] "Sic placitum." A law-phrase in use to this day.

[3] Herein is implied a compliment to Venus, the fair interlocutor of the speaker.

[4] "Cana fides et Vesta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus."
The phrase recognizes the true theory of government, that the people make the laws, not the laws the people. Antique honesty, Vesta, Quirinus and Remus will make the laws: not Remus or Quirinus alone, nor both together, without honesty and purity on the part of the people. Governments do not make men. It is the men who make the governments. The proposition is combated by SISMONDI and his class of publicists; but the theory

In giving laws, laws based on equity's ways.[1]
The dire gates of strife close-jointed iron
Shall close. And, seated on her cruel arms, 295
Within shall Fury rave with bloody mouth
Impious and horrid but subdued and held
By bronze[2]-wrought knots a hundred huge and strong
That lace and twine their coils behind her back."[3]
His words were said, and Maia's[4] son he sent
From realms etherial down, that, urged by him,
Carthage its bulwarks new might open wide
In kindly welcome to her Teucrian guests,
Nor, of Fates ignorant, Dido them repel. 300
The wide air through he flies with wings like oars,[5]

of SISMONDI is condemned by reason and history. Laws emanate from the people. The ancient myth had reason in it which made Ceres the Lawgiver. Laws made for the people must remain dead letters unless adopted and endorsed by the people.

[1] "Jura dabunt." VIRGIL was industrious to use a word proudly peculiar to Rome. Perfected even before the era of Augustus, the Roman system of Equity was the most perfect and the most reasonable body of rules for the government of human action, and the adjustment and vindication of human rights, which the world has ever seen. The effort of every succeeding government has been, and is, to engraft this system upon its own. The wide-spreading influence of the principles of Roman Equity, and their mission to control human interests as long as man is man, make the predictions of the poet fall short even of the reality. The rule of the Roman arms was finite. The rule of the Roman law is infinite.

[2] "Ænis." Usually translated "brazen." But *Æs*, as already noted, was bronze, not brass. SYMMONS, at last, says "brass."

[3] VIRGIL, in this graphic manner, describes the closing of the gates of Janus upon the prevalence of the Peace of Augustus.

[4] Mercury, son of Maia and Jove.

[5] "Remigio alarum."

ANTHON: "With the oarage of his wings."

PITT: "Swift on the steerage of his wings he flies,
And shoots the vast expansion of the skies."

CONINGTON: "Swift Mercury cuts, with feathered oar
The sky, and lights on Libya's shore."

And quick in Libya stands; his errand does;
At once the Punic fierceness is disarmed
As God hath willed; and, most of all, the Queen
A soul not troubled and a mind benign
And kindly thoughts towards the Teucrians holds.
  Devout Æneas, thoughtful all night long, 305
Resolved, as soon as the dear [1] day returned,
To sally forth and search the new-found shore,
And seek who held the land whereto the winds
Had brought them, whether men or beasts, and so
Bring to his comrades full report of all.
The fleet he hid in hollows of the groves 310
Closed in with woods and gloomy with dark shades.
He with Achates only ventured forth,
Achates grasping two broad-pointed spears.
  In depths of forest shade his mother came.
A Spartan maid she seemed in face and dress 315
And in the arms she wore, or somewhat like
Harpalyce of Thrace who, swifter far
Than blasts of Eurus, drives her foaming steeds.
For from her shoulders, huntress-wise, her bow
Was hung, and thrown she had her hair abroad
For all the winds their play-fellow to make,
And nude her knee shone forth, while in a knot, 320
Her graceful form around, her robe was tied.

CRANCH: "Through the vast air with rowing wings he flies."
LONG: "He glides, with wings for oars, through airy space."

[1] "Lux alma."

MORRIS: "Holy day."
ANTHON: "The cheering light of day."
CRANCH: "Cheering dawn."
PIERCE: "Brightening dawn."
LONG: "Blessed daylight."
PITT and SYMMONS ignore "alma."

The first to speak is she: "Ho, warriors, say,
Seen have ye, wandering hitherward in hide
Of spotted lynx, a quiver at her back,
My sister? Here my sisters all may just
Have passed, while they with merry uproar press
The boar, all foaming, fleeing from their barbs."
Thus Venus. And her son her answered thus: 325
"Sisters of thine seen none have I, nor heard,
What shall I call thee? Maiden? For thy face
Is not of men, nor is thy voice of earth.
A Goddess, surely, art thou. Or art thou
Of Phœbus sister? Or of Nymphs? Be kind, 330
And somewhat lighten of our toils;[1] what clime,
What coast, declare, whereon our ships are wrecked.
Of men and places ignorant wend we forth,
Here driven by mighty winds and mastering waves.
To thee, through gratitude, shall victims oft
By our right hand before thine altars fall."
Then she: "Of honors like to these not I 335
Am worthy. Custom here the quiver gives
To Tyrian maidens, and the buskin worn
Of purple tint and on the ankle high.
The realms thou see'st are Punic, Tyrians here
Inhabit, and the town Agenor's is.

[1] "Venus thus spake, and *replying* the son of Venus thus *answered:*
'Neither, indeed, have I seen or heard any one of *your* sisters—
Nor does *your* voice sound human, O goddess, as surely *thou* seemest;
Art *thou*, then, one of the nymphs? or art *thou* the sister of Phœbus?
Grant us *thy* favor, whoever *thou* art, and lighten our labor.'"

HOWLAND.

Omitting criticism on the confusion of reply and answer, a confusion of the you and thou is here observable, in which there seems, indeed, some call for lightening of labor. I have supplied the italics.

But Libyan lands these are, their race
In war intractable. The Tyrian town 340
Dido, who founded, rules, she having fled
Her brother's kingdom. Long the injury is,
The story long ; but only will I trace
Its outline chief. Of the Phœnicians rich
In lands, richest by far her husband was,
And happy he in her great love for him.
Her, sweetly pure, her father freely gave, 345
By omens prompted so the maid to wed.
Sichæus' brother was of Tyre the King,
Pygmalion, monstrous he in crime o'er all.
Between them anger came, to her unknown.
Impious, and blind with love of gold, and safe
In her regard, who to him as a sister was,
He Sichæus secretly, while off his guard, 350
Before the altars, on him falling, slew,
His brother's life the victim of his sword.
Long time he hid the deed ; and with vain hope
Dissembling much the villain cheated her
So sick, so loving. But in dreams there came
The unburied husband's image, pallid grown
In wondrous wise his features, and made bare
The fatal altars and his breast transfixed 355
And all the hideous crime of that base house.
Then to a hasty flight he counseled her,
And that she leave her country, and disclosed,
For aid upon her way, old treasures vast,
Within the earth concealed, immensely rich.
By these things moved Dido for flight prepared. 360
They meet together who the tyrant hate,

Or in whom fear of him was sharp, and seize
Ships bound for sea, the which with gold they lade.
Slipped from his greedy grasp sailed out to sea
Pygmalion's wealth, and of the daring deed
A woman was the leader brave and true.[1]
To places came they where thou now dost see 365
Great walls and swelling domes New-Carthage[2] called.
There bought they land called Byrsa[3] which implied
As much as might a bull's hide stretch around.
But who are ye, and whence, and bound whereto?"
To her so asking he with sighs his voice 370
From deepest breast compelling, answered thus:
"O Goddess, went I back unto the first,
And all the story of our toils told through,
Thy time permitting, Vesper first the day
Would end by closing dread Olympus' heights. 375

[1] "Dux fœmina facti."

[2] The successor of an older Carthage, which formerly existed on the same spot.

[3] VIRGIL gives the usual story of the bull's hide. But the Greek term, Βῦρσα, it would seem, was merely a softening of the Punic *Basra*, a fortification or citadel, and has been erroneously supposed to mean a bull's hide, and thence the fable. Dido did not need the combined use of her wit and her scissors, she had her gold, and bought land of the Africans as readily and as easily as William Penn bought it of the Americans; perhaps even on easier terms. Punic faith is of remote date. It is supposed that the refusal of an annual quit-rent to the native princes gave occasion to the first war in which the Carthaginians were engaged. Even when Africa was infinitely more rich and populous than in Dido's time, it was owned for the most part, that immense region, by six men. At least so says Gibbon, on authority which he deems reliable. Indeed, it becomes a thing not difficult to understand when we consider that twenty-five landholders own the seventh part (and that by far the best seventh) of the rich lands of Great Britain; and this the statistics very clearly show.

From ancient Troy we come, if name of Troy
Thine ears hath reached, o'er many waters borne,
By chance and tempests driven on Libyan coasts.
I am devout[1] Æneas, and I bear,
From foemen rescued, with me in my ships
My household Gods. My country Italy's shores 380
I seek, and claim descent supreme from Jove.
With twice ten ships I sailed the Phrygian mere
As willed the Fates, and guardian of the way
My Goddess mother was. Storms tore my ships.
Scarce seven remain. Myself unknown, in want,
I wander here in Libyan deserts rude
From Asia driven, from Europe beaten back." 385
No longer suffered Venus his complaints,
But thus upon his grievous speech broke in:
"Whoe'er thou art come to the Tyrian town,
I deem thee by the Gods not unbeloved.
Go forward, hasten thee to see our Queen.
I now announce to thee thy scattered fleet 390
In safety brought, the fatal winds turned back,

[1] "Sum pius Æneas." Self-commendation, to which the fashion of modern times is opposed, was, in the primitive simplicity, in the straightforwardness of ancient times, allowable. The worthies of HOMER — Achilles, Ulysses, Æneas — mentioned, without reserve, their own excellences; Cyrus the Great praised, on his death-bed, his own humanity; the poets, VIRGIL, HORACE, OVID, MARTIAL, proclaimed the immortality of their writings; and the Law-giver of the Jews describes himself as the meekest of men. Nor is the peculiarity one exclusively of the ancients. SHAKESPEARE's self-assertion is equal to that of any of his brother worthies of any age.

It should be observed, too, that the word "pius" has a fuller meaning in the Latin language than in any modern one. It is ampler in meaning than the French *dévote* or our English *devout*, and implies devotion to one's duties, religious and temporal, to one's family, to one's friends, and to the public.

And thy dear comrades happily restored,
Unless me augury wise my parents taught
In vain. See'st thou twelve swans, a gleeful flock,
Whom Jove's swift eagle, gliding out of heaven,
Just now hath scattered through the fields of air,
How in long ranks they range, or sink to rest 395
Towards the earth, sailing on whirring winds,
And circling round the pole, and uttering songs?
So do thy keels and comrades thine in port
Safe anchorage hold or towards it safely sail. 400
Go thou; where thee this path leads follow on."
She said; and turned to go, and shone her neck
With a refulgence rosy, and her hair
And head ambrosial fragrance breathed divine,
While round her feet her robe came flowing down,
And every motion spoke her Goddess true. 405
He, when he knew his mother, followed her,
As swift she moved from sight, with words like these:
"Ah cruel unto me, like all my Fates,
Why dost thou trifle with thy son in forms
Illusory? Why may I not clasp in mine
Thy loved right hand, and true words give and take?"[1]

[1] Apropos of hand-shaking, a correspondent writing, in the summer of 1881, from Turkey, thus describes the reception by a Turkish lady of her lady guests: —

"Through the open windows that look out on the garden comes a scent of roses and the hum of bees, mingled with the laughter of children. . . . The reception rooms are brilliantly lighted with pink candles, and scented with fragrant pastilles. There is no kissing or hand-shaking. But each lady, as she comes in, lifts her hand gracefully to her heart, her lips, and her brow, which means 'I am devoted to you with heart, mouth, and mind.' This mode of salutation, when smilingly performed, is very pretty." But the Æneid, throughout, proves hand-shaking to have been classical.

Æneas and Achates view New Carthage from an Eminence.

So chiding her, towards the walls he went. 410
But Venus hid them,[1] as they went, with air
Obscure, and in close fold of cloud them wrapped,
That none might see them, and so no delay
Arise or question as to whence they came.
Sublime she went to Paphos glad again 415
Her favorite seats to see, where shine aloft
Her temple's colonnades and golden roof,
And, with Arabian frankincense, smoke wide
Her hundred altars, and her shrines are sweet
With odors rich of garlands freshly plucked.[2]
Meantime, the way they take shown by the path,
And mount a hill beneath which is the town, 420
And down upon the wide-spread roofs they gaze.
And much Æneas wonders at the mass
Of buildings where but village-huts were once,
And at the gates, and at the roar which sent
Steeds, wheels and people through the long paved streets.[3]

[1] Æneas and Achates.

[2] "Dans le temple où toujours quelque *Amant* irrité
Accuse dans ses vœux quelque jeune *Beauté*."

SEGRAIS.

"A Gallicism," it has been well said, "so extreme that even a Frenchman would be expected to laugh at it."

[3] "Portas, strepitumque et strata viarum."

Did these words of VIRGIL suggest to TENNYSON his graphic pen-picture of London at night?

"The shouts, the leagues of light, the roaring of the wheels."

And note the following admirable rhymes: —

"The turrets and domes, the bulwarks, the parapets full o' guards,
The pure country milk-carts, the fashions, the boulevards,
The stately old heroes out walking and airing their war-scars,
The lively young people out driving in dog-carts and horse-cars."

VAILL.

SYMMONS here ignores an entire line (line 426): —

"Jura magistratusque legunt, sanctumque senatum."

Ardent the Tyrians push. Part move the stone,
And found the citadel strong and built the walls.
Part choose out sites for dwellings, and the trench 425
Dig round. For law-courts others, and for halls
For rule municipal, fair sites select,
And for the sacred Senate-House the bounds
And proud position eminent mark out.
Here some a harbor excavate. Here some
Foundations firm fix for a theatre,
And shape from rocks the pillars tall to grace
The scenes to come. As bees in rustic flowers 430
Of early summer in the sunshine strive,
When forth they lead the workers of their tribe,
Those who the Nation's hope are and their stay,
And honey clear lay up, and fair-wrought cells
With nectar sweet distend, and take the loads
Brought by the busy; and the ill-favored drones, 435
A lazy herd, by line of battle formed,
Drive out; as boils the pot wherein steams high
The savory broth the prudent matron tends,
So boils the busy hive [1] where labor swarms,
While redolent are of thyme the lucid sweets.

His excuse as given in a note is that HEYNE suspects its authenticity, and that its introduction into the translation would *break the picture*. Laws and magistracy and the holy Senate break the picture! I am even here tempted to imitate the manner of SYMMONS, and to subjoin *two* exclamation points. HEYNE's note (vol. 2, p. 100) seems to have been written in a captious spirit of opposition to BURMANNUS, and in an overweening anxiety for the regularity of VIRGIL's grammar.

[1] "Fervet opus." Boils the work. VIRGIL quotes the lines from himself. They occur in that masterpiece of pastoral verse, his Fourth Georgic, wherein he describes the laborious habits of the bees, and compares them to the blacksmiths in the cave of the Cyclops. *Fourth Georgic*, lines 160 to 175.

Apostrophe to the City by Æneas.

"O happy ye whose walls before me rise,"
Æneas said, and all the scene surveyed;

The entire quotation is divided between this First Book of the Æneid and the Eighth Book (lines 449 to 453).

VIRGIL seems to have been ever anxious to show his experience of, and partiality for, the charms of rural life. The labors of the bees, as has no other poet, he has appreciated and described. When he wrote for the door of the imperial palace his famous anonymous lines, four in number, for the eye of Bathyllus and the public, he gave in each line a rural picture, and his second line was devoted to the picture of the honey-making bee. Indeed, in his Fourth Georgic, line 220, he makes delighted mention of the speculations of some philosophers who assign to the bee a part of the divine mind: "partem divinæ mentis."

It hath been said that bees the mind divine
Partake, and draw etherial breath.

Bees, with the mythologists, have the credit of having been the foster-parents of Jupiter. For they are said to have brought honey to his infant lips, and thus sustained his life during the dangers to which he was exposed in Crete from the enmity of Saturn.

VIRGIL'S devotion to bee-culture is shown in nothing more engagingly than in the bright colors which he employs in painting the nobler stock of bees in contrast with their less diligent and active brethren. *Fourth Georgic*, lines 98 to 100: —

Some seem like travelers covered thick with dust
And from their parched mouths spitting earth, while slow
In squalid rags their breadth of belly fares,
A dull, inglorious, crowd worth little praise;
While others gleam and sparkle, glittering gay
With golden drops, wherewith their bodies burn,
Spread forth in order due and equal rows.
These are the nobler stock.

But English words must always falter somewhat in the effort to reach the earnest force of the Latin, in the mouth of a Latin son and lover of the soil: —

"Elucent aliæ, et fulgore coruscant,
Ardentes auro, et paribus lita corpora guttis.
Hæc potior soboles."

BECKFORD, in his *Vathek*, represents the bees of the Caucasus as being held by the faithful in devout regard "as stanch Mussulmans." As such they resented by their stings the careless inroads of the Caliph and his attendants upon the flower-beds cultivated by the austere and industrious Abdals.

My more learned readers will remember that the admirers of SOPHOCLES

Then, wonderful to tell, wrapped in the cloud,
With all the throngs he mingles, moving close
Before their eyes, and yet by none is seen. 440
A grove within the city was, its shade
A thing most grateful, where the Tyrians tired,
By floods and tempests tossed, a sign unearthed
Which royal Juno gave. The head it was
Of a keen horse,[1] and thus them showed that they
In war preëminent should be, and live 445
In all abundance, and a fame enjoy
Immortal. Here a temple vast had built
Sidonian Dido unto Juno's name,
Rich in its gifts, rich in the awful sense [2]
That deity's self was there. On steps of bronze

condensed their praises of him into the phrase "*The Attic Bee*," or "*The Athenian Bee*," titles which, in the succeeding century, were, with even added enthusiasm, conferred upon PLATO.

[1] "Caput acris equi." I have been inclined to think that here a misprint, in the text, of "æris" or "ænei," might have occurred, and that VIRGIL's phrase was the head of a horse of bronze. The name of the Capitoline Hill is supposed by some etymologists to owe its derivation to the discovery, in primitive times, of the head of a legendary character named Olus, Caput Oli, whether of bronze or marble is not stated. This, although a fanciful derivation, may have suggested to VIRGIL the horse's head of Carthage. I reject, in both these instances, the supposition that the head was of flesh.

[2] "Donis opulentum et numine divæ."

Rich in its presents, rich in its awful presence. For *presence* I have preferred another word, *sense*, and even with it I do not escape the double meaning. I run from one double meaning to another. From the VIRGILIANS I select as follows: —

PITT: "Unnumbered gifts adorned the costly shrine
By her own presence hallowed and divine."

CONINGTON: "Rich with many a dower
Of human wealth and heavenly power,
The oblation of the Queen."

CRANCH: "Rich in gifts and in the presence of the Goddess blessed."

Its threshold was approached. Bronze were its doors
And posts. This grove within, a thing all new [1] 450
Æneas found and gladly new to him,
That which his fear first lessened. For here first
He dared for help to hope, and sure relief,
Here first to have more trust in his distress.
For, as the Queen he waited, and looked round
Upon each thing beneath that lofty roof,
And mused upon the city's future fame
And all the work and skill artistic shown, 455
Upon the scenes in Ilian wars he came,
And in their order ranged; wars which have now
Throughout the earth renown.[2] There Atreus' son [3]
He saw, and Priam, and, towards both severe,
Achilles. Wept he then, and to his friend:
"What place," he said, "Achates, is there now,
What land remote, the circling globe throughout,
That is not full with our unnumbered toils? [4] 460

[1] "Nova res oblata." Oblata has also a religious significance which the quotation just made from CONINGTON saves me the necessity of further explaining. The pictures were new; the surprise was new; and it will be observed that I have used the phrase in both these senses.

[2] DR. TRAPP well observes that there never was a finer *picture of a picture* than this.

[3] "Atridas," the sons of Atreus, who were Agamemnon and Menelaus. It is not known that Achilles entertained any ill-will against Menelaus. His private quarrel was with Agamemnon; his public foe was Priam. It would seem, therefore, that when VIRGIL alludes to Achilles as cruel to *both*, he means to Agamemnon and Priam, and that Atridas is a mistake of engraver or printer for *Atriden* (in the singular), and accordingly some copies have *Atriden*. If this be not a correct solution, it must result that in VIRGIL's time *two* meant three. It is highly probable that then, as now, two *and* one made three.

[4] "Quis jam locus inquit, Achate,
Quæ regio in terris nostra non plena laboris."

There Priam see. E'en here is found his praise.
For tears all History weeps, and touch all hearts
Such tears.[1] Thy fears dismiss. For our renown
To us somewhat of safety will assure."
So did he speak, and, as he spoke, intent
Upon the idle picture his wrapt mind
He fed, while groanings deep shook his firm frame 465
And floods his cheeks suffused. For saw he here
How fled the warring Greeks round Pergamus' walls,
And how pursued them warriors brave of Troy.
And here the Phrygians are, whom swift pursues
Achilles' self. And there at hand he sees, 470
Still weeping, where the tents of Rhesus are,
With snowy canvas white, he on whom fell,
In his first sleep, Tydides, and destroyed
With slaughter vast his host, and drove to camp
His fiery steeds, before their mouths in Troy
Had tasted food, or of the Xanthus drank.
Elsewhere is seen Troilus, lost his arms,
Unhappy youth, and by Achilles slain. 475
Prone his own horses drag him, while flies on,
Hurled at their heels, his chariot whence he fell,
And he the reins still grasps, his neck and hair
Dragged on the ground, and the transfixing spear

[1] "Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt."

There Æneas stood, not unlike, in attitude and feeling, to some survivor of the Siouxs' slaughter of Custer's command who might be suddenly confronted with Mulvaney's masterpiece, only that this Trojan saw his metropolis in ruins, and himself an exile, saw in his personal overthrow the overthrow of his native land, and, in his adversaries not a barbaric tribe, but civilized Greeks.

Its bloody writing tracing in the dust.[1]
Meanwhile, with hair disheveled, to the fane 480
Of harsh Minerva mount the Ilian dames,
The votive peplon bearing, bathed in tears
And beating sorrowing breasts. But all in vain.
Fixed on the ground the Goddess holds her eyes.
Thrice 'round the walls of Troy is Hector dragged,
Achilles selling his dead corpse for gold.
Then, truly, a great groan from deepest breast 485
He gave when this he saw, the spoils, the car,
The very body of his bleeding friend,
Priam, his father, though a king, his son
Without the power to shield or save. Himself
He also saw, mixed with the Greeks, and ranks
Of Orient troops, and Memnon's warriors black
As Africa their native land. There leads 490
The Amazonian phalanx, shaped their shields

[1] "Et versa pulvis inscribitur hasta."

Cooper here makes a suggestion which I have followed in using in my translation the phrase "*transfixing* spear." The dust, he says, is not marked with the spear of Troilus, but with the spear of Achilles which had pierced his body. This transfixing spear, as Troilus lay on his back, might be said to be inverted (*versa*), its point being turned downward. Besides, Cooper might have observed that Virgil himself, only four lines above (line 476), had stated that Troilus had lost his weapons (amissis armis). He was trailing on the ground, the chariot being empty (curru inani, line 476), but still held the reins (lora tenens tamen, line 477). Thus, by the transfixing spear turned downward the ground is written upon (inscribitur). Cranch seems so conscious of the force of this argument that he seeks to escape it by saying that Troilus had only lost his *shield*, an averment which is not sustained by the text. The text includes the loss of helmet and shield, and sword and spear, and sling and battle-axe.

Dryden: "The hostile spear yet sticking in his wound
With tracks of blood inscribed the dusty ground."

Long: "The inverted spear writes blood upon the dust."

Thus Dryden and Long, the first and the last, the alpha and the omega of the Virgilian series, concur with Cooper and myself.

Like the new moon, Penthesilea fierce,
Who flames and rages in the midst of hosts,
Her breast[1] above a belt of gold thrust forth,
A maiden warrior, with no fear of men.
Whilst thus, entranced, the Dardan chief renowned
Stood gazing in one fixed and wondering stare, 495
Dido, the Queen, most beautiful of form,
The Temple's portals stood within, her mien
A Goddess' mien, her step,[2] her face, divine,
And, round her tripping, came of lovely girls
A throng. Diana thus, with radiance fair,
Upon Eurotas' banks or Cynthus' heights,
The dance divinely leads, whom gather round 500
A thousand clustering Nymphs. Her shoulder bright

[1] Female warriors have appeared in all ages of the world, and have furnished a fair basis for the argument that military talent and prowess are not the exclusive possessions of the sterner sex. It may be sufficient to note, besides Penthesilea and Camilla, the names of Myrina, Judith, Semiramis, Joan of Arc, and the Maid of Saragossa.

An unsolvable doubt perplexes the philologists as to the meaning of the word Amazon. Some derive it from alpha privative and μᾶζος. Thus its meaning would be *deprived of a breast.* This etymology comes from the popular belief that the Amazonian girl at birth suffered the loss of her right breast by burning or cauterization, and that this was done to admit the more convenient use of the bow and arrow. This is the belief to which VIRGIL accedes in the text, in giving *mamma*, in the singular. Others derive the word from alpha *intensive* and μᾶζος, so making it to mean endowed with extraordinary *fullness of breasts.* ANTHON inclines to this etymology, but seeks still another, an oriental derivation which makes Amazon mean an Asian mother; Amazons the mothers of the Asi; whence Asia and the Asiatics.

> "Here he discerns the strong-minded Penthesilea
> Who so ferociously fights that e'en veterans flee her."
>
> VAILL.

The rhyme assists to fix the pronunciation of Penthesilea.

[2] "Incessit." The term applies to the walk or progress of Deity.

The quiver bears, and, as she moves, she far
The other Goddesses outshines, while joy
Latona's [1] breast fills full. Such Dido was;
Such, and so joyous, moved she through the throng,
Intent on her great works and future realm.
Then through the Goddess' doors she passed, 505
And on a throne exalted 'neath the dome,
Sat down 'midst guards and arms. And there she gave
Laws unto men, and rights adjudged, and work
Assigned to each, or drew them out by lot,[2]
When suddenly come, Æneas saw, a crowd 510
Attending them, Antheus, Sergestus too,
And, too, the brave Cloanthus, and with these
Teucrians beside, whom the black whirlwind strong
Had well-nigh unto other regions borne.[3]
Amazed he was. Amazed Achates was.
Delight and fear them held. They burned right hands 515
To strike. But yet disturbed their cloud-wrapt state
Their hearts. They lie concealed their cloud within
And think what fortune hath befallen the men,
Where they their ships have left, and why they come;

[1] Latona was Diana's mother.

[2] Probably what might be called "A Conscription of Labor," if we may allow a French phrase.

[3] "Whom he firmly believed to be held in Plutonian durance,
And was cheerfully waiting to realize on their insurance."—VAILL.

This, from a Connecticut author, is at once a satire and an advertisement.

For chosen men from all the ships are there
And seek, with clamor loud, the temple's walls,
To beg the royal favor of the Queen.
When entered in they were, and ample grace 520
Was given of speech, began Ilioneus,
A leader great owning a steadfast heart:
"O Queen, to whom Jove gives to build anew,
And, by wise rein, to bridle haughty lands,
Some wretched Trojans, wind-tossed on all seas
Beseech thee. Turn thou from our ships away 525
The flames unspeakable. Spare us devout,
And closely scan the state of our affairs.
Not with the sword come we the household Gods
Of Libya to assail, nor plunder head
The coast towards. No minds for this have we.
Belongs unto the conquered no such pride.
A place there is, by Greeks Hesperia called, 530
An ancient land, and rich in arms and fruits.
The Œnotrians planted it, and, as we hear,
Their children call it Italy, named from him
Who led them. Tended thitherward in calm
Our course . . . . . .[1]

[1] "Hic cursus fuit." An imperfect line, the first of a series of such, whose significance will be noted as they are successively reached. See List, *ante*, p. 105. Their "*raison d'être*," the cause of their existence, is uncertain. They are usually supposed to indicate spaces left to be supplied in the future. Doubtless some of them may be so accounted for. But my impression is, the greater part are left intentionally so, to mark a dramatic pause, the hesitation of intense feeling, or, occasionally, the lapse of time. Some, too, in the latter part of the Poem, will be found, which it was the obvious intention of the poet to leave as they are. In the present instance, the pause seems to be an intentional one, noting the intense feeling of the speaker in the contemplation of the sufferings of his people, and the probable loss of Æneas.

SHAKESPEARE has imperfect lines in greater number than VIRGIL, and

When, suddenly fierce Orion rose on us, 535
Bursting with storm, drove us on shallows blind,
And with the vehement East Wind scattered us,
Drenched with the salt sea, through the mountainous waves
And hidden rocks among. Thus on your coasts
Of us a few seek harbor. But what race
Is this whereto the storm, less wild, us drives?
What land permits barbarity like this? 540
They pelt us even from the sand, cry 'War!'

yet it has never been suggested that he intended to complete them. Two notable instances occur in *Hamlet* (ii. 2) where one of the players recites for Hamlet the story of Pyrrhus killing Priam: —

> "So, as a painted tyrant Pyrrhus stood;
> And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
> Did nothing . . ."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "And never did the Cyclops' hammer fall
> On Mars' armor, forged for proof eterne,
> With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
> Now falls on Priam. . . ."

The sacredness of VIRGIL's imperfect lines may have moved Augustus in his instructions to the revisers, Tucca and Varus, *to add* nothing, but to limit their work to the duty of revising the lines *as they found them*; instructions, indeed, which some say emanated from VIRGIL on his death-bed.

Poetry and painting are kindred arts: —

> "Ut pictura poesis."

There existed in CICERO's day a painting of the threatened sacrifice of Iphigenia, wherein, while Calchas, the priest, was sad, Ulysses, the warrior, sadder yet, and Menelaus in tears, the head of Agamemnon, the father of the maiden, was veiled, *quoniam summum illum luctum penicillo non posset imitari*, because the artist despaired of imitating that height of grief. *Orator*, 22. (Opera Omnia, vol. i, p. 672.)

DRYDEN maintains that, as the *Georgics* were perfect poems, no imperfect lines occur in them. It is enough to say, in response to this argument, that the Georgics were not epic, not dramatic, poems. Besides, as an offset to DRYDEN's theory, it may be stated that ADDISON, in his translation of the first two thirds of the Fourth Georgic, sought to *beautify* that Georgic with imperfect lines!

And say we shall not stand even on the edge
Of shore. If ye the human race contemn,
And mortal weapons bring no terrors here,
Yet are the Gods to right and wrong aroused.
Æneas was our king, than whom more just
None ever lived, none more devout, and none
In warfare mightier, nor in arms more brave, 545
Whom if the Fates preserve, if his great soul
Not yet hath wandered to the cruel Shades,
No fear have we. Nor will it thee repent
To vie with us in kindly offices, Queen.
Towns have we in Sicilian regions, arms, 550
And great Acestes born of Trojan blood.
Let us repair our fleet crushed by the waves,
And from your woods take logs and make us oars,
That, glad, our comrades and our king regained,
We can again make sail for Latin coasts,
If Fortune grants that we reach Italy's bounds.
But if our stay is gone, and if thou, best 555
Of men of Teucer born, father Æneas,
The Libyan sea hath swallowed, and no hope
Remains of Iülus,[1] that we at least
Sicania gain and seats prepared, and thence
Our friend, the illustrious King Acestes, seek."
Thus far Ilioneus. The Dardans all
With murmuring mouth assented. . . .[2] 560

[1] SEGRAIS, scrupulous on the point of etiquette, omits from his translation this mention of Iülus, because he had not yet been presented!

[2] A short line which has the sanction of VIRGIL, his corresponding line being composed of only one word "Dardanidæ." The motive uncertain unless it be a dramatic pause for the murmur.

"Cuncti semel ore fremebant Dardanidæ . . ."

Then Dido briefly speaks, her head held down :
"Let fear your hearts desert, ye Teucrian men,
And banish care. The times being wild, and new
My government, I am compelled such force
To authorize, and to defend my coasts.
Who doth not know the Ænean family? 565
Who hath not heard of Troy? the great deeds, men,
And flame of such a war? Not so obtuse
Are Punic minds, nor not so far doth Sol
Yoke from our bounds his horses for their course.
Whether ye Great Hesperia's coasts prefer
Or fields Saturnian choose, or seek the lands
Of Eryx, or Acestes, I will safe 570
Send ye away with guards, and aid with gold.
Or, would ye rest ye here, equal with me,
The domes I build are yours. Bring in your ships.
Trojan and Tyrian shall no difference find
With me.[1] And oh, that hitherward had brought 575
That same North Wind Æneas too, your king!
Men I will send throughout my boundaries all,
And I will order Libya searched throughout.
Perchance in some dense wood he wanders lost,
Shipwrecked and stunned, or tarries in some town."
Encouraged by her words, Achates brave
And, too, Æneas' self, with ardor burned 580

is the full sentence. And it is observable that in the Fifth Book, line 286, the same sentence is given, the "Dardanidæ" again beginning the line, which is completed by the addition of the words: —

"... reddique viro promissa jubebant;"

the Dardans all said: "Give Dares his promised prize."

[1] "Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur."

To break the cloud. Achates urges first:
"Æneas, Goddess-born, what counsel now
Seems best to thee? Thou see'st that all are safe,
Our fleet, our friends returned; one only lost,
He, whom we saw, ourselves, submerged. So true 585
Have all things answered to thy mother's words."
Scarce had he said, when the involving cloud
Divides and fades into the ambient air.
Stood forth Æneas brilliant in the light,
His face, his attitude, grand as a God's.
For she, his Goddess-mother, had his hair 590
Touched with her charms. The purple bloom
Of youth sat on his face, and in his eyes
Honor and joy. So shone the man as ivory fair
Polished by hand, or as when silver pure,
Or Parian stone, is hooped with burnished gold.[1]
Then thus the Queen he greeted and to all
Thus improvised: "Here, whom ye seek, I am, 595
Trojan Æneas, snatched from Libyan waves!
O thou, sole one whom Trojan woes afflict,
And who to us, the Danaan remnant, worn
With every casualty of flood and field,
And wanting everything, dost welcome give

[1] TASSO adopts this passage of VIRGIL in describing Godfrey advancing to battle: —

"Heaven sends him grace; wherewith like one inspired,
A nobler air and grandeur he assumes:
His face the rosy light of youth relumes,
Where imaged honor shines like dews in spring;
Glows his rich hauberk, dance his soldier plumes,
And, as his eye smiles, as his limbs take wing,
He in the sunshine looks like some celestial thing."

To home and country, thanks! Thanks worthy thee 600
To render, Dido, doth my powers surpass,
And all the powers of all the Dardan race
Wherever scattered through the whole wide world!
The Gods to thee (if doth divinity
The good respect, if justice doth exist,
And rectitude [1] meet recognition due,) 605
Worthy rewards shall render. Say, what times
Benignant bore thee? parents who thee claimed
For their own child? While floods in currents flow,
While convex mountains changing shadows cast,
While round the pole the stars their pastures keep,[2]

[1] "Mens conscia recti."

[2] "Polus dum sidera pascet."

In these four words we have VIRGIL condensed. For in this lofty simile he combines and emphasizes his love of astronomy, poetry and agriculture.

According to SERVIUS it was an ancient theory that the stars were fed in the heavens by exhalations. LUCRETIUS says "æther sidera pascit," the air feeds the stars. This seems to be none other than the astounding *modern* theory advanced by SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL and developed by Laplace, and to which they gave the name of the "Nebular Hypothesis," the formation of the heavenly bodies out of vapor, by aggregation and condensation, through the aid of motion and heat. This amazing modern speculation, then, was known to SERVIUS, and to VIRGIL and LUCRETIUS, and back of them to the refugees from Troy. It seems even to find expression in the first sentences of GENESIS, which declare, substantially, that the earth was not originally, a globe; that it had no form; that matter did not at first exist; that water succeeded vacancy; that over the face of the water there moved a spirit, which MOSES called the spirit of God; that a firmament or expansion separated the water into clouds and seas; and that water and darkness existed before land and light.

CONINGTON: "While stars in heaven's fair pasture graze."

MORRIS: "And while the pole the stars is pasturing wide."

ANTHON and CRANCH: "While the heavens shall feed the stars."

COOPER, SYMMONS and PIERCE: "While heaven sustains the stars."

LONG: "And stars feed on the pastures of the sky."

LEE and LONSDALE: While the pole feeds the stars."

New Reading.

Still shall thy name, thy praise, thine honor, be
Throughout all lands, all lands whereto I 'm called." 610
He said. With his right hand his friend he grasped:
"Ilioneus!" while warm his left and voice
Sought out "Sergestus." Then with warmth the rest.

DRYDEN ignores the whole phrase, and puts in its place this:—

"Rolls round the face of heaven the radiant sun."

PITT: "While æther shines with golden planets graced."

PITT thus ignores the "feeding," and substitutes for it the "shining," and changes the tense.

I will refer again to this subject in a note to line 724 of the Sixth Book.

Modern science, indeed, seems to be only the repetition, in a new form, of ancient legends. To say nothing of the hot springs of Virginia and Arkansas and Iceland and the Yellowstone, which are no other than natural Artesian wells rising from great depths, the borers of Artesian wells find that the further you penetrate the crust of the earth the greater is the heat. The Artesian well at Lafayette, Indiana, at a depth of two hundred and thirty feet, shows a temperature of fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit, and the Grenelle well at Paris, and its brother well of Passy, of the respective depths of seventeen hundred and eighteen hundred feet, have a temperature of eighty-two — the water being so warm that it has to be cooled before it is fit for general use; and the well at Charleston, only twelve hundred feet deep, eighty-eight; and that at St. Louis furnishes similar data. At St. Louis the average rate of increase of heat has been found to be one degree in every eighty-three and a half feet, and at Paris one degree in every fifty-two and a half. And the gas from the Pennsylvania oil-wells is often burned under the steam boilers.

What is the significance, or what are the significances, in the past and for the future, of the legend of Dædalus, traversing the width of the Mediterranean on wings? Can it be restricted to the employment of sails for vessels? Is there no significance, are there no significances, in the lofty flight of the unfortunate son, whose essor was so remote from the waves, and so much loftier than his father's that the conditions of a changed atmosphere precipitated him into the sea? Dædalus (Δαιδαλος) was the Greek word for artist, a master of inventive art. Are we to have yet a Dædalus who will combine the discoveries in locomotion and electricity into a new machine more wonderful than the boasted inventions of our own advanced civilization?

"And Gyas valiant!" "And Cloanthus brave!"[1]
Amazed Sidonian Dido was: at first
At the appearance, then at the fortunes strange
The man related, and such words she spoke:
"What sad fate follows thee, O Goddess-born, 615
Through toils so great? What envious power pursues,
Through wide-extended shores? Art thou, then, he,
The Æneas, whom, to the Dardanian prince
Anchises, in the Phrygian land remote,
By Simois' own bright waves, dear Venus gave?
Remember well can I when Teucer came
To Sidon exiled from his country's bounds, 620
Another realm by Belus' aid to seek:
My father Belus was, and Cyprus' isle,
In mines, in vines, in men, most excellent found,[2]
And where white shrines that Venus honored glowed,
Was yielding to his sword a province gained.
And from that time Troy's hard fate I have known,
Thy name, and kings Pelasgic. Teucer owned 625
His origin drawn from Teucrian men of old,
Though hostile to the Teucrians of his day,
And earned himself a proud distinguished fame.
Therefore, my noble friends,[3] do, I entreat,

[1] My method of dealing with this reception entitles me to claim it as a New Reading. I make not VIRGIL speak, but Æneas.

[2] "Opima Cyprus."

[3] "Juvenes," "youths," or "warriors" seem to be the stereotyped equivalents of this Latin word.

DRYDEN evades the choice, but perverts the fact, by making the remark one intended for Æneas personally and exclusively: —

Our willing hospitality accept,
And make our homes your own. This land me, too,
Through many perils passed, like fortunes saved,
And, thus, of ills not ignorant, I am taught[1] 630
To aid the wretched who my help implore."
Thus she recounts, and straight to royal courts
Conducts Æneas, and her will proclaims
That in the temples honors be given the Gods.
No less regardful of the men, she sends
As gifts to them two score of bulls, of swine's
Huge bristling backs a hundred, and of lambs
A hundred, and with each its ewe, and wine, 635
The gladness of the God. . . .[2]
The royal house is furnished rich within,
And in the inner halls the feast is spread.
Draperies with art elaborate wrought are there,
And show of purple proud, and costly plate 640
In vast array, where carved in gold are seen
The mighty deeds the fathers did, led out

"Enter, my noble guest!"

And this is not a misprint, for, to the end of the Speech, he makes her address Æneas alone.

PITT improves on DRYDEN in saying: —

"Come to my palace, then, my royal guest,
And with your friends indulge the genial feast."

SYMMONS says: "Trojans."

CONINGTON: "Chiefs."

CRANCH: "Warriors."

PIERCE: "Youths."

LONG: "Brave men."

MORRIS, aware of the difficulty, ignores the word.

[1] "Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco."

[2] "Munera lætitiamque Dii." A short line. The reason of its brevity uncertain, unless it have some religious, some Bacchanal, significance.

In long succession, through heroic days,
From the beginning of the antique race.
  Æneas (for his mind was ever stirred
With love parental) sent Achates swift 645
Unto the ships that to Ascanius there
He might the good news bear, and bring the boy.[1]
For all Æneas' heart was fixed on him.
Fair gifts, besides, he was to bring, preserved
From Trojan ruins: an embroidered cloak
Stiffened with gold, and of rich lace a veil
Acanthus-figured, edged with golden sprays
Of crocus-flowers; ornaments fair which owned 650
Helen of Greece, when from Mycenæ bound
For Pergamus' walls, an unconceded bride,
Her mother Leda's gifts of wonder rare.
And, too, the sceptre of Ilioné,
Daughter first-born of Priam, and of pearls
A necklace, and a mass of gems and gold
Wrought in the rich shape of a double crown. 655
So missioned went Achates to the ships.
  Now Cytherea turns new arts, new thoughts,
Within her heart new-strengthened. Cupid now
She thinks to send, in face and feature changed,
For sweet Ascanius, that with these rare gifts,
He may the Queen, already touched, inflame 660
And in her bones place fire. For Venus fears
The treacherous race, the Tyrians double-tongued;
And rages Juno harsh; and so, with Night

[1] "Achates goes shoreward, to see that all 's right, and no screw loose,
With orders to bring to the court that august kid, Iŭlus."
VAILL.

The rhyme assists in fixing the pronunciation of Iŭlus.

Comes Care again. So to light-hearted Love :
"My son," she says, "my strength, my mighty power,
Thou who alone, my son, the Father's bolts 665
Typhœan dost contemn, to thee I fly,
And as a suppliant seek thine aid divine.
Thy brother, brave Æneas, as thou knowest,
About all seas is cast, through Juno's hate.
This thou hast oft deplored with mine own grief.
Him holds Phœnician Dido, and detains 670
With pleasing words ; and this I fear : whereto
Junonian welcomes tend. May they not cease,
In things whereon so much doth hinge? Wherefore
I meditate the Queen to take in toils,
And gird with flame in time,[1] that Godhead [2] none
May change her, but that to Æneas great 675
She may be held by mine own love. How this
To do, now hear my plan. The royal boy,
My darling care, at his dear father's call,
Makes ready to the town to wend, and bear
Gifts rescued from the sea and flames of Troy.
Him steeped in sleep I will conceal in bower 680
Divine on lofty Cythera's heights or grove
Idalian, lest the attempted stratagem
Some shrewd one, knowing, may oppose and foil.
Do thou his countenance feign, just for one night,
And the known features of the boy, you, boy,

[1] "Antecapere." The allusion is to the military usage of building a fire before a besieged gate.

[2] "Numen." A word difficult of translation, and without any precise English equivalent.

Assume, that when delighted Dido thee 685
To her fond breast shall take while the feast flows[1]
And the Lyæan milk,[2] and thee doth press,
And on thy lips her kisses sweet shall fix,
Do thou sweet poisons ply and occult fires."
  Obeys his mother Cupid loved; takes off
His wings; and, pleased, Iülus' step assumes. 690
A placid rest Venus Ascanius brings
And, in her bosom folded, wafts the boy
To Idalia's lofty forests, and there him
Sweet marjoram,[3] with its flowers and grateful shade,
In its soft odors doth embrace, while Love,
Heeding his parent's bidding, bore the gifts 695
Of regal worth unto the Tyrian town.
The pleased Achates led. There when they came,
The Queen upon a couch reclined of gold
In halls superb, and him the mid-seat[4] gave.
Father Æneas comes, and come the braves
Of Troy, the couch reserved for him o'erspread 700
With purple cloth. Boys water for the hands,
Baskets of bread, and snowy napkins bring.
Within are fifty maids, who, ranged along,
Prepare the food, and the domestic Gods

[1] The allusion is to the custom of reclining at meals.

[2] Milk of Bacchus. Wine.

[3] The agricultural experiences and the diversified learning of VIRGIL nothing escapes. Sweet marjoram is, among all plants, the one most to be desired for securing safety in sleep. It had the power, says PLINY, to drive away scorpions, so much to be dreaded during sleep. "Amaracus in Cypro scorpionibus adversatur." VIRGIL himself may have had occasion, real or fancied, in his slumbers on the sod ("in gramine") to depend upon the protecting power of this herb.

[4] The seat of honor at the royal table.

With flame adore, while maids a hundred more 705
And boys as many and of age the same,
Upon the tables load the meats and place
The cups.[1] Then come the Trojan troop, and throng
The joyful halls, and, at command, recline
On couches bright with painted ornaments gay.
They wonder at Æneas' costly gifts,
Wonder at Iülus, the blooming face, 710
The simulated words, those of a God,
And at the mantle, and the veil worked rich
With golden crocus and the graceful forms
And emerald tintage of acanthus sprays.
But, chiefly, the Phœnician Queen forlorn;
Devoted to a future plague, her mind
She could not satisfy; she burned and gazed;
And with the gifts and boy alike was moved.
He, on Æneas' neck when he had hung, 715
And face, and had made full his love supposed,[2]
Turned to the Queen. She, with her eyes and heart,
Her whole heart, clings to him; and while she holds
Against her breast the blooming youth, knows not,

[1] "Then Trojans and Tyrians, in chokers and swallow-tails dainty,
Recumb on the damask and rep. Two hundred and twenty
Men servants and maid servants, qualified up to the handle,
Break china, spill coffee, and serve up boned-turkey and scandal."
VAILL.

Two hundred and twenty for the convenience of the rhyme. Two hundred and fifty would only have rhymed with thrifty, or hefty, or shifty, or bifthé.

[2] "Falsi genitoris amorem."

Unhappy Dido, that she loves a God.
But mindful well of what his mother bade, 720
She from the Acidalian graces named,
He by degrees began Sichæus forth
To drive from out her steadfast heart so long
Unused to fond and tender reveries' sway.
  Then, when there came of feasting the first lull,
And clearing of the tables, forth they set
Beakers of massive size, and crown the wine.
Great noise arises to the roofs. Around 725
The ample halls the hum of voices rolls.
From golden ceilings brightly burn the lamps,
And torches, with their blaze, drive far the night.
And now the Queen called for a goblet rich
With gems and heavy with fine gold. With wine
She filled it to the brim. Belus, and all 730
Who claim descent from Belus, have it used.
Then, silence once secured, she said: "O Jove!
(For 't is from thee the sacred laws, 't is said,
Of hospitality arise,) make thou
This day for all a day of happiness full,
For Tyrians and the wayfarers from Troy;
And let it linger in the minds of youth
A pleasing memory fair. May Bacchus, here,
Giver of joy, be found, and Juno good;
And ye, my Tyrian people, be ye pleased 735
The league of friendship we now make to bind."
  Then due libation on the board she made,
And the Lyæan milk touched with the tips
Of her own lips, and then to Bitias' hand
With compliment apt she passed it on, and he

With eager courtesy received and drank
The generous draught, and somewhat spilled.
Then of the nobles others. On a harp 740
Of gold discoursed Iopas, long of hair,
What mighty Atlas taught:[1] the wandering Moon;
The Sun, and his great works;[2] the tribes of men;
And flocks; and whence the showers and lightnings
come;
Arcturus; and the rainy Hyades;
And the Triones twain; and why so swift 745
The winter suns haste to their ocean-bed;
And what delays oppose the tardy nights.
The Tyrians shout applause. The Trojans jòin.
Meanwhile, with various talk the night drew on,
Unhappy Dido drinking in long draughts
Of love; and questions asking manifold;
Much of King Priam, and of Hector much[3] 750

[1] "The truths which ancient Atlas taught, he sings,
And nature's secrets on the sounding strings." — PITT.

[2] Had we the text, instead of the sketch, of this Song, might we not find that it disclosed a knowledge on the part of the scientists of primitive ages, of that most recent of modern meteorological instruments, the heliograph, the invention of WINSTANLEY, a meter for recording the duration and intensity of the sunshine? If the ancients alluded, in the gross, to the great works of the sun, could they not give, in detail, if the inquiry were pursued, the method and the measure of them?

[3] "Multa super Priamo rogitans, super Hectore multa."

FRIEZE (an American commentator on the Æneid) remarks, here, on the fine effect of VIRGIL's repetition of the word "multa," and of the art evinced in placing the word at each end of the line. Of this he observes that other instances are found, in the Seventh Pastoral (at line 4), in the Fourth Georgic (at line 342), and in the Twelfth Book of the Æneid (at line 29). These passages are: —

"Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo;"
Oceanitides ambæ,
"Ambæ auro, pictis incinctis pellibus ambæ;"

She asked; now with what arms Aurora's son [1]
Had come; now of the proud steeds Diomede ruled;
And now how large Achilles was; then said:
"But come, our guest, and tell us from the first
The story of the Grecian wiles, thy toils,
Thy wanderings wide. For now the seventh year 755
Sees thee a Wanderer on all lands and seas."

BOOK THE SECOND, ENTITLED TROY.

ARGUMENT.

With much emotion Æneas begins his Speech at the Banquet. He recalls the prosperity of Priam, and describes the Fall of Troy and its harrowing scenes of destruction and carnage. The shrewdness of the Grecian leaders had planned the wooden horse. Sinon, an artful emissary of the enemy, contrived its introduction into the city. In traversing the burning capital, Æneas observes Helen seeking concealment in the Temple of Vesta. Venus rebukes his rising anger, and promising him prosperous days, reminds him of the danger of his family and his duty to them. His father, in whose hands he had placed their household Gods, the hero takes upon his shoulders. His little boy he leads by the hand, while his wife

"Victus amore tui, cognato sanguine victus."

Here, in mentioning PROFESSOR FRIEZE, I take occasion also to mention certain European VIRGILIANS: THIEL, PEERLKAMP, and LADEWIG, commentators, and JAHN, a reviser of the text.

[1] Memnon, whose statue in Upper Egypt is famous for the utterance of musical sounds, as though in recognition of the earliest rays of the rising sun. His picture adorned the walls of Queen Dido's palace. See ante, line 489.

follows behind. In the haste and confusion of their flight the wife is lost; but her ghost afterwards appears to him, and utters words of encouragement. A large number of people of all ages and conditions place themselves under his leadership.

THE PERSONS SPEAKING:

ÆNEAS *is the sole Speaker in this and the succeeding Book; but he reports Speeches from the following characters: —*

VENUS, *Goddess of Love, Mother of Æneas.*

CREUSA, *Wife of Æneas.*

ANCHISES, *Father of Æneas.*

PRIAM, *King of Troy.*

HECUBA, *Wife of Priam.*

PYRRHUS, *Son of Achilles.*

LAOCOÖN, } *Priests of Apollo.*
PANTHUS, }

CORŒBUS, *an Ally of the Trojans, betrothed to the Princess Cassandra.*

ANDROGEOS, *a Leader of the Greeks.*

SINON, *a cunning Emissary of the Greeks.*

THE GHOST OF HECTOR, *Brother-in-Law of Æneas.*

THE GHOST OF CREUSA.

THE PERSONS APPEARING:

The Gods and Goddesses hostile to Troy; Ulysses and Phœnix; Cassandra; soldiers, citizens, prisoners, servants.

THE SCENE: *Troy.*

BOOK THE SECOND: TROY.

ALL silent were, and intent faces held.
Father[1] Æneas, from his high-raised[2] couch,
Then thus his much-desired speech began:

[1] "Pater Æneas." It seems to me important that both translator and reader should bear in mind the value and significance of the title of "Father" as applied to Æneas. Affection, tradition, reverence, are all implied in it. The Senators were known as Fathers. When their original number of a hundred was increased, the new body bore the title of Patres Conscripti, Fathers Enrolled. The highest title, emanating from the public gratitude, was Pater Patriæ, Father of his Country. And the Romans, above all people, paid reverence to the domestic title.

Yet I find my brother VIRGILIANS running away from this obvious beauty of the text: —

DRYDEN: "All were attentive to the godlike man,
When from his lofty couch he thus began."

PITT: "All gazed in silence with an eager look.
Then from the golden couch the hero spoke."

SYMMONS: "Through all the assembly mute attention ran,
When from his lofty couch the Chief began."

CONINGTON: "Each eye was fixed, each lip compressed,
When thus began th' heroic guest."

CRANCH: "All silent sat with looks intent; when thus
Æneas from his lofty couch began."

Here I think injustice is done to the numbers in attendance. Of such a multitude many could only find "standing-room."

MORRIS: —
"All hearkened hushed, and fixed on him was every face of man
As from the couch high set aloft Æneas thus began."

PIERCE: Troy's hero thus began."

LONG: "While from his couch Æneas thus began."

[2] "Toro ab alto." This expression, which will be found further on in the poem, especially in the account of the welcome Æneas received at the hands of Evander, denotes a form of respect peculiar to the Greeks, and which is said to prevail among them to this day, and that is, the welcoming persons of rank and distinction, or guests peculiarly honored, to a couch or seat higher than the other seats. This high seat, or throne, was, and is, so high as to require a footstool. And it was a part of the duties and

"Sorrow unspeakable, O Queen, thy words
Command us to renew, how wealth and realm
Of Troy deplorable the Greeks destroyed; 5
Which miserable deeds myself have seen,
Ay, and great part of which I was. To tell
Such things what soldier of the Myrmidons' ranks,
Or of the Dolops' hordes, or even of hard
Ulysses' self, could keep from tears? And now
Moist night from heaven descends, and setting stars
Persuade to sleep, but if thy love so great 10
Prompts thee to learn our woes, and briefly hear
The fate supreme of Troy, albeit the mind
Is by the memory shocked, and from such grief[1]
Recoils, I will begin: Broken by war,
And by the Fates repulsed, so many years
Throughout, the Danaan chiefs through Pallas' art
Divine, build them a horse, a mountain huge, 15
Its ribs with pine inroof, and then pretend
A votive offering 't is for safe return.
This rumor goes abroad. Within picked men
By lot in secret lurk; the caverns deep,
The belly of the beast, are filled with foes.

pleasures of hospitality to lavish upon this raised throne and footstool all the art and taste at the command of the entertainer. In the case of Evander it will be found that his rustic poverty compelled him to limit his luxurious tastes in this direction to the possession of a raised seat or throne made of the wood of the maple. Eighth Book, line 178.

[1] Not the least of his causes of grief was the loss of Creusa, his wife, whose strange and saddening disappearance in the midst of the horrors of the fatal night, he, at the end of this Book, relates with acute sensibility. But this affliction being a domestic one, he, with great propriety, withholds mention of it until compelled to disclose it in its proper place in the sequence of events.

What we thought empty space held soldiery armed. 20

"In sight is Tenedos, erst a famous isle
And, while the reign of Priam lasted, full
Of wealth, now but a bay and port for ships
Unsafe. There they had fixed them on the sand.
We thought them gone, and for Mycenæ bound. 25
So from their lengthened woe woke Teucrian hearts.
Wide swing the gates. Joy issues forth to see
The Dorian forts, the abandoned camping-grounds,
The lonely shore. 'Here camped the Dolops grim!'
'Were here Achilles'[1] tents!' 'Were anchored here 30
Their fleets!' 'And here in line of battle fought
The several hosts!'[2] A part were stricken dumb
With wonder at the maid Minerva's gift
With death full-stored, that mountain of a horse.[3]
And he who first advised that it be brought
Within the walls, within the citadel's self,
Thymœtes[4] was, or he through treason moved,
Or that so ruled Troy's fates. But Capys wise 35
And they who, like him, had a better mind,

[1] Although Achilles was dead at the Fall of Troy, yet his very name remained as a synonym of terror.

[2] "Juvat ire et Dorica castra. . . ." I have ventured here to introduce an allegory, and to give the actual words of Joy.

[3] "Molem equi." Molis will be found to be with our poet a favorite word. He has already used it effectively in the First Book (line 33): —

"Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem."

[4] His wife and son were put to death by order of Priam. SERVIUS says that it was on this account he gave the fatal advice.

Give order to precipitate the snares
And Grecian gifts suspicious in the sea,
Or make a bonfire 'neath them, or to pierce
The hollow thing, and search its caverns through.
Divided thoughts the uncertain people held.[1]
"Then from the citadel ran down, a crowd 40
Attending him, zealous Laocoön rash.
'O wretched townsmen,' thus he cried aloud,
'What madness seizes ye? Deem ye the foe
Retired? Or do ye think that any gift
Of Greeks can be from treachery free?
Is not Ulysses known? Either the Greeks
Close in this wood are hid, or this machine 45
Against our walls is planned, to play the spy
Upon our homes, and watch our works and ways,
Or wrong something there is, something concealed.
Trojans, trust not the horse! Whate'er it is,
I fear the Greeks: ay, and though bearing gifts.'[2]
"Then, as he spoke, a mighty spear he sent 50
Against the side, with ample force dispatched,
Which found its way into the curving wood
And stood there trembling, buried firm therein,
While thence came back a hollow noise and groan.
And but for doom of heaven, and but for minds
In us too easy, us he would have driven 55
That nest of Argos to extirpate quite;
And, Troy, thou would'st be standing, and thou, too,

[1] "Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus."
[2] "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

The gift, it should be remembered, is to the Goddess Minerva. And it is well to remember that it is a priest who, in his love of country, rejects a gift made to a Goddess.

Priam's exalted home and citadel saved!
"And lo! his hands behind him bound, a youth
Whom Dardan swains with clamor rude 60
Were bringing to the king! He, of a purpose set,
Their way fell in, to them unknown, that thus
This very thing he might effect, and Troy
Lay open to the Greeks.[1] And confident, too,
In soul he was, and for all ways prepared,
To spread Greek snares, or walk to certain death.
Curious to see him, come from every side
A boisterous crowd of Trojan youth who strive
The captive to annoy. And now give ear
To Grecian guile, and from one instance base, 65
Know all . . .[2]
For, as he stood, in face, at least, disturbed,
And gazed, unarmed, around upon the throng,
'Alas, what land,' he said, 'what shores, will me
Receive, or what, at last, to wretched me 70

[1] So Tasso, in his Fourth Canto, sends Armida into the Christian camp to attempt a deceit upon Godfrey, but Tasso, as though instructed by the error of Priam, makes Godfrey refuse her his confidence, until Prince Eustace had strongly urged him, Godfrey declaring, as he yielded, that his consent was given against his own judgment.

"What cannot Beauty, when her pleading eyes
From their deep fountains shower down tears of pain,
And to her amorous tongue sweet speeches rise?
From her divine lips glides a golden chain
That wins to her dear will who most those tears disdain."

Wiffen.

[2] "Disce omnes." Another in the series of imperfect lines. The pause of a hypocrite. In declaiming against Grecian guile, Sinon knew that he had a willing and supple audience, and he probably paused with the affectation of horror; and availed himself of the pause to watch the effect of his manœuvre and to gain breath for new deceptions.

Remains, to whom the Greeks relief from death
Refuse, and whom, though innocent, still pursue
Dardans demanding punishment and blood.
"His groaning turned our minds. All rudeness ceased.
We urge him to declare what is his race;
What news he brings; and on our confidence songht 75
What claims he hath. He, then, at length, his fear
All laid aside, these things proceeds to tell:
'What I shall say to thee, O king, shall all
Be true. That I am of the Grecian blood
I 'll not deny. This first. For if blind Fate
Hath Sinon wretched made, it shall not him 80
Vain and a liar render. If by chance
Unto thine ears hath come the name renowned
Of Palamedes, Belus' glorious son,
Whom the Pelasgians, by false evidence given
And treason infamous, condemned to death
Because the war he opposed, (now his quenched light
They mourn,) he was my comrade and near kin. 85
My father, being poor, me missioned forth
In early youth in arms. While Belus' realm
Was safe, and while his States, guided by him,
Were prosperous, honor and fame were ours. 90
But since, through sly Ulysses' envious arts,
Who could not Palamedes' glory bear,
(I speak what all men know,[1]) he left our shores

[1] Here is the argumentum ad hominem. Sinon knew where to touch the Trojans. The perfidious Ulysses, Ulysses a proclaimed assassin, and similar phrases, were precious to Trojan ears.

For shades below, cast down by gloom and grief,
I bear a life afflicted, sore with thoughts
Of him my guiltless friend . . .[1]
And, like a madman, out I spoke, and made
This promise firm, that if kind Fates again, 95
Or war's events, should me to Argos give,
There my poor murdered friend would I avenge.
And so, with words which prompted sad my soul,
I brought on hatred bitter. Hence to me
Came the first stain of ill. Ulysses, hence,
Me oft harassed with charges false of crime,
And used, in crowds, base double-dealing words,
And, conscious of his guilt, 'gainst me he sought
Protection. Nor one moment did he rest, 100
Until through Calchas, that fit tool of his . . .[2]
But why do I such dreary themes invoke?
And why make I delay? If all the Greeks
Ye hold in one regard, ye now have heard
Enough; dispatch; inflict your punishments;
The Ithacan[3] so wills, and your reward
The sons of Atreus will with joy make large.'
"But then we were on fire to know these crimes 105
And frauds Pelasgian, and to sift them out.
"So, trembling, and with false emotion moved,
'Often the Danaans,' he went on to say,

[1] I here take the liberty of suggesting a dramatic, and, of course, a hypocritical pause, not found in the text.

[2] "Nec requievit enim, donec Calchante ministro . . ."
The line is full, but the abrupt break in the sentence is VIRGIL'S, and is natural.

[3] One of the titles of Ulysses, and used here in an opprobrious sense.

'Of the long war grown weary, thought of flight,
And oh that they had fled! but just as oft, 110
The rigorous winter drove them from the sea,
Or cyclones caused them dread. 'T was mostly then,
When tempests filled the skies, that they this horse
Of maple beams contrived. Of heaven's decree
Not sure, we send Eurypylus forth to seek 115
From Phœbus' oracle the Sun-God's will.
He from the shrine these grievous words brings back:
With blood, and with a virgin slain, O Greeks,
Ye did the winds appease, when first ye sailed
For Ilian shores: with blood for your return
Ye must prepare, and with an Argive soul.
The word reported stunned the common herd, 120
Fright froze the marrow of their bones. They ask:
Who shall be spared? Whom doth the God demand?
Here, with acclaim, the Ithacan false leads forth
Calchas among them all, the prophet-priest,[1]
And asks: 'Whom do the Gods appoint?' There were

[1] "Vatem." To define, with an eye to doing justice to two Dispensations, the primitive word "Vates," one must have recourse to a compound word. The ministers of the ancient church chanted their divinations in harmonious numbers, and, under the Old Dispensation, the promises of the Future were entrusted to their keeping. So that the bard and the prophet were united in one and the same person.

In its appointed time came the fulfillment of prophecy, and, at least to the believer in revelation, the minister at the altar of the true God ceased to represent the ancient prophet, but remained priest and minister, and, as far as gifts of voice or brain permitted, minstrel or bard. This thought, which, of course, is not a new one, finds fine appreciation and treatment in the first chapter of Isaac Taylor's *Spirit of the Hebrew Poetry*.

Those who my wily foe's fell purpose me, 125
That I should heed, forewarned, and watched my fate.
Ten days the seer was silent and, concealed,
Refused for death to mark out any one,
But, driven at length by the great Ithacan's voice
Insisting clamorously, he hardly yields,
And, as agreed, finds speech, and me devotes
For sacrifice. Assented all. For what 130
Each for himself doth fear he readily turns
To the destruction of a single wretch.
And now the unutterable day was come.
The rites they now prepare, the salted cakes,
The fillets for my brow. I saved myself, I own,
From death. I broke my bonds, and, night by night, 135
Lay hid in sedges by a marshy lake,
Waiting till they might sail, if sail they might.
Nor now do I hope e'er again to see
My native land, my children sweet, my sire
Beloved and mother dear, whom they, perchance,
Will claim for punishment for my escape,
And my fault expiate, then, by killing them. 140
I pray thee, then, O king, by the great Gods,
Yea, they to whom the truth is manifest,
By faith, immaculate faith, if such remains
Yet on the earth, have pity on such woes!
Pity the soul that doth not merit them!'[1]

[1] "Lost! lost! O skies! O stars! what evils more
Do ye prescribe? Did ever one fulfill
A doom so harsh, so merciless before!

"To these his tears we mercy grant and life. 145
Priam, himself, is first to bid his bonds
Be loosened, and his hands set free, and thus,
With friendly words to him he answer made:
'Whoe'er thou art, forget the Greeks, be ours;
And to my asking tell me these things true:
Why do they build this mountain of a horse? 150
Who planned it? And what for? Religion's sake?
Or war? Tell me, what means the huge machine?'
"The king thus spoke. The prisoner deep in fraud
Instructed, and Pelasgic art, to heaven
His hands extended, from their fetters free:
'O ye Eternal fires, ye Gods, whose will 155
Is irresistible,'[1] he said, 'be ye
My witnesses, and ye, the altars fled,
And swords unspeakable, and fillets worn
By me a victim. Right it is for me
My Greek allegiance to renounce, and right
Greek men to hate, and all to make appear,
Whate'er is hid. To country none nor laws
Now am I held. Only do thou abide 160
By what thou promisest, and thy faith keep
With me, I saving Troy, and speaking truth,
And paying thee a great price for thine aid.

Wo 's me! all nature's changed; the world grows chill;
I only vary not, immutable in ill!"
Armida before Godfrey, WIFFEN'S TASSO, canto 4, stanza 70.

[1] "Non violabile numen." I may mention that HEYNE'S admirable *Index* fails to include this phrase under "numen." It does not forget it under "violabile."

All the Greek hope and confidence firm in war
Begun, in Pallas' help always reposed.
But, from the time that impious Diomede rash
And the expert inventor of all crimes,
Ulysses, planned from out its shrine to tear 165
The adored Palladium, guaranty of Fate,
And (the guards slain who kept the citadel's posts,)
Bore off the sacred image, and with hands
Imbued in gore, the fillets dared to touch
Upon her virgin brow, thenceforward hope
Ebbed from the Greeks away and backward fled,
Broken their strength, adverse the Goddess' mind. 170
And this Tritonia showed by portents plain.
Scarce in our camps was placed the sacred shape
Than from her steady eyes flashed sparkling flames,
A briny sweat throughout her limbs broke forth,
And, wonderful to tell, three times she leaped 175
From off the earth, her shield and trembling spear
Still holding in her grasp. Then Calchas, seer
Prophetic, unto flight by sea us warned,
And that to arms of Argos ne'er would yield
Troy's towers, unless from Argos auguries fair
Were sought, and brought the Goddess were
Unto her shrine wherefrom in their curved ships 180
They first had plundered her.[1] And this is why
They now unto Mycenæ speed their way;

[1] The expressions are awkward, but they are faithfully VIRGIL's. This faithfulness to VIRGIL, at the expense of English elegance, I have observed throughout my translation.

Whence, unexpected, they will come, their arms
And Gods being with them. So the omens say
As Calchas hath divined them. And thus warned,
They make, in place of the Palladium stolen,
This effigy great, in expiation meant
For their foul wrong and treason to her shrine.
At Calchas' instance it was made immense, 185
With timbers joined, and heavenward towering high,
So that the gates it cannot pass, nor stand
Within the walls, nor safety bring the land
Which the old faith retains. For if through ye
To Pallas' gift some injury sad should come,
Then a destruction great (oh, that the Gods
Would first it turn on them!)[1] would on the realm 190
Of Priam come and on the Phrygian cause,
But if by you it should be brought safe in,
Asia on Greece would wage fierce war, and so
Dominion exercise o'er our sons' sons.'
"Through such deceit and fraud and perjury's arts 195
Sinon prevails. His story is believed.
And we, whom ten years' war could not subdue,
Nor all their thousand ships with veterans filled,
Nor that Achilles in Larissa born,
Nor valiant Diomede great of Tydeus' house,
Were by false tears and lying tricks o'erthrown.
And wretched us another horror meets, 200

[1] "In ipsum convertat." Upon Ulysses, or Calchas. The better emphasis of the sentence would seem to require "ipsos," them, the Greeks, and some copies make the correction. DRYDEN follows this correction, and I have concluded to adopt the same course.

And one by far more dreadful than the first,
And whelms our blinded souls. Laocoön,[1] now,
By lot made priest to Neptune, at the shrines,
The solemn altars of the God, a bull
Immense was offering, when behold! are seen
Coming from Tenedos, o'er the open sea, 205
(I tremble telling it,) two serpents huge
Making together for the shore, their breasts
Erect among the swelling [2] waves, and crowned
With crimson crests [3] which tower above the flood.
Burns on the deep their bulk. Their backs
In breadth and volume huge are grimly moved
In sinuous folds. Upon the foaming sea
A sound is heard. And now they reach the fields.
Their ardent eyes suffused with blood and fire, 210
They lick, with tongues that vibrate,[4] mouths that hiss.
Pale with affright we fly. They, fold on fold,
Laocoön seek, and first the two round both

[1] Pronounced La-oc-o-on. Four syllables. HYGINUS relates that the predecessor of Laocoön had fallen into disgrace because his prayers and sacrifices had no effect in averting the public calamities; and that the vengeance of heaven pursued Laocoön and his children because, contrary to the rule of celibacy of the Thymbrian Apollo, he had taken a wife.

DANTE does not forget Sinon. *Lower World*, Thirtieth Canto. Adamo the counterfeiter, a fellow-fiend, quarrels with him in the deepest bolgia of the Eighth Circle, and smites him on the face.

[2] "Swelling" is here an expletive unknown to VIRGIL, but I adopt it from DRYDEN.

[3] "Jubæ sanguiniæ." "Crimson crests" I borrow from PIERCE.

DRYDEN: "Their flaming crests above the waves they show,
Their bellies seem to burn the seas below."

[4] "Vibrantibus." The VIRGILIANS, not possessed of that practical knowledge of herpetology possessed by their great master, resort to words not near so descriptive. They say "play" or "quiver," or "flicker." DRYDEN says "nimble," and therein he is nearer than the others.

The little bodies of his sons their coils
In close embraces twine, and with their fangs 215
Bite deep the wretched boys. The father, then
To their help hastening, and with weapons armed,
They seize, and in their mighty coils enfold.
Twice round his waist they twine, twice round his neck,
And upward lift their hideous necks and head.
He, with both hands, strains to break loose their knots, 220
His fillets stained with gore and poison black,
While his tremendous screams reach to the stars,
Like as a wounded bull when it escapes
The altar's priest, and shuns the ill-aimed axe.
The serpents twain now take their dragon course 225
Up to the shrine and lofty citadel dread
Of Pallas harsh, and there are covered close [1]
Under the Goddess' feet and ample shield.
Then came, indeed, on all a chilling fear,
And men declare that as he merited 230
Laocoön, sure, had suffered for his crime,
He who the sacred wood with force assailed,
And tore its side with his accursed spear.[2]
And so the general voice proclaims aloud:
'Take up the image to the sacred seats,
And by due prayers the approving smiles invoke

[1] "Teguntur." The word implies that the *protection* of the offended Goddess was extended to these fugitive serpents. Yet the VIRGILIANS, except SYMMONS, miss this sense. DRYDEN, CONINGTON, CRANCH and LONG say "hid" or "concealed." PIERCE says "lie coiled."

[2] "Who dared to harm with impious steel
Those planks of consecrated deal."
CONINGTON.

Of the offended Goddess. . .'[1]
The walls we pierce, we lay the city bare.
All gird them to the work. Beneath the wheels 235
Are rollers placed, and hawsers round the neck.
The fatal engine cleaves our broken walls
Pregnant with arms. Around it sacred songs
Are sung by youths and girls unmarried, glad
With their soft hands the straining ropes to touch.
It yields, it mounts up to the city's midst,[2] 240

[1] A short line; six syllables; in imitation of the original: "Numina conclamant." The reason of the brevity uncertain, unless it be considered as due to the sensibility of the speaker, and therefore to be classified as a dramatic pause. It should be remembered that the speaker is Æneas.

[2] PITT, with a vigor of diction which would better suit the erratic movements of an iron-clad or a seventy-ton locomotive, thus describes the ambling qualities of this wooden quadruped: —

"In one loud peal the enormous horse rolls down,
And, thundering, gains the centre of the town."

Had the horse attained this momentum, it is safe to say that it would have fallen all to pieces, and most effectually delivered the Greeks from its womb.

It is observable that the line so translated is 240. These figures (2:40), in the annals of the turf, for a long time indicated the maximum of trotting speed. It is only at a comparatively recent date that the figures have fallen below, and the speed increased above, this rate.

This accidental coincidence of significant numbers, however, does not justify the exceptional vigor of MR. PITT's translation of this line.

July 13, 1881, Maud S., the queen of the turf, made, at Pittsburgh, a mile in 2:10½, the last quarter being made in a 2:07 gait. "Her movement was perfection," say the dispatches, "and the applause was deafening." And, in the very next month, August 11, 1881, at Rochester, bent on still further gratifying the shade of our VIRGILIAN, she beat her own time, accomplishing a mile in 2:10¼. Truly, (in the nervous style of PITT,) a thundering mare. Flora Temple, so say the annals of the turf, eclipsed the boasted 2:40 time by making it 2:20; Goldsmith Maid trotted her mile in 2:14; and now we have the astonishing time of Maud S., almost thirty miles an hour, against the twenty-two of forty years ago.

SYMMONS, it may be noted, declares in his preface, that PITT discovers in no place energy of expression. SYMMONS was simply mistaken

A threatening thing. O native land! O home
Of holy Gods! O Dardan towers of fame
All glorious! O Troy! Four times it stuck [1]
Upon the very threshold; four times arms
Clashed [2] from within. Unmindful we press on
Deaf,[3] blind with zeal, and in the citadel's gates, 245
Our sacred tower, the monster dire we place.
"And then Cassandra, through the God's decree
Alas! by Teucrians ne'er to be believed,
Opened her mouth, and plain foretold our Fate.
And we, unhappy wretches, we, to whom
Our latest day was come, hung on the shrines,
The city through, wreaths gay with festal buds.
Meantime revolve the heavens, and rises Night 250
From Ocean, in its shadow Earth and pole
Embracing, and the tribes of Myrmidons grim.
Throughout the battlements the Teucrians were,
But sleep made prisoners of their weary limbs.
And moved the Argive phalanx, in its ships
Appointed, out of Tenedos, the moon 255

[1] "Substitit."
SYMMONS says "hung."
CONINGTON says "stayed."
MORRIS: "stood."
PITT and CRANCH: "stopped."
PIERCE: "stumbled."
DRYDEN: "struck."
The latter phrase would have been exactly right if the machine were a ship, but as it was a frame on land, the proper word is "stuck." This word is useful as a technical one, with stage-struck declaimers, with movers of houses, with surveyors of land, and with river-men in time of drought, and it is as legitimate as it is expressive. SHAKESPEARE says Macbeth's "Amen" *stuck* in his throat.

[2] "Clashed" I have from PIERCE.

[3] "Deaf." An interpolation of my own, suggested by the contextual words "immemores" "cæci" and "furore."

Her silvery silence lending to the scene,[1]
Seeking the well-known shores. Then, when the lights
Shone from the king's ship aft, he, by the Gods
For frauds reserved, Sinon, loosened by stealth
The imprisoned Danaans from their bonds of pine.
Them to the open air the horse restored, 260
Who, joyful, from the hollow wood spring forth,
And, by a cable dropped, slip to the ground.
Machaon was the first, and then there came
Tisandrus, Sthenelus keen, Ulysses dire ;[2]
And chiefs, beside, Thoas and Acamas fierce
On Troy descended ; Menelaus, too,
Pyrrhus, (Neoptolémus also named,)
Achilles' son, and, too, he who the fraud
Contrived, Epeus ; and their comrades all.[3]

[1] "Tacitæ per amica silentia Lunæ."

DRYDEN, VALPY and SYMMONS persuade themselves that because the moon was silent she was absent! And LA RUE and HEYNE dismiss the moon, on the ground that moon means only night! But SCALIGER and others, with a much greater show of reason and sense, say that Troy was taken at the time of the *full* moon, when she shines the brightest. And follow SCALIGER all the modern VIRGILIANS, in comment and translation.

[2] "And fierce Ulysses sliding down a rope."

CRANCH.

For the more heroic word "cable" I am indebted to DRYDEN. "Hawser," a few lines above, is my own.

[3] "And their comrades all" are supplementary words suggested by DRYDEN. His words are: —

"A nameless crowd succeed."

VIRGIL leaves this to be understood. In regard to the whole passage, it may be observed that VIRGIL's exigencies of metre or memory made him bring in Machaon, the first to descend, almost at the close of the list. I have tried to correct this.

MORRIS says: "Machaon the first," as though there were a dynasty of Machaons.

And now they fall upon the city sunk 265
In revelry and sleep, and slay the watch,
And, through the opened gates, admit their friends,
And join them wheeling in the ranks of war.
"That time of night it was when the first rest,
Most grateful gift of heaven to wearied man,
Creeps o'er the limbs. In dreams before mine eyes 270
To approach me Hector seemed. Most sad he was,
And shedding plenteous tears; dragged now, as then,
Behind Achilles' chariot, and the thongs
Piercing his swelling feet, and he with gore
And dust all black. Ah! piteous sight! how changed
From him, the self-same Hector who returned 275
Decked with Achilles' spoils, or o'er the poops

PIERCE says: "Machaon eldest." Eldest of whom? Of the Machaons, or of the Grecian dukes?

It might be observed that the Celtic turn in Machaon's name may have tended to involve VIRGIL and his translators in these Hibernicisms.

As to Pyrrhus Neoptolemus (the Red-Haired New-Warrior), he was a favorite with VIRGIL, who mentions him repeatedly in this and the next Book, and in almost every instance with his full title. See this Book, lines 500 and 549, and the next Book, lines 333 and 469. The usual pronunciation of Neoptolemus is pompous and difficult, and I have preferred the easier and less ambitious one of Neoptol-*e*-mus, the emphasis being placed on the penultimate syllable.

The names and nationality of these heroes are Greek, and the Greek alphabet (we must remember) even suggests Celtic romances.

. . . . . .

"So when the little hapless θ
N Alpha was about to β,
She down upon the bank would ζ
And shout with merriment and fun
'Run Mike! run, Mikey, o! (O Mike run)

J. B. L. SOULÉ.

Of Danaan war-ships scattered Phrygian fires!
A squalid beard he had and matted hair
Heavy with blood, and all the wounds which round
His country's walls his form received now bled
Afresh. Weeping, I seemed to urge the man, 280
And to the fearful vision sadly said:
'O light of Troy! O hope of Trojan men!
Why hast thou so delayed? And from what shores
Doth Hector, long-expected, come at last,
That we, worn out with waiting, may behold 285
Him once again, after so many deaths
Of those who loved him, after labors vast
Of friends and foes? Why is thy face serene
So fouled and dark? And why see I these wounds?'

"He nothing. Me thus idly questioning him
He not delayed.[1] But from the lowest breast
Of the dead Hector came a grievous groan:
'O hasten, Goddess-born, and fly,' he said,
'And save thee from these flames! The foe! The foe! 290
They have the walls! Troy rushes from her height!
For Priam and for Troy enough by thee
Is done.[2] If the right hand of any man

[1] None of the translators, not even DRYDEN, seems to see the force of VIRGIL'S word "moratur." This force I endeavor to give in this and the succeeding lines.

[2] "Sat patriæ Priamique datum." The words imply a compliment to Æneas, and a request to him to place himself in no danger for the sake of Troy. The spirit of Hector is insisting that Æneas shall save himself by instant flight. Sacrifices enough have been made for Troy. The significance of the words is lost by CONINGTON, or else his rhymes keep it out of

Could have defended Troy and Priam's throne,
This right hand would have done it. Troy her rights
And household deities scorned commends to thee.
Take them as sharers of thy destinies forth.
Seek, and find, walls for them, and build them high 295
And great, when wanderings wide shall cease, which thee
Tossed on all seas with various ills shall try.'
And then, methought, from out the inmost shrines
In his dead hands he brought the holy things
And Vesta mighty and the eternal fire.
"Meantime the walls with mingled woe resound,
And more and more (although 'midst trees embowered, 300
And set apart his palace-site my sire,
Anchises, placed) the fearful sounds swell on,
And with them come the hideous din of arms.
I start from sleep, and seek the belvidere.[1]
And stand with listening ears. It was as when
Flames lashed by raging gales on wheat-fields seize, 305

his text; and if so, he should have made rhymes to bring it in. It is appreciated by DRYDEN and SYMMONS and MORRIS and PIERCE. It seems to be appreciated by CRANCH and LONG.

[1] DRYDEN: "The terrace."
PITT: "The dome."
SYMMONS and CONINGTON: "The roof."
CRANCH: "The house-top's loftiest verge."
MORRIS: "The topmost roof."
PIERCE: "The roof."
COOPER: "The summit of the palace, the watch-tower."
ANTHON: "The loftiest elevation of the roof."
LONG: "The roof-top."

Or when the mountain-torrent, rushing swift
Upon the fields, lays waste the smiling meads,
Lays waste the furrows, work of oxen strong,
And headlong drags the woods. Meanwhile the swain,
To uproar such unused, the scene surveys
From the near summit of a lofty rock.
Then truly was bad faith made manifest,
And the Greek snares of all disguise were stripped.[1] 310
Now sinks in ruin wide, Deiphobus,
Thy stately house by Vulcan overcome;
And now the mansion next, Ucalegon's,
Starts into flame. The blazing town its light
All lurid broad on Sigea's straits sends forth,
A track of fire. Up to the heavens the roar

[1] "Tum vero manifesta fides, Danaumque
Insidiæ."

MORRIS says "their faith." Whose faith?

PIERCE: "Then was the truth made clear."

CONINGTON: "Oh, then I saw the tale was true."

DRYDEN says *Hector's* faith (good faith), but not on good grounds: —

"Then Hector's faith was manifestly cleared
And Grecian frauds in open light appeared."

As to both Hector and Æneas, the event was not a thing of "faith," but of "sight."

PITT partly set DRYDEN right: —

"Now Hector's *warning* proved too clear and true,
The wiles of Greece appeared in open view."

But SYMMONS and PITT run away from the question of faith.

CRANCH is orthodox: —

"Then, verily, the false faith of the Greeks
Is manifest, their treacherous arts revealed."

My opinion is that the bad faith refers to Sinon alone, but I leave it with a general reference to all.

Of men, up to the heavens the thunders swell
From trumpets. Arms I senseless seize; what now
Can arms avail? But burned my soul to raise 315
A band for battle, and with my comrades swift
The citadel to succor. Zeal and rage
Possess me, and I think 't were beautiful
To die, as die the brave, with armor on.
"But see, from Grecian weapons saved, Panthus.
The priest of Phœbus and the citadel's shrines,
Othris' devoted son renowned, and in his hands 320
The sacred things and conquered Gods! Frenzied
And wan he wends his troubled way, and leads
His little grandson with him to my doors.
'How stands the battle, Panthus? Progress what
Make now our men? Another tower? What news?'[1]
"Thus I; but he with groans thus answered me:
'Troy's latest day is come, Troy's latest hour 325
Is here! Trojans we were; Troy was; the sun
Upon her glory hath gone down;[2] harsh Jove

[1] There is in this speech of Æneas great art. In spite of his ominous dream, he, like a true soldier, seeks to encourage Panthus.

SERVIUS says that Panthus was priest of the Delphic Apollo, — a youth of exquisite beauty, carried off by Agenor to Troy, and there made priest of Apollo and the citadel.

[2] "Fuit Ilium." MORRIS's lines are very fine: —

"Time was, and Trojans were; time was, and Ilium stood;
Time was, and glory of the Teucrian folk!"

TASSO puts the same words in the mouth of Aladine, the feeble King of Jerusalem: —

"My race is run, my rule is at an end:
I lived, I reigned; I live and reign no more;

Gives victory to the Greeks ; it is the doom
Irrevocable of the angry God.
Greeks in the blazing City master all.
Pours forth the horse armed men within our midst.
Victorious Sinon spreads the greedy flames, 330
While others hold the gates in number more
Than yet have reached us from the Grecian coasts,
Or bar the ways with barricades of arms
And lines of iron, made fierce with gleaming swords
Ready for slaughter. And our guards draw back
And of blind Mars scarce dare the fury stay.' 335
"His words decide me, and the will of heaven,
To rush into the middle of the fight,
Where sad Erinnys, where the tumult, calls
And din which storms the stars. By moonlight known
Come comrades Ripheus, and bowed down with years
Epytus, Demas, Hypanis, and comes 340
The young Corœbus, Migdon's son. To Troy
It chanced, in those days, he had fared, devoured
By a consuming love which our princess [1]
Cassandra had inspired, a suitor armed
With trained auxiliaries for Priam's aid ;

For all that now is left me, O my friend,
Is to exclaim, 'We were!'—all, all is o'er!
Our final hour 's at hand; pale Death is at the door!"

"*Fuit.*" The French word *feu*, used as a prefix to the name of a person deceased, is probably this very word. *Fuit Chateaubriand* would become feu Chateaubriand; a phrase at once consistent with the delicacy of French sensibility and suggestive of the close adhesion of French derivatives to their Latin originals.

[1] I prefer, and here use, the English pronunciation of princess, the stress being on the last syllable.

Unhappy man, who heeded not the words
Which from the prophet-lips of his betrothed 345
He heard[1] . . .
Whom when I saw ready to dare the field,
I them bespeak : 'Comrades,[2] most rashly brave,
If your desire is great to follow him
Who dares most desperate chances, look ye once
Where stand the fortunes of the day. Each God 350
By aid of whom this Empire stood is gone ;
Let us then die, die rushing on the foe.
Safety the conquered have in this alone,
That they of safety yield up every hope.'
"Thus to the men was fury added on. 355

[1] "Audierit." . . .

A line of one word. The reason of its brevity uncertain. It should be borne in mind that, throughout this Book and the next, Æneas is speaking, and that, throughout his narration, he is affected with deep feeling. The poet may have thought this a proper place for a pause, indicating this sensibility on the part of his hero.

[2] This is a word which, it is useless to conceal, gives us VIRGILIANS a world of trouble. It seems too juvenile. Accordingly, the attempt is made by each and all of us to escape the exact Latin : "juvenis."

DRYDEN attempts "Brave souls."

PITT : "Ye bold, brave youths."

SYMMONS : "Youths, sublimely brave."

CONINGTON : "Brave spirits."

MORRIS : "O fellows fair."

CRANCH : "O warriors, gallant hearts."

PIERCE : "O souls most brave."

LONG : "Warriors, hearts brave . . . "

Greek literature is full of these boyish words. "O, Solon, Solon, you Greeks are always boys," were the words of the high-priest of Egypt to the Athenian law-giver. Pericles observed, in the streets of Athens, Socrates astride of a stick, "playing horse" with some school-boys. The orator enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of his undignified friend, but the philosopher retorted, as his steed switched the sandals of his critic, "Am I not too a boy ?"

And then, like ravenous wolves whom hunger drives
Blind wanderers in the pitch-black night, the while
Await them with parched jaws their starving cubs,
Go we to death not doubtful, and we take
The city's broadest way, where dangers thick
Around us crowd from arms and enemies ranked.
Encircles us of night the hollow cave. 360
Who can describe the slaughters of that night?
Or who its horrors paint? or with his tears
Its labors all lament? Long, long, supreme,
An ancient city falls. Throughout her streets
In numbers vast lie strewn in their own homes,
And e'en within the thresholds of the Gods,
The bodies of the dead. Nor Teucrian blood alone
The cost hath paid. Courage at times the hearts
Of vanquished men have taken, and then
Corpses are seen of the victorious Greeks. 365
O'er all is bitter woe; o'er all is dread
And the pale images of ghastly death.

"First of the Greeks, a great troop following him, 370
Androgeos meets us, thinking us his friends,
And thus with friendly words he us bespeaks:
'Men, hurry on, what *makes* ye so hang back?
Some bands advance to seize and burn the towers;
And ye, are ye just landed from the ships?' 375

"He said; but instantly, (for answers came
Not pleasing to his ear,) he felt himself
Surprised amidst his foes . . . ![1]

[1] Here I must beg pardon for supplying a dramatic pause not provided for in the text.

Amazed he drew back foot and voice at once.[1]
Like one who in rough paths an adder meets,
And on th' astonished reptile sets his foot, 380
But from his heightening wrath and purple neck
That swells with rage, draws back, Androgeos shrank
All trembling from the sight. Forward we rush,
Surrounded [2] by dense arms, a flashing flood
And them all ignorant of the place and chained
By fear we slay. Fortune propitious breathed 385
Upon our first attempt. Exulting now,
Corœbus, by success inspirited, cries

[1] DRYDEN: "Amazed he would have shunned th' unequal fight."
CONINGTON: "He sees him fallen among the toils,
And foot and voice alike recoils."
MORRIS: "Then foot and voice aback he drew, and stood amazed there."

[2] "Circumfundimur," say the VIRGILIANS, has here an *active* sense, But why? Both fact and fancy deny this interpretation, and I have accordingly retained the passive sense. It heightens the merits of the achievement, and besides is, to me, an unavoidable construction, because, as I understand the narrative of Æneas, he found himself with a few friends surrounded by Androgeos and his numerous troop,— his "heavy squad," as LONG phrases it. One regret I have in filing this dissenting opinion, and that is in not being in a frame of mind to adopt, in this instance, the pretty words of CONINGTON: —

"Our arms we mass, and close them round."

That is, we mass them and unmass them, a form of expression better adapted to amatory than to military poetry.

RUÆUS (Charles La Rue) says that "circumfundimur" may have the sense of "miscemur." If the Trojans were not mixed on this occasion, the wits of their critics have been, — as mixed as the wits of Corœbus.

ANTHON attempts to escape the dilemma by resort to a species of strategy familiar to politicians, — taking to the fence. He says, evasively, that the word must be understood as being used in a middle sense. The word embraces, by its first constituent, the idea of a circle. As soon as you adapt to a circle the idea of a middle sense you cease to have your circle, or even your ellipse. A circle or ellipse, or even a rhomboid (and the question before us is largely mathematical), can have no middle sense. A star follows its orbit, but not in a middle sense.

'Where first, O friends, vague Fortune forth the way
With her right hand directs, let us pursue.
Let us the Greeks' shields and their trappings[1] take,
Exchanging with the dead. Valor or fraud,
What difference towards a foe?' Thus he, and then 390
Put on Androgeos' hairy crest, and took
From the dead arm its ornamented shield
Wrought fair with cunning work, and strapped the sword
Of the Greek chieftain to his side. And so,
With glad delight, did Ripheus, Dymas' self, 395
And all our comrades. So in our new spoil
Are we accoutred. Mixed with the Greeks we go,
Not with our own God ensigned, and by night
And blind chance guided, many a battle wage
And many a soul to gloomy Orcus send.
Some flee towards the ships, the trusty shore,
Some, moved by fear, seek out the monster horse, 400

[1] "Insignia." COOPER remarks that the trappings of the Greeks were decorated with the figure of Neptune, those of the Trojans with that of Minerva; and these insignia were the ready means of recognizing the respective parties of combatants.

It will be interesting to note how the other VIRGILIANS treat these insignia: —

DRYDEN: "Devices."
SYMMONS: "Helmets."
CONINGTON: "Cognizance."
CRANCH: "Badges."
MORRIS: "Tokens."
PIERCE: "Plumes."
LONG: "Armor."
PITT ignores.

And hide them in that once familiar place.
But ah! no man in aught can trust 'gainst whom
The offended Gods have their decrees sent forth.
"Behold! Cassandra, Priam's child, is dragged
From Pallas' shrines, her hair all loose, her eyes,
Those lights whence shone the maiden's prophet-
soul,[1] 405
In vain directed to the heavens — her eyes,
For chains her gentle hands held fast. This sight
Corœbus could not bear. Furious in rage
Headlong upon the spoilers fierce he fell,
Of life regardless. Follow we, and rush
On their massed arms. From the shrine's roof
Our own men's weapons strike us, and we die 410

[1] "Ardentia lumina."

THOMPSON, in his *Tragedy of Agamemnon*, thus describes Cassandra: —

"This Priam's fairest daughter
Is a young princess of engaging beauty
Heightened by distress, of noble sense and spirit
But by poetic visions led astray.
She dreamed Apollo loved her, and the gift
Of prophecy bestowed to gain her promise,
The gift once hers, the chastely faithless maid
Deceived the God, who, therefore, in revenge
Since he could not recall it, made it useless,
Forever doomed to meet with disregard."

Act IV. Scene 1.

SHAKESPEARE'S passage is also graphic: —

Cassandra (within): Cry, Trojans, cry!
Priam: What noise? what shriek is this?
Troilus: 'T is our mad sister; I do know her voice.
Cassandra (within): Cry, Trojans!
Hector: It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, *raving.*

Cassandra: Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
Hector: Peace, sister, peace."

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Act II. Scene 2.

Most wretched deaths, our armor's fashion changed,
And our Greek crests misleading. Yet we seize
The prophet-princess; and in rage they rush
From every quarter; Ajax, bitterest foe,
And the twin kings, and all the Dolops' bands; 415
As when conflict in cyclones adverse Winds,
Wild West, keen North, and plunging East, rejoiced
Through Earth his steeds Eoian to lash free;
The forests bent ring shrill, and the salt sea,
By Nereus' trident tost, leaps to the stars.
They, too, appear, who by our fraud misled 420
Through the dark night and troubled shadows lurked,
And now first know our lying battle-gear,
And now first recognize our broken speech.
Corœbus now Peneleüs strikes down,
Close by Minerva's very altar-stone,
The Goddess she armipotent o'er all. 425
Then Ripheus falls, most just of Trojan men[1]
And ablest leader of the Trojan horse:
(But no! the offended Gods deemed otherwise:)
Hypanis, Dymas, were by friends borne down;
Nor, Panthus, did abounding piety's power
Thee rescue, nor Apollo's panoply screen. 430
"Ye Trojan ashes! ye last lingering flames
Of my slain friends, be ye my witnesses
That in your cause no weapon have I shunned,
Nor of the Danaans any onset fled;

[1] DANTE, in the Twentieth Canto of the *Paradise*, mentions Ripheus as one of the "saintly splendors." He would seem to have been a Trojan Alcibiades.

And if the Fates had been that I should fall,
Mine own right hand hath earned mine overthrow!
"Now, driven apart, my band takes different paths.
With me Iphitus stays, stays Pelias too: 435
Iphitus with the burden of his age,
And Pelias wounded by Ulysses' sword.
"Thence by the noise to Priam's palace called,
We found a monster fight, as though no sign
Of battle had been seen elsewhere, and none
Were elsewhere dying in all Troy. As Mars 440
Resolved, the Greeks we see, the royal house
Attacking, and a tortoise formed to scale
The entrance gate. 'Gainst walls the ladders lean,
And on their steps, fearless of foes,[1] they mount.

[1] "Sub postes ipsos." My phrase, "fearless of foes," gives a new significance to the attitude of the Greeks, opposing, to the guards posted on the battlements, with their left hands their shields, while with their right hands they grasp the top of the wall. I have here ventured on a new reading. "Postes" I construe to be the *men* posted above, not the door-posts of the building below. My reading rescues me from the troubles of the translators as seen in the excerpts which I will presently give.

The word *postes*, "door-posts," "doors," or men, occurs three times in this immediate neighborhood: here (line 442), "sub postes ipsos;" line 454, "postes relicti à tergo;" and line 480, "postes æratos." In the two latter lines the posts were made of metal, stone, or wood; in the former of flesh and blood.

For "sub postes ipsos" CONINGTON says: "E'en *by* the doors." If a besieging party could get in by the doors, they would not need to scale the entrance-gate with a tortoise or the walls with scaling-ladders. They would save themselves those laborious and hazardous methods of approach.

DRYDEN has it: —

"Some mount the scaling-ladders; some more bold,
Swerve upwards, and by posts and pillars hold."

But this attitude is perplexing, and the Latin is not *by* posts, but *under* posts, — under the very posts.

CRANCH says: "Beneath the very portals they ascend upon the steps."

Their left hands hold their shields against attack;
Their right hands grasp the battlements; while towers 445
And roofs the Trojans break in shreds piled up,
That with these weapons, at extremity launched,
They may the desperate struggle still prolong.
Down tear they gilded rafters which had long
The homes adorned of honored ancestors;
While others stood, with flashing weapons keen,
Massed in close-serried ranks, to guard the doors. 450
Strong, then, our courage mounted to assist
The royal house, to aid of valorous men
The heavy stress, and strengthen the lost cause.[1]
And how to enter? In the rear a door, 455

Of the scaling-ladders? A thing impossible. The ladders would be above the portals.

MORRIS: —

"The ladders cling unto the walls. Men by the door-posts get
Some foothold up."

This is difficult to comprehend. The men on the ladders could make no use of the door-posts; besides, VIRGIL does not say *by* the door-posts, but *under* the posts.

ANTHON avoids the responsibility by saying, "And they mount the scaling-ladders *close* to the very door-posts." This is feeble, senile.

COOPER: "The troops ascend *by the door-steps up to the very doors.*" But what becomes of the scaling-ladders?

LONG follows COOPER in his sublime flight: —

"They climb the steps even to the jambs."

PITT is safe, but safe by entirely ignoring the question of the posts. Thus: —

"Fly up the steep ascent *where danger calls.*"

PIERCE follows PITT: "Long ladders to the ramparts cling; and step by step they hew their upward way." This is said like a soldier and like a scholar, and in utter disregard of the posted guards.

SYMMONS, without qualification or reserve, ignores the whole phrase.

[1] "Vimque addere victis."

Concealed from outer view, gave easy way
To all the numerous buildings of the court.
The way it was, through which, while Troy yet was,
Andromache, sad, and worn, without her suite,
Would lead along [1] her boy Astyanax bright
On visits to his royal relatives old,
Priam and Hecuba, who loved the lad.[2]
Admitted here I reach the topmost tower [3]
Of all the royal pile, whence flew a rain
Of weapons by our wretched men hurled down
Upon the heads of angry foes. Its edge
A turret high sustained, raised to the stars, 460
Wherefrom the view commanded all of Troy,
The Danaan navy, ever [4] there, and camps
Achaian. This, where it the roof-top joined,
With iron tools we pry, and, sudden, push

[1] "Trahebat." The same word which has been used in line 403. Cassandra was dragged along by her captors; the boy was dragged, or pulled, along by his mother: Cassandra resisting, Astyanax unable to keep up. The mention of this secret passage is adroit on the part of the poet, as it suggests the familiarity of Æneas with the most private portions of the palace. Indeed, VIRGIL is so intent upon making this idea prominent that he uses four independent phrases to express it, any two of which would have answered the purpose. The allusion to the boy is touching enough.

[2] "Who loved the lad" are words not required by the original, but are an amplification consistent with truth, and the account for which may be balanced by charging it against VIRGIL's repetitions.

[3] Here again appears the art of the poet in making his hero arrive at once, through his familiarity with the palace, at its topmost tower: —

"Evado ad summi fastigia culminis."

I do not find that any of the translators have appreciated this point.

The force of the word will be seen when we consider that it is the root of our word "culminate." VIRGIL (line 290, ante) uses the same word in describing the fall of Troy: "Ruit a culmine Troja." PLINY, too, gives to it the highest sense: "Principium, culmenque omnium rerum." (Pliny, 9, 35, 54, sec. 106.)

[4] "Et Danaum *solitæ* naves."

Down from its lofty seat. Thundering it falls, 465
And ruin wide it makes among the Greeks.
But others come ; nor doth the war of stones
Have for a moment lull, nor clash of arms,[1]
Throughout its din portentous . . .[2]
"At the main entrance, by the very door,
With weapons brilliant, and with bronze aflame, 470
Pyrrhus[3] exults, as when comes forth to light

[1] PITT here seems to miss the idea; and so seems CRANCH. CRANCH says: —

"Nor do *we* cease
To hurl down stones and missiles of all sorts."

DRYDEN and MORRIS, the one tersely, the other quaintly, give the larger idea: —

"We cease not from above,
Nor they below relent."
"Nor drift of stones doth lack,
Nor any kind of weapon-shot at any time go slack."

SYMMONS: —

"The assault returns,
And the fresh conflict in its fury burns."

[2] "Telorum inter arma cessat genus."

A line lacking length. The reason uncertain, unless by it the poet meant to intimate that the din had drowned the voice of the minstrel.

[3] HOMER records that in the Lower World Ulysses met Achilles, and there speaks to him of his son Pyrrhus: —

"Save noble Memnon only I beheld
No chief at Ilium beautiful as he.
Again, when we within the horse of wood
Framed by Epeüs sat, an ambush chosen
Of all the bravest Greeks, and I in trust
Was placed to open or to keep fast-closed
The hollow fraud; then every Chieftain there
And Senator of Greece wiped from his cheeks
The tears, and tremors felt in every limb;
But never saw I changed to terror's hue
His ruddy cheeks, no tears wiped *he* away,
But oft he pressed me to go forth, his suit
With prayers enforcing, griping hard his hilt
And his bronze-burdened spear, and dire revenge
Denouncing, ardent, on the race of Troy."

COWPER, *Odyssey*, Book II, line 637.

A snake on poison fed who leaves the earth,
Where through the winter he had dormant lain,
With skin renewed and sleek, and head high-raised
And ardent in the sun ; and in his mouth 475
His triple-tongue darts rage.[1] Periphas huge
And grim Automedon's self, who now
Bears Pyrrhus' arms, and while he lived,
Drove forth Achilles' steeds to fiery war ;[2]
And all the youth of Scyros ; these approach,
The Scyrians casting firebrands on the roofs.
Pyrrhus himself strides foremost, and assails
The stubborn thresholds with a double axe.
Fly the bronze doors from off their hinges huge, 480
And, the wood reached, the firm logs yield, and soon
Stands wide a window with its open mouth.
The inner house is seen,[3] and the long halls ;

[1] VIRGIL borrows this description of a serpent from his Third Georgic, lines 425 to 439. The serpent is the boa, such as destroyed Laocoön and his sons, such as the infant Hercules strangled, and such as gave battle to the army of Regulus.

[2] Among the VIRGILIANS some confusion exists here. Some of them make Periphas the charioteer. My construction is sustained by HOMER, by ANTHON, and by the rules of grammar.

> "His coursers, then, Automedon prepared,
> And Alcimus, adjusting diligent
> The fair caparisons; they thrust the bits
> Into their mouths, and to the chariot seat
> Extended and made fast the reins behind
> The splendid scourge commodious to the grasp
> Seizing, at once Automedon upsprang
> Into his place; behind him, armed complete
> Achilles mounted, as the orient sun
> All dazzling." COWPER, *Iliad*, 19, 474.

[3] Thus Rinaldo, in the *Jerusalem Delivered*, storms down the gates of the Temple of Solomon (WIFFEN'S TASSO, Canto 19): —

And bare the penetralial hearths stand forth
Of Priam and the ancient dynasties great;
And ranked before them are the men in arms. 485
But in the halls more private misery reigns
And lamentation, and the hollow walls
Ring with the shrieks of women, shrieks which pierce

"Nor brass nor marble stone could stand before
The sudden force of that tremendous blow;
The sounding hinges from the rock it tore,
Broke the strong locks, and laid the portals low;
Nor battering engine, nor balista-bow
Nor fulmining petard, death's thunderball,
Could have done more: in, like a deluge, flow
Through the void pass vast numbers, at the call
Of the triumphant youth, the inspiring soul of all.
Their dreadful slaughter black and mournful made
That lofty pile, once consecrate to God."

ALISON (History of Europe, Vol. I. p. 728) quotes this passage as apropos to the assault made by the Parisian mob upon the Royal Palace at Versailles: —

"The King having returned, the inner doors of the Œuil de Bœuff were closed, and the ante-chamber filled with grenadiers, who succeeded in keeping out the mob from that last asylum. But, with that exception, the whole interior of the Palace was ransacked by the savage multitude; the splendor of ages was suddenly exposed to the indiscriminate gaze of the lowest of the people.

'Apparet domus intus, et atria longa patescunt;
Apparent Priami et veterum penetralia regum,
Armatosque vident stantes in limine primo.'

But for the intrepid defense of the body-guard, and the exertions of the Marquis de Vaudreuil, who succeeded in reviving in the French guards some sparks of their ancient royalty, the king himself, and the whole royal family, would have fallen a prey to the assassins. They dragged the bodies of two of the body-guard, who had been massacred below the windows of the king, beheaded them, and carried the bloody heads in triumph, upon the point of their pikes, through the streets of Versailles. At the first alarm, General Lafayette, whose unfortunate absence from the scene of danger had produced such alarming effects, threw himself upon his horse, and hastened to the spot. He made an impassioned harangue to the grenadiers of the guard, and succeeded in prevailing upon them to defend the captives."

The golden stars ; while wander here and there
Through those great halls of state, in harrowing fear,
Pale matrons who their trembling arms around 490
The columns throw, and on them kisses fix
In mute despair. With force, as of his sire,
Doth Pyrrhus smite, nor bars, nor guards avail.
Shrink 'neath the constant blows the yielding door,
And prostrate falls the mass of wood and bronze.
Makes force way.[1] All curbs yield. The Greek steel slays.
And o'er the bodies of the slain rush in
The soldiery red, and fill the princely place. 495
Less fierce the foaming river breaks its banks,
Whelms the opposing mounds, and, gaining force,
Sweeps o'er the meadows, and bears flocks and barns
Together in its course. Rabid with gore
Pyrrhus Neoptolémus saw I there ; 500
And, as they forward pressed, the Atrideans twain ;[2]
Saw Hecuba, and saw her daughters fair,[3]
And Priam at the altars, where the fires
Which he himself had blessed, his blood defiled.
And fell those bridal [4]-chambers, hope of heirs

[1] "Fit via vi." The active tense of the English words has the same sense.

[2] Agamemnon and Menelaus.

[3] A hundred daughters-in-law VIRGIL seems to say, but this is exaggerative.

[4] Fifty, if poetic exaggeration must prevail.

For this exaggeration VIRGIL has the sanction of HOMER: —

So great, and with barbaric gold and spoils
Superb. Seize Greeks whate'er by fire is spared,[1]
"Perhaps, too, thou [2] mayst ask 'What was the fate
Of Priam?' When he saw his city lost,
And saw hewn down his very palace-doors,
And saw invade with uncurbed insolence foul
The inmost portions of his home his foes,
Arms long unused upon his palsied limbs
Trembling with age, incapable of fear,
He buckles firm, girds to his side his sword,
A useless toy, and marches forth to die,
To die where throng the thickest ranks of foes.[3]
In the mid-court beneath the open heaven

"But when he entered Priam's palace, built
With splendid porticoes, and which within
Had fifty chambers lined with polished stone,
Contiguous all, where Priam's sons reposed
And his sons' wives, and where, on the other side
In twelve magnificent chambers also lined
With polished marble, and contiguous all,
The sons-in-law of Priam lay beside
His spotless daughters . . ."

COWPER, *Iliad*, 6, 298.

[1] "Tenent Danai qua deficit ignis."

[2] "Requiras," *thou* mayest ask. Æneas, with due regard to courtly rule, addresses this question from a monarch of a monarch to a monarch, to Queen Dido alone, not to the entire audience. Of the VIRGILIANS, CRANCH, MORRIS and PIERCE make the point. The others miss it. In Christian History, ST. LUKE'S Gospel, chap. 22 (verses 31 and 32), furnishes a similar instance.

[3] "Ac densos fertur moriturus in hostes."

"His iron mace he grasps with both his hands,
Girds fast the trusty sabre to his thigh,
And in the attempted pass intrepid stands,
The whole Frank people singly to defy."

TASSO of Aladine. WIFFEN, Canto 19.

A massive altar stood, and near it grew
A laurel-tree [1] most ancient. In its shade
The altar it embraced and household Gods,
Whose images [2] stood near. Here Hecuba sad 515
Had come, she and her daughters grouped, in vain,
Around the sacred places, like to doves
Driven keen by tempests black and clinging close.
She, when she saw, all in his youthful guise,
King Priam armed: 'What dire resolve,' she said,
'Unhappy spouse, impels thee thus to arm? 520
Or whither dost thou rave? Not aid like this,
Not champions weak like these, the times demand.[3]
Nay, not e'en were my Hector here again.
Here stop thou, then; [4] this altar us will save,
Or here we 'll die together.' Thus she spoke,
And took the old man with her, and him placed
Beneath the laurel'd shade among the Gods.[5] 525
"Behold, however, from the slaughter slipped
Of Pyrrhus, Polites, one of the sons
Of Priam, wounded sore, across the halls,
And through the porticoes, a gauntlet runs
Of foes and darts, while Pyrrhus, in hot rage,
Pursues. Now, now, his spear hath reached him,[6] 530
And falls he the eyes before of parents both,
And with much blood his youthful life pours forth.

[1] Emblem of peace.

[2] Statuettes of the Penetralian Gods at Rome, according to MACROBIUS, were, simply, sitting forms of young men, each holding in his hand a javelin.

[3] "Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget."

[4] "Huc tandem concede."

[5] "Et sacra longævum in sede locavit."

[6] "Jam, jamque manu tenet et premit hasta."

Then Priam, albeit in the gloom of death
He stood, yet held not back, nor voice nor rage
Restrained. 'Thee, for this black and daring crime,' 535
He said 'may heaven, if aught of piety's laws
There yet remains,[1] and takes account of such,
Return thee worthy thanks and due reward,
Thou who hast on my son foul murder wrought
Before my face, and hast defiled with death
His parents' eyes. And so not he whom thou 540
Dost falsely father call, Achilles, dealt
In warfare erst with Priam. For he blushed
In fealty to good faith and suppliants' rights,[2]
And Hector's corpse for burial rendered up,
And me sent back into my kingdom safe.'
So spake the aged monarch, and he threw 545
A warless, forceless, spear [3] which, from the bronze
Hoarse-sounding straight repelled, hung idly [4] down
From the rough upper border of the shield.
"To Priam Pyrrhus answer thus returned:
'These things report, and go, thyself, below,
To bear the message to my sire the son

[1] "Si qua est cœlo pietas."
A phrase which, like others in the "Tale of Troy," suggests how completely the divine powers seem to have abandoned Troy.

[2] "Sed jura fidemque
Suppliciis erubuit."

[3] "Telumque imbelle sine ictu."

[4] "Nequidquam umbone pependit."
The word "nequidquam" has suggested to me "the idle thunder" of DRYDEN in his *Annus Mirabilis*:—
"And threatening France, placed like a painted Jove,
Held idle thunder in his lifted hand,"
And the "painted ship" of COLERIDGE.

Of Peleus. Tell him these my dreadful deeds,
And how degenerate is his worthless son,
Neoptolémus [1] named. Forget it not.
Now die.' Thus speaking he him trembling dragged 550
Unto the very altar-stones with blood
All slippery of his son, and while with force
He held his left hand twisted in his hair,
He with his right his flaming falchion raised
And to the hilt it buried in his side.[2]
Such was the fate of Priam, such his end.
He died beholding Troy in flames, and all 555
Her towers hurled prostrate to the dust: he once
The ruler proud of Asia, boasting realms
So vast and populous grown. Now on the shore
He lies a trunk immense, his head hewn off
From the broad shoulders, and a nameless corpse.[3]

[1] For various good considerations "me thereunto moving," I prefer this pronunciation to the more pompous and difficult one of Neop*tol*emus.

[2] SHAKESPEARE (Hamlet, 2, 2,) has a description of this scene, in which occur the fine pen-picture: —

"And like a painted tyrant Pyrrhus stood,"

and the fine metaphor: —

"Pyrrhus' bleeding sword."

[3] As to Æneas allowing Priam to be slain before his eyes: It must be borne in mind that it was a thing of a moment, and that Æneas, at the time, was on top of the tower. Besides, although Æneas was, as husband of a daughter of Priam, his son-in-law, there seems to have been no warm personal friendship, and even very little public intercourse, between them. Priam held him aloof. When Deiphobus sought out Æneas,

"Him he found afar stationed, remotest of the host of Troy,
For he resented, evermore, his worth
By Priam recompensed with cold neglect."

COWPER, *Iliad*, Book 13, line 563.

VILLOISSIN says Priam was jealous of him on account of his great popularity.

"Then, for the first time, savage horror [1] seized
And held me stunned. Came to my mind the form 560
Of my dear father, he of age the same
As he, the prostrate monarch whom I saw
His life exhaling through a cruel wound.
Came to my mind Creusa left alone,
My plundered home destroyed, and how it stood
With little Iülus.[2] Look I around
To see what force [3] remains to me, but all,
Aye all, worn out with wretchedness, are gone, 565
And either to the earth have leaped, or given
Their miserable bodies to the flames.
And I alone remain. The brilliant light
My [4] path makes clear, as I descend and gain

[1] "Sævus horror."

"Sad fear, till then a thing unknown, found place
Within his boisterous heart, and paled his daring face." —
Tancred in *The Enchanted Forest.* TASSO, Thirteenth Canto.

[2] "Et parvi casus Iuli."

[3] "Copia." CRANCH: "Forces," in the plural. But SYMMONS and PIERCE's word, "Force," which I adopt, in the singular, is better, is the best that has yet been used by any VIRGILIAN. PHAER, more than three hundred years before CRANCH and PIERCE, and more than a hundred years before DRYDEN, had nearly reached the meaning: —

"I lookéd, and about me view'd what *strength* I might me make."

PIERCE's military use of the word "force" suggests a clause which I have found in the shrewd and humorous will of an Earl of Pembroke who flourished during the Protectorate: —

"Item: I give my two best saddle-horses to the Earl of Denbigh, whose legs, methinks, must soon begin to fail him. As regards my other horses, I bequeath them to Lord Fairfax, that when Cromwell and his council take away his commission, he may still have some *horse* to command." Concordat cum originali.

[4] DRYDEN, PITT, SYMMONS, CONINGTON, and CRANCH rightly interpret this passage as applicable to the wandering steps of Æneas. MORRIS and PIERCE make it apply to the steps of Helen, a wrong interpretation, as Helen was concealing herself, not wandering about. In order to give the

The courts below. My eager eyes search out 570
Whate'er their search may meet, when I observe,
In humble attitude hidden in Vesta's fane,
Silent and secret and avoiding all,
Helen, King Tyndarus' daughter. There she sat,
At once the Erinnys of her land and ours,
Concealed by shrines which loathed her,[1] and in dread
Of penalties to come which hunted her,
From Teucrians, for their power and city lost,
And from the Greeks, and from the wrath inflamed
Of her deserted spouse. My heart flashed fire 575
And sudden rage possessed me to avenge
My fallen country, and infliet on crime
Its punishment due. "Shall she secure behold
The Spartan land and fair Mycenæ's realms,
And ride a queen in solemn triumph borne?

true force of the passage, I have transposed the parts, — making Æneas descend from the tower and wander about the city before he finds Helen.

PHAER, on this passage, gave early light: —

"And now alone was left but I, when Vesta's temple-stair
To keep, and secretly to lurk, all crouching close in chair,
Dame Helen I might see to sit; bright burnings gave me light,
Wherever I went, the ways I passed, *all thing* was set in sight."

PHAER's version was of the first seven Books, and it certainly has merits; not enough, however, to justify a modern writer, the author of a *Biography of Milton's Nephews*, in saying "that *nothing in language or conception can exceed*" PHAER's style in this passage. PHAER makes Æneas say: —

"Men shall commend my zeal, and ease I shall my mind outright."

But who shall commend the zeal of such a eulogist of PHAER easing, in such an excessive way, his mind outright?

[1] "Invisa." I give the admirable interpretation of Voss. Some interpret the phrase to mean that Helen was "unseen." But she was not unseen, although avoiding observation. Some interpret it to mean that Helen was "hated." "Yes," says Voss, "*aris*, by the very altars."

Shall she her spouse behold, her native land,
Her children, and her parents, while a crowd
Of Trojan maids and warriors swell her train 580
And wait upon her steps? Shall Priam fall
Beneath the sword? Shall Troy expire in flames?
And the whole coast be soaked in Trojan blood? . . .[1]
Not so![2] For though no honorable fame
From punishment of women can arise
Nor hath such victory praise, yet true it is 585
That wrong to end for praise doth fairly call,
And chastisement deserved to give is just;
And what a burden from my heart removed
Of fire that cries for vengeance, and how sweet
Peace to invoke upon the ashes dread
Of what were once my countrymen beloved!'
"Such things I meditated with a mind
Enraged, when came, (and ne'er before so clear
To my pleased vision,) splendid through the night 590
My mother dear, Goddess confessed, as seen
In spheres above by those who dwell in heaven.[3]

[1] Here is the incoherent language of anger; and the words well display the vehemence of the speaker. These few lines alone should settle the question as to the authenticity of the entire passage. The style is uniquely VIRGILIAN.

[2] "Non ita!" Here is the bigoted "*ne se*" of ROGER, Duke of Neustria, refusing homage to Charles the Simple.

[3] "Qualisque videri cœlicolis."

DRYDEN: —

"Never so radiant did her eyes appear;
Not her own star confessed a light so clear;
Great in her charms as when, on Gods above,
She looks, and breathes herself into their love."

Me, pressing forward,[1] she held back, her hand,
Her own right hand, restraining me, and too,
The words that from her rosy lips came forth:
'My son, what grief[2] is this that crazes thee
And prompts to such great wrath, and why 595
For our[3] affairs hath ceased the care they claim?
Why not seek thou, first, where thou may'st have left
Thy sire Anchises burdened down with years,
Whether thy wife Creüsa yet survives,
And Iülus thy boy, all whom the Greeks
On all sides hem about, and whom, unless
My care had saved, the flames had swept away, 600
And hostile swords had sucked the life-blood of.[4]
Not she, the daughter of the Spartan king,[5]

[1] I find that none of the VIRGILIANS, except DRYDEN and LONG appreciate the force of VIRGIL's

"... dextra prehensum
Continuit ..."

and the

"... roseoque hæc insuper addidit ore,"

and DRYDEN only obscurely.

MORRIS says: —

"So my right hand she caught
And held me, and from rosy lip moreover added word."

VIRGIL says she caught *him* with *her* right hand, and held him back. It was not necessarily a hand-shake, as MORRIS supposes. Elsewhere (Book First, line 408) Æneas complains that he was refused the grasp of his mother's hand.

SYMMONS is quite wrong: "My hand she held."

[2] His grief for the public loss. So she is about to remind him of his domestic troubles.

[3] "Nostri."

[4] "Hauserit."

[5] "O heavenly Justice! sharp, if long delayed,
On wicked nations falls thy chastening rod:
Under thy secret influence, at thy nod,

Nor Paris, guilty though he be, not they,
The Gods, the Gods, 't is their displeasure dire
These works hath overthrown, and from her height
Hurls Troy.[1] And see! The cloud that darkens o'er
Thy mortal vision and the mist that veils 605
Drive I away. Fear not to heed my words.
Fear not my wishes to fulfil. Behold
Where ruins ruins climb and stones tear stones, and where
Ascends the column dun of mingled smoke
And dust. There with his trident Neptune plies 610

Rage woke in hearts by nature soft and mild;
Till the grim Frank alone on corses trod,
And the revilers, in their turn reviled,
Washed with their blood the fane their sins had late defiled."

To that passage in the 24th Book of the *Iliad* in which Helen laments the fate of Hector, H. N. Coleridge adds the following note: —

"Helen is throughout the Iliad a genuine lady, graceful in motion and speech, noble in her associations, full of remorse for a fault for which higher powers seem responsible, yet grateful and affectionate towards those with whom that fault had connected her."

This seems to be the almost exceptionless opinion as to the true character of Helen, — an opinion which has made some scholars place the passage in which Æneas avows his inclination to destroy Helen in a parenthesis, so subjecting its authenticity to doubt, while others utterly discard the passage as unworthy of Æneas or of Virgil.

Homer's words in the Third Book are in strong support of Coleridge:

"To whom thus Helen, loveliest of her sex,
'My other Sire! by me forever held
In reverence, and with filial fear beloved!
O that some cruel death had been my choice
Rather than to abandon, as I did,
All joys domestic, matrimonial bliss,
Brethren, dear daughter, and companions dear,
A wanderer with thy son.'"

Cowper, *Iliad*, Book 3, line 198.

[1] Tancred saw Troy's Fall pictured in the Enchanted Forest: —

"Wide and aloft the smoking fires extend,
And, in the form of high, embattled walls,

The walls, and heaves the rocky bed whereon
Troy rests. And there behold Juno severe!
She stands above the Scæan Gate supreme,
A sword her belt displays,[1] and from their ships
The Greeks, her comrades, calls she to the fray
With voice divine . . . [2]
There look! And there! Tritonian Pallas sits 615
On highest citadel throned in glory bright,
Armed with the Gorgon-shield. The mighty Jove,
The Father, courage lends and strength his own
Unto the foe, and he himself the Gods
'Gainst Ilium rallies.[3] Son, escape, take flight,
And end thy toils and dangers manifold.

The loftier flames roll into gorgeous halls
Fantastically towered and fortified
With warlike engines darting sulphurous balls
To guard this new Gehenna; while, more wide,
Rocks climbed the clouds, with gold and burning crimson dyed."
TASSO, Canto 13.

[1] Achilles, in his defiance of Agamemnon, only *touches* his sword, not draws it. Jupiter *nods*. Juno wears the sword at her belt. The VIRGILIANS all neglect this opportunity — all except PIERCE and LONG, who, with the true instinct of military etiquette, say that Juno was "*girded* with a sword."

[2] "Ferro accincta vocat."

An imperfect line. It may be intended to note that the voice of the speaker choked at the consciousness that the Queen of Heaven was the enemy of his cause.

The Scæan gate was that gate which opened upon the field of battle. Near it was a beech-tree sacred to Jupiter.

"But Hector at the Scæan gate and beech
Meantime arrived, to whose approach the wives
And daughters flocked of Troy, inquiring each
The fate of husband, brother, son, or friend."
COWPER, *Iliad*, Book 6, line 292.

[3] "The father-god himself to Greeks their mights and courage steers
Himself against the Trojan blood both gods and armor rears."
PHAER.

Thee ne'er will I desert, thee will I place
Unharmed thy father's troubled home within.' 620
"No sooner had she spoken,[1] than, concealed
In sombre shades of night, she thence withdrew.
Appear the faces dire, the forms supreme
Of Gods majestic enemies to Troy,
The hostile powers of heaven . . ." [2]
"Yea, then saw I great Troy sink down in fire,
Neptunian Troy, from her foundations heaved, 625
All Troy in one vast stormy sea of flame,[3]
And, like an ancient ash, 'gainst which the blows
Fall thick and fast from double axes keen,
Sent forth by swains contending each with each,
She bends and, trembling, nods her leafy head
Until, quite conquered by her widening wounds, 630
She groans her last, and as she rushes down
From her proud seat upon the mountain's side,
Draws a wide track of ruin in her fall.[4]
"Descend I now, and led by heaven, pass on
'Midst flames and foes. Both flames and foes give way.
"And now, when to my father's threshold come,

[1] "Dixerat."

[2] "Numina magna deum."

Here, without doubt, the speaker is oppressed by the contemplation of the array of heavenly powers opposed to his beloved Troy, and the pause is a pause of deep and uncontrollable feeling.

[3] "Tum vero omne." "Yea" and "all" are here the effective words of our author, and to bring them both into the narration I have here introduced a supplementary line.

[4] VIRGIL was probably not well pleased with this simile. It was suggested by his love of rural life, and is well managed, but out of place. It is not suited to the horror and gravity of the situation. TASSO has borrowed it, and applied it, with greater appropriateness, to the fall of one of his heroes.

The old familiar home, he whom I sought, 635
The first of all, and would have carried high
Into the hills, my father, life to live,
Now Troy was lost, refused, or to go thence.
'Do ye,' he said, 'whose blood in full tide flows,
And whose firm powers themselves sustain, do ye
Of flight debate . . .[1] 640
Me if the Gods inscrutable had willed
A longer life, these seats they would have saved.
It is enough, yea, and more too, that I
Once Troy cut off[2] have seen and captured once.
Then leave with kind farewells my body placed
For death, death by my hand. Mercy the foe 645
Will feel, and only seek my spoils. A tomb
'T is easy to resign.[3] Long since to heaven
Unpleasing,[4] I have drawn out useless years.
Wherefore the Father of the Gods and King
Of men on me his thunder-storms hath breathed
And with his lightnings me hath closely sought.'
"Such[5] things recalling, he his purpose kept. 650

[1] "Vos agitate fugam."
A short line, and, without doubt, indicating a pause to denote the deep feeling of Anchises.

[2] In the time of Laomedon it was sacked by Hercules.

[3] "Facilis jactura sepulchri."
This phrase shows the desperation of the old man, and in the superstition of that and of this age must have made them suppose that his wits were gone.

[4] DRYDEN interpolates: —
"'T is long since I, *for my celestial wife*,
Loathed of the Gods, have dragged a lingering life."

[5] "Such" in a disparaging sense, — the imaginings of an old man. This was DRYDEN's opportunity, but he did not see it: or if he saw it, he did not improve it, probably for the reason that he himself, at the time he translated the Æneid, was a garrulous, if not a querulous, old man.

But we, dissolved [1] in tears, besought him all,
Creusa and Ascanius and myself,
Our people, too, that he would not so wreck
Our plans and so invite the impending doom.
Vain task! Unchanged his purpose still he holds.
Again to arms compelled, I long for death. 655
For now what counsel or what chance remains?
'Didst think, my sire, that, thou abandoned here,
I hence my foot would draw? Hath such a wrong
From thy mouth, father, found its way? If naught
Of this great city is to stand, the Gods
So ordering, and unto perishing Troy
Thee it hath pleased to add thyself and thine, 660
Wide stands the door to death. In blood deep-steeped
Of Priam Pyrrhus comes, he who the son
Before his father's face remorseless slays,
And who the father at the altar-stones
In dreadful murder leaves a headless trunk.
Was it for this, dear mother, that, through fire
And weapons, safe thou me hast brought, the foe 665
Here ravaging among my household Gods
To see, and these, my boy, my sire, my wife,
Each weltering in the mutual blood of each?
Arms, men, bring arms! Hope's last sad ray
Gleams out for conquered men! [2] The Greeks I seek;
I seek to see the battle rage afresh!
To-day we die, but die not unavenged!' 670

[1] "Effusi."

[2] "Arma, viri, ferte arma: vocat lux ultima victos."

"My sword again was belted, in my shield
My left arm I was placing, and the house
Was leaving, when my wife clung to my feet
Upon the threshold, and held up to me
Our little Iülus. 'If thou dost go 675
To perish let us follow thee. But if in arms
Thy judgment tells thee there is aught of hope,
Then first defend this house. To whom is left
Our little Iülus?[1] to whom thy sire?
And she whom heretofore thou hast called wife?'

"So shrieking with her grief the house she filled,
When suddenly a wondrous portent shone. 680
For while the boy within the arms was held
Of his sad parents, from his head a light
Poured forth, and on his delicate locks played flame
And on his temples harmless fed. Pale fear 685
Upon us seizes, and the burning hair,
Gleaming with holy fire, we strive to save
With running water brought from fountains near.
But, gladdened at the sight, Anchises raised
Towards the stars his eyes; and with his palms
Uplifted to the skies, his voice arose:
'Almighty Jove, if unto any prayers
Thou dost unbend, look upon us. Thus much. 690
And if such grace our piety may deserve,
Do thou, O Father, grant thine aid and show
By some plain sign this omen is from thee.'

"Scarce had the old man spoken, when was heard

[1] The repetition is Virgilian: "parvumque Iülum;" "parvus Iülus."

Upon the left[1] the thunder's sudden crash,
And gliding from the skies down through the gloom 695
A star was seen, its track a streak of fire,
Its light abundant gilding all the scene.
It see we sweep past all the headlands' heights
And sink, a brilliant orb, into the woods
Of Ida, showing us the way, and then
Through its long course a furrow shone in heaven,
And all about it sulphur-fumes sent forth.
By this convinced my father now the Gods
Doth praise and doth adore the sacred star: 700
'Now, now, I hold not back, I follow thee,
And where thou art, I am. My country's Gods,
Save thou my house, my grandson save! For yours
This augury is, and in your hands is Troy.
I yield, my son, nor longer ask delay,
And do thou lead me whither thou would'st go!'
"He said; and now more audibly the fire 705
Throughout the city roars, and the hot flames
Roll nearer. 'Come, my father dear, mount thou
Upon my neck. My shoulders I submit.
No heavy load for me thou 'lt be, and all
Our risks will be a common risk, our weal, 710
Our dangers, one, whate'er to us may chance.
With me will walk our little Iülus,

[1] When Æneas was leaving Troy, the heavens thundered *on the left,* — a favorable sign, — because, coming from his left, it must have proceeded from the right hand of the Supreme God.

So man, in the heroic ages, in the same sense that Moses stood upon Sinai, stood literally face to face with his God.

See ANTHON'S note, citing MORELLI.

While, following on behind, Creusa comes.
Ye, serving men and maids, attention give
To my commands. Beyond the city's gates
Is found a burial-place and temple old,
A shrine unused of Ceres ; and stands near
An ancient cypress, long preserved by zeal 715
Of pious people in the distant past.
To this one point let us approach by paths
Divergent. And do thou, my father, take
Within thy hands our holy things and Gods
Domestic. I from such bitter battle come
And slaughter recent, that 't were wrong in me,
So stained, to touch the sacred things until
In living water of the running stream
Washed clean . . .'[1] 720

" So now upon my shoulders broad I place
A robe, and spread a tawny lion's hide,
And take my burden up, while my right hand
Is held by little Iülus, the boy
His father following with unequal steps.
Follows the wife behind. We seek dark paths, 725
And me, whom, but a moment since, not spears
Could move, heard hurtling through the battle's din,
Nor dread array of Greeks in serried ranks,
Now every breeze disturbs, each sound alarms,

[1] "Abluero." A line of one word. The cause of its brevity probably a religious one. It records a religious purpose, with a religious reason. The religious character of Æneas was one inseparable from his duties as the leader of his people. VIRGIL proposes him as the image of a perfect lawgiver. As such, his duties included the establishing religious as well as civil government. The highest civil officers in the Roman State were also the highest religious dignitaries. Indeed, the title of Chief Pontiff went before that of all others.

Anxious and fearful for my carried charge
And wife and boy, companions of our flight.
"And now the gates we neared, and seemed to have shunned 730
All public ways, when fell upon our ears
The sudden sound of many coming feet.
My father, looking forward through the gloom,
Exclaims: 'Fly, fly, my son, I see them come;
Their burnished shields I see, their helmets' gleam!'
And here some adverse power, I know not what, 735
Deprived me trembling of my mind confused,
For while I hasten in my pathless course,
Avoiding public ways, my wife, alas!
Delays, and, whether lost by some sad fate,
Or wandered from the way, or stopped to rest,
('T is all in doubt,) we never saw her more. 740
Nor did I seek the lost one, nor think aught
Of where she might be till at the ancient shrine
Of Ceres we had all arrived. Then one
Was wanting to our gathered company drear,
From friends, from son and husband, from them all,
In some strange way, in some strange moment, gone. 745
What man, what God, did I not, frenzied, blame?
What blow more cruel feel in all Troy's woes?[1]
Commending, then, unto the rest my son,
My father, and the Trojan Gods, and all
Concealing in a hollow valley's shade,

[1] "Quem non incusavi amens hominumque deorumque?
Aut quid in eversa vidi crudelius urbe?"

I seek again the town, girt round with arms
Effulgent. Stands the case to re do all, 750
To go throughout the City, and again
My head against its dangers to oppose.[1]
"And first the walls I seek, and of the gate
The darkened entrances whence I had come.
And, back my footsteps tracing through the gloom
And by the glare of flames, all courage quailed
Before the horror of that night. Silence 755
Itself was dreadful. I our homestead sought,
That if by chance, by chance, she there might be!
Vain search! The Greeks were there, masters of all,
And flames, by wind impelled, were eating on.
Up to the summit, and a raging heat
Filled all the air. And then I seek again 760
The palace and the citadel, and see
The empty porticoes, and Juno's shrine,
Refuge of criminals.[2] There chosen guards
And [3] Phœnix and Ulysses dire the spoils
Were sorting out. Hither from all of Troy
Were brought the treasures snatched from shrines in flames,

[1] "Caput objectare periclis."

[2] There is a purpose in the mention of this shrine just before the names of Phœnix and Ulysses.

[3] This "and" I interpolate to aid the sense. The VIRGILIANS, except SYMMONS, omit it, thereby beggaring the amount of spoils and dwarfing all the facts. For it is absurd to suppose that in the most important point in a captured city, in a state of conflagration, *two* men only were on guard, and they busied with the work of sorting out the plunder. In view of police no less than military exigencies, the numbers of the guards should run into the hundreds. A numerous guard, indeed, would be necessary to keep in their places the captives, standing there, as the poet tells us, in long ranks.

And tables of the Gods, rare robes, and plate 765
Of solid gold. And there arranged, in lines
Drawn out, the captive boys and mothers pale
Stand round . . .[1]
Yet bold enough was I my voice to throw
Athwart the shadows, and with noise the ways
To fill. In vain lamenting sad I called 770
'Creusa!' and 'Creusa' o'er and o'er,
And roamed, with frenzy filled, the burning town.
Before me came a mournful shape, the shade
Of lost Creusa, but in size increased.
Appalled I was, stood up my hair, stuck fast
Within my jaws my frozen voice.[2] But she 775
With ghostly speech thus soothed my carking cares:
'O husband sweet, why should'st thou so indulge
In senseless grief? Not without heaven's decree
Have these things come to pass, nor was it meet,
Nor by great Jove allowed, that thou should'st have
Creusa as companion of thy flight.
Long exile lies before thee, and of sea 780
A vast expanse to traverse, and thy ships
Shall bring thee to Hesperia, land where leads,
'Midst lordly fields of men, the Lydian stream
Its gentle march, the Tiber. Prosperous days,
A realm and royal spouse, shall meet thee there.
For thy Creusa loved drive far away

[1] "Stant circum." An imperfect line, which we must attribute to the affectionate disposition and patriotic heart of the speaker, whom, we should never forget, is Æneas.

[2] Obstupui, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit."

Thy tears. Not I the seats superb shall see 785
Of Myrmidons, nor proud Dolopian homes,
Nor bend in service to the Grecian dames,
A Dardan I, and spouse of Venus' son,
But Cybele me upon these coasts detains.
And now farewell! and love with me our boy,
An equal love that shall no ending find.'[1]
"Thus having spoken, me she left in tears 790
And full of purpose many things to speak,
And vanished in thin air. Three times I sought
My arms around her neck to place:
Three times my grasp the apparition fled. 'T was like
The zephyr's breath, or like a fleeting dream.
And so, the night far spent, I join my friends. 795
And here, astonished, I discover met
A mighty number, matrons, men, and youth,
And[2] rabble wretched, gathered from all parts,

[1] So Tasso chronicles the appearance of the shade of Clorinda to Tancred: —

"Fairer than erst, but by the deathless bloom
And heavenly radiance that around her beams
Graced, not disguised; in sweetest act she seems
To stoop, and wipe away the tears that flow
From his dim eyes: 'Behold what glory streams
Round me,' she cries; 'how beauteous now I show,
And for my sake, dear friend, this waste of grief forego.'"

Thirteenth Canto, Wiffen.

And thus he makes Tancred, in the Enchanted Forest, grasp after the Shade of Hugo: —

"Thrice, with a fond, affectionate embrace,
Around his neck his loving arms he twines;
And thrice th' encircled form and radiant face
Fly like a summer's cloud, or shade the sunbeams chase."

Fourteenth Canto, Wiffen.

[2] "Miserabile vulgus." I here make the same protest against the trans-

In wealth and courage ready for such lands
As I should deem it best to lead them to.
And now rose Lucifer's [1] light o'er Ida's heights,
And ushered in the dawn. The Greeks in guard
Now held the City's gates; no hope of help

lators made above at line 762, and, to aid the sense, insert another "and," as in the case of Phœnix and Ulysses. VIRGIL would have just cause of offense at the cool blood with which the translators, without an exception, as far as I know, make his matrons and youths and men, prepared with wealth and courage to take possession of new homes, a miserable mob. The mob may have shared the courage, — they had not the wealth; and if all these expatriated people were a wretched rabble, the son of Venus and Anchises would not have allowed them to call him leader, and have taken the post of their friend and patron.

The word which I translate *wealth* is "opibus." Opibus is in the proper plural case of ops, *power*, *plenty*, *wealth*, the root of our word "*opulent*." Ops, in mythology, was the daughter of Saturn, and Goddess of Power, Plenty, and Wealth. Such were not the characteristics of a miserable rabble, but of the matrons and men whom Æneas found at his rendezvous. Nor did the miserable rabble possess, in its highest sense, "animus," spirit, purpose, and courage.

In the opening lines of the next Book there will be found occasion to infer that while he retained the wealthy but homeless families, who placed themselves under his protection, he found it convenient (line 8 of Book III.) to exchange or combine this "miserabile vulgus" for or with men ("viros") competent to render marine and military service.

VIRGIL, in this place, only repeats his method of speech used in the beginning of the First Georgic, wherein his style is so crisp as to have misled one of his translators into ignoring the sun and the moon, both of which VIRGIL mentions with enthusiasm: —

"O clarissima mundi lumina!"

The omission of these important luminaries came simply from not understanding that the copulative "and" is implied.

I hope I may be pardoned for feeling some resentment at these inadequate renderings. But I am far from desiring to imitate the severity of an illustrious translator of a remote age. "Non versiones, sed eversiones," These are not versions, but eversions, said St. Jerome of the Latin versions of the Scriptures in vogue at his day. They did not turn towards the sense. They turned *from* the sense.

[1] The Light-Bearer. Venus was so called, when the morning star.

Remained; then yielded I; and with my sire
Upon my shoulders borne, I sought the hills."[1]

[1] Noteworthy are the graphic lines of DR. JOHNSON (Works, Vol. 1, p. 399) descriptive of this Flight, — lines which, in beauty and pathos, rival any in the Æneid: —

Fert humeris, venerabile onus, Cytherius heros
Per Trojæ flammas, densaque tela, patrem.
Clamat et Argivis, vetuli, ne tangite, vita
Exiguum est Marti, sed mihi grande lucrum.

Of these lines, which do so much honor to the heart of an author who wrote his Rasselas in the very shadow of his mother's death, I submit the following translation: —

Bears on his shoulders the heroic son
Of Cytherea, through the flames of Troy
And floods of weapons dense, his aged sire,
A venerable load. And to the Greeks,
"Touch not," he cries, "the old man's life;
Small 't is to Mars, but riches great to me!"

POSTSCRIPT.

Without doubt this Book of the Æneid gave VIRGIL his greatest care, and on its account probably he experienced a sense of despair over his Work. To picture the burning city called for the highest powers of the artist, and fatigued even the imagination. The Book bears, towards the end, evidences of the labor with which it oppressed him. The same care and a kindred sense of responsibility pursued him in the other Books. In the Æneid at large, he had undertaken to supplement, in heroic verse, the Tale of Troy, and while doing it to base upon it the destinies of Rome; and while having both these aims in view, to keep before his mind the duties of a courtier, the art of a panegyrist, the simplicity of a lover of rural scenes, and the ardor of a patriot proud of the power and renown of his native land.

BOOK THE THIRD, ENTITLED THE SEA.

ARGUMENT.

Sailing from Antandros, Æneas and his followers founded the City of Æneadæ. A prodigy of blood and the ghost of the murdered Polydorus impel them to seek Delos. There, an oracle of Apollo misconstrued determines them to sail for Crete, where they begin a City under the name of Pergama. Men and animals and vegetation are there visited with a plague; the Gods of Troy appear to Æneas in a vision, and direct him to sail for Hesperia. The voyagers reach the Strophades and encounter the Harpies. Escaping thence, they enjoy a rest at the City of Apollo. Arriving at Buthrotum, they meet, and are entertained by, Helenus and Andromache. Helenus directs Æneas' course, prophesies his success, and urges him to propitiate Juno and to consult the Sibyl. The Æneans behold the coast of Italy, approach Ætna, and escape the Cyclops, and Scylla and Charybdis. At Drepanum, in Sicily, Anchises dies. The fleet, departing thence, is thrown upon the Carthaginian coast.

THE PERSONS SPEAKING:

ÆNEAS *is the sole Speaker in this, as in the preceding Book; but he reports Speeches from the following characters:—*

THE GODS OF TROY, *accompanying Æneas in his ship.*

APOLLO, *God of Prophecy.*

HELENUS, *Priest of Apollo.*

ANDROMACHE, *Widow of Hector, and Wife of Helenus.*

ANCHISES, *Father of Æneas.*

ACHATES, *Companion of Æneas.*

ACHEMENIDES, *one of the Comrades of Ulysses.*

CELÆNO, *Leader of the Harpies.*

THE GHOST OF POLYDORUS, *Brother-in-Law of Æneas.*

THE PERSONS APPEARING:

Soldiers, citizens, colonists, harpies.

THE SCENE: *Thrace, the Islands of the Grecian Archipelago, Crete, Epirus, Sicily.*

BOOK THE THIRD: THE SEA.

"WHEN now the Asian power to overthrow,
And Priam's race, not meriting such fate,
To whelm in waves of ruin heaped on high,
It pleased the Gods above; and Ilium fell
Superb, and all Neptunian Troy in smoke
Lay prostrate; led by auguries great of heaven 5
To seek wide exile and unpeopled shores,
A fleet we build beneath Antandros'[1] self
And Phrygian Ida's mountains; yet not sure
Whereto the Fates[2] might bear us, where our fleet
Might stand; and men we gather up.[3] And scarce
Had bloomed the early summer, when my sire
Anchises order gave[4] to give to Fate
Our sails. In tears my country's shores I leave, 10

[1] A city at the base of Mount Ida.

[2] The Fates are recognized here, and throughout the Poem, as controlling even the Gods.

[3] "Contrahimusque viros." See these words quoted in the note to the 798th line of the preceding Book.

[4] The dutiful and affectionate son resigns to his father the ordering of the departure:—

"Pater Anchises jubebat."

Her empty ports, her plains where once was Troy.
An exile I am borne upon the deep,
With comrades, son and Gods, the Gods that o'er
My home presided, and the Mightier Ones.
"Far off there lies a land of spacious plains,
Favorite of Mars, where Thracians plow, and where
Once reigned Lycurgus harsh ;[1] firm friends, of old, 15
While Fortune smiled, of Troy, with kindred Gods
Domestic. Thither borne, my first walls rise
Upon the winding shore, while Fates adverse
Control, and from my name I name the place
Æneadæ. The aid of auguries kind
With solemn service reverently to crave,
For works begun, of her my mother fair,
Dione's daughter, and the Gods,[2] I brought
Due sacrifice, and, to the King Supreme 20
Of heaven, upon the shore a shining bull
I slew. By chance, near by there was a hill,
Upon whose top grew cherry-shrubs,[3] and, rough

[1] "Acri." Harsh chiefly in this, that he drove out Bacchus. VIRGIL reckoned well that a martial land from which the festive God was excluded was no fitting place for the future Rome. Devotion to Bacchus, however, although opposed by the harsh Lycurgus, was the popular Greek faith. The Mercury of Praxiteles, recently unearthed by the German excavators at Olympia, holds, on his left arm, the infant Bacchus. Of this great work a copy now adorns the Astor Library. Then there is the legend of Pentheus, a King of Thebes, hostile to Bacchus, and therefore torn to pieces by his indignant mother and her sisters, all enthusiastic votaries of the God.

[2] "Dioniæ matri Divisque." These words contain a rare touch of nature. Venus, the mother of Æneas, was the daughter of Dione and Jove, but Æneas here treats her as a mortal, and calls not upon her and the other Gods, but upon Dione's daughter *and* the Gods.

[3] The cornelian cherry. The VIRGILIANS usually employ the meaningless phrase "cornel-shrubs."

With twigs thick-set like spears, dense myrtles stood.
Them I approach. I seek to pluck them up, 25
For frondent boughs to deck our altars with,
When to my sight dire arose a prodigy
Fearful to see, and horrible to tell;
For blood, in black drops, started from the roots
Which first I tore from out their native soil,
And stained the earth with gore. Cold horror shakes 30
My limbs. My gelid blood stands still with fear.
And now I break apart a tender branch,
Intent on knowing what may be the cause.
So follows from this, too, the oozing blood.[1]
Revolving much in mind, the wood-nymphs wild
I worship,[2] and the Gradive[3] Sire, who sits
Supreme in power above the Getic[4] fields, 35
That what my eyes had seen they might make plain,
And from the portent take all fear away.
And then, returning to the task, I grasp,
With added strength, a third plant, fixed my knees

[1] "Ater et alterius sequitur de cortice sanguis."

[2] The Hamadryads, one of whom presided over each tree or shrub. It was to propitiate these geniæ of the trees that Æneas betook himself to prayer.

[3] "Gradivus pater." A title of Mars. He seems to have this title from *gradus*, a step or march. This was his title in war, as Quirinus was in peace. Quirinus was derived from the Sabine word for spear (curis), and signified the wielder of the spear. Quirinus was the title given to Romulus after his translation on the wings of the whirlwind to heaven.

[4] The fields of the Getæ, the ancestors, probably, of the more modern Goths. If so, the Gothic fields manifested a very early hostility to Roman dominion.

Against the adverse sands,[1] when (shall I speak,
And tell this woe or not ?) came upwards sad,
From depths below, a fearful groan, which bore 40
These words unhappy to my listening ears :
'Why wretched me, Æneas, dost thou tēar?
Now spare the tomb, spare to imbue with crime
Thy pious hands. Troy bore me close allied
To thee.[2] The gore thou see'st comes not from trees.
Ah ! fly these cruel lands, a greedy shore
Escape. For I am Polydorus. Here 45
Of weapons me transfixed a crop of iron,
Which yet grows on severe in javelins sharp.'[3]
Then, smit by doubt and fear, my mind was stunned,
Stood up my hair, clung to my jaws my tongue.[4]
Priam, the luckless king, had secretly 50
This Polydorus sent, with burden great
Of gold, unto the Thracian king, as ward,
That he might nourish him and train him up.
The king beheld the Dardan arms decline ;
Beheld the city girded with a siege ;

[1] The myrtle loves the sea-shore. "Litora myrtæis lætissima." (*Georg.* 2, 212.) And VIRGIL here says "sands" (arenæ); PITT, "sands;" MORRIS, "sand." Yet DRYDEN and CRANCH say "ground;" CONINGTON, "hillock;" and PIERCE, "sod."

SYMMONS ignores "arenæ," and substitutes nothing for it.

[2] He was the brother-in-law of Æneas, — being the son of Priam and brother of Creusa.

[3] The wood of the cornelian cherry and that of the myrtle were used by the ancients for handles to spears and javelins.

"... myrtus validis hastilibus, et *bona bello* cornus"

Georg. 2, 447.

[4] Tancred, according to TASSO, thus brought blood and groans from a tree wherein was imprisoned Clorinda. *Jerusalem Delivered*, canto 13.

The Teucrian power destroyed and Fortune gone;
And so, he followed Agamemnon's cause
And his victorious arms. All faith he broke, 55
Slew Polydorus, and possessed his wealth.
To what wilt thou not mortal bosoms drive,
Thou cursed[1] thirst for gold! And when dread fear
My bones had left, I tell to chosen chiefs,
And to my father first, this prodigy sad,
And seek their counsel on our future plans.
To leave a land accursed they all advise, 60
A land where hospitality's sweet rites
Had suffered wrong, and to the winds our fleet
To trust. Therefore the funeral rites, anew,
For Polydorus we perform. We heap
Above his bones of earth a mighty mound,
Rear altars to his Manes, solemn made
With purple fillets and black cypress-boughs,
And, as the custom is, around his tomb 65
The Trojan women stand, their hair unbound.
Then bring we cups[2] of foaming lukewarm milk,
And bowls of sacred blood, and to the tomb
His soul consign, and with loud voice we call,
Thrice on his name, and thrice the last 'Farewell!'[3]

[1] "Auri sacra fames." The languages of ancient Palestine and of modern Italy and France all make the word (sacra in Italy) equivocal, and to imply blessing or cursing at convenience. DRYDEN is here at fault.

[2] "Cymbia." Boat-shaped cups.

[3] In these ceremonies VIRGIL exactly describes the last honors accorded by the Romans to their dead, and without which their souls were supposed to wander in unrest a hundred years.

"Then, soon as safe the waves were, and the Winds
Had ceased to vex the waters, and called soft 70
The gentle zephyrs [1] to the placid deep,
Our comrades launch the ships and fill the shore.[2]
We outward sail, while lands and towns recede.
"Mid-sea there blooms a land most beautiful,
To Doris, mother of the Nereids,[3] vowed,
And to Ægean Neptune. On the sea
It floated wandering with the winds, and driven

[1] "Lenis Auster." The South-Wind, as opposed to Aquilo, the North-Wind; but, as the voyagers were bound southward from Thrace to Delos in the Cyclades, we must take the word "Auster" in its general sense of breeze or zephyr.

Yet DRYDEN says, "Southern gales:"—

"When *Southern gales invite* us to the main,"

to make a Southward voyage!

And MORRIS: "The *South bids on*, light whispering to the deep."

And CRANCH: —

"The *South Wind called*,
With gentle murmuring, to the deep."

And PIERCE: "The *South Wind softly calls* us out to sea."

And SYMMONS: "The *Southern breeze*."

But CONINGTON, with a better idea of the geography of those seas, and of the exigencies of navigation: —

"Invited by the crisp spring breeze."

And LONG: —

"Soon as the sea is calm, and winds blow fair,
And to the deep soft murmuring zephyrs call."

And COOPER: "The gently blowing wind invites."

And LONSDALE and LEE: —

"The breeze, with a gentle rustling, invites us to the main."

ANTHON is silent.

LONG deserves the praise of the best translation.

[2] "Deducunt socii naves, et litora complent:"

a perfect picture of such a scene.

[3] The Nereids were sea-nymphs, fifty in number. Doris was mother of Dione, and therefore grandmother of Venus and great-grandmother of Æneas.

Around the shores and coasts, until the God 75
Who bears the golden bow,[1] 'twixt Gyarus steep
And smooth Myconus fixed it, and decreed
That thenceforth it should brave the blustering winds
And bloom unmoved.[2] There borne, its peaceful port
Us, weary of the sea, receives. On land,
Apollo's city we revere. And now
King Anius, king, at once, of men, and priest 80
Of Phœbus, on his brows the laurel-wreath
And fillets of the God, comes forth and greets
Our throng, and greets Anchises as a friend
From old associations brought to mind.
Right hands[3] in hospitality firm we clasp,
And, gladly welcomed, enter friendly doors.
Of old[4] stone built the shrines draw forth our prayers:
'Grant us, O Thymbrean[5] God, a home our own; 85

[1] Apollo. "Pius Acitenens" I, with others, reject as a misprint for "Prius Arcitenens." As we might say: "First the Arcitenent."

Dryden and Conington, conveniently for both, substitute "Apollo," "Acitenens" and "Arcitenens," and thus escape the dilemma.

Morris compromises on "The Bow-Lord good."

And Long on, "The good Bow-god."

And Symmons on, 'The bowyer-god."

The island which Virgil is describing is Delos, one of the Cyclades, which are so named from their position as forming a circle in the Grecian Archipelago.

[3] "Jungimus hospitio dextras." Was the American fashion of hand-shaking in vogue at so early a date in Delos?

[4] "Saxo structa vetusto."

The phrase would seem to indicate that they were built of the remains of former structures.

[5] From his grove and temple in Thymbra, a Trojan town.

Grant wounded wanderers walls; and grant us race
And city measured forth. Preserve of Troy
Another citadel gleaned from warring Greeks
And saved from merciless Achilles' rage.
Whose following shall we choose? Whither dost thou
Command our going? Where our seats to fix?
Give augury, father, enter thou our minds.'[1]
"I scarce had said, when, suddenly, all things quaked, 90
Threshold and laurel of the God, and e'en
The mount above us, seemed to move, and loud
The tripod murmured from its secret shrines.
We seek the earth, submissive, and our ears
The strains of heavenly melody wrought perceive:
'Ye hardy Trojans, e'en the self-same land
Which gave your fathers birth shall you receive, 95
With glad abundance welcoming its own.
Seek out your ancient Mother. Here shall rule
Æneas' house the globe, all lands, all shores,
He and his children's children, and their line.'
"So Phœbus; and arose a tumult great
Of joy; and all 'What are those walls' demand 100
'To which calls Phœbus back a wandering race
And orders their return?' And then my sire,
Of ancient men the monuments old in thought[2]
Revolving, 'Hear, O knights,' replied, 'and learn

[1] "Animis illabere nostris."
"Mentibus nostris infunde,"
was the similar prayer of a later era.

[2] "Veterum volvens monumenta virorum."

Your future hopes. Lies in the midmost sea
An island, Crete, great Jove's. There is the Mount 105
Idæan, there the cradle of our race,
A wealthy realm, where, in a hundred towns,[1]
All populous grown, the people dwell. If right
Is my remembrance of the tale, there first
Did Teucer seek the Rhœtian shores, and there
Choose lands his realm to build. Not yet stood Troy, 110
Her walls and towers, but only in the vales
Were seen the abodes of men. Hence have we her
The Mother of the Gods, who worship brought
To Cybela; hence, too, the cymbals loud
Of Corybantian priests; the Idæan grove;
And faith in silent rites; and her proud car
By lions drawn, meek at their mistress' will.
Up, then, and where the Gods lead on, let us
Proceed; let us the winds appease, and seek 115
The Gnossian realms. Nor is the distance great.
If Jove but wills, the third day stands the fleet
On Cretan coasts. So let the offerings bleed.'
"Thus spake he, and the altars honors bore
Not undeserved: a bull to Neptune slain,
And one to thee, Apollo beautiful.
And for the wintry gale a black sheep falls,
And for the gentle breeze there bleeds a white,
The victims all slain by my father's hands. 120

[1] "Centum urbes habitant magnas." A hundred *towns* is more consistent with modern municipal nomenclature.

"And now arrives the rumor that from out
His realms paternal driven, Idomeneus,
Their chieftain, had left Crete, and that all bare
Of men her shores and valleys were, her homes
Deserted, and her places void.[1] We leave
Ortygia's harbor; o'er the sea we fly,
By cliffs of Naxos, vintage-famed, and by 125
The green Donysa, and Olearos fair,
With all the gleaming grace its grotto holds,[2]
And Paros, snowy white, which o'er the sea
Hangs marble cliffs,[3] and, circling through the waves,
The Cyclades.[4] And so the straits we skim

[1] Idomeneus had made a vow, during a storm at sea, that if he survived the storm he would offer in sacrifice the first thing he might meet on stepping on shore. He met his son. Heaven disowned the sacrifice by portents of nature and a plague, — a plague of such fatality that it seems to have depopulated the island. And the earth so far renounced the cruelty of the act that Idomeneus was driven from his dominions. The story resembles that of Jephthah and his daughter. And, after the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter, the maidens of Israel, four days in every year, as a national custom, united in lamentations commemorative of the unhappy event. The charity of the Israelites, however, exceeded that of the Cretans: for Jephthah continued his career of popularity and victory. It was he who, at the passages of the Jordan, gave the command to slaughter all who for "Shibboleth" would say "Sibboleth," — a shrewd device, which crimsoned the waters of the Jordan with the blood of forty-two thousand men.

[2] Olearos is otherwise called Antiparos, as it is a little island fronting the main island of Paros.

The Grotto of Antiparos is celebrated for its exquisite beauty, a marble arch on a lofty hill overlooking the most beautiful of seas, and brilliant with a wealth of crystallized columns.

[3] "Nivemque Paron."

"And Paros' isles with marble quarries white."

DRYDEN.

[4] Virgil's geography seems here at fault. Naxos and the other islands just mentioned are part of the circle of islands appropriately named the Cyc-

Spread thick with peopled shores.[1] Shouts rise and strife
Of joy throughout the fleet. 'Courage, my lads,
We steer for Crete! Crete and our ancestry!'[2]
The rising wind behind impels us on, 130
Until, at length, the Cretan shores we touch.
"So, eagerly, the walls I found of this
Our chosen city, and the name it has from me
Is Pergama. The people like the name,
And them I urge to love their hearths, and lift
Their towers and turrets high. But scarce our keels
Were dry upon the shore; scarce were our youth 135
With courtships busy, and with work a-field;
Not yet had I full laws and homesteads given;[3]
When, on our limbs, a plague there suddenly comes
Out of the poisoned air, and settles down
A blight most wretched on the trees and grain.
The year breeds death. Sweet souls depart, or drag 140
Enfeebled bodies. Then burned Sirius up

lades, from κυκλος, a circle. MORRIS and PIERCE come to the rescue of our poet by saying "All Cyclades." The rest of the VIRGILIANS are not so considerate.

[1] The Sporades, or scattered islands, are here by some supposed to be meant. But this group, embracing the famous Patmos, was too far to the left, towards the Ionian coast. A course even approximating to a direct line would have carried the voyagers far from the Sporades. Besides, it is a supposition which VIRGIL's text by no means requires.

May we not fairly suppose that the statue now in the Louvre (a Venus, or a Grecian wife or sweetheart) looked out from her height on the coast of *Melos* upon the white wings of the Trojan fleet?

[2] "Cretam proavosque petamus!"

[3] "Jura domosque dabam." CRANCH and LONG alone, of the VIRGILIANS, do not forget the force of the imperfect "dabam."

Fields bare already ; withered is the grass ;
And now denies us food the wheat diseased.
To cross again the sea my father bids,
Again to seek the Ortygian oracle's voice,
Again to seek Apollo, and implore
His favoring power, and find what end must come 145
To our sore state, and what command in aid
Of all our burdening labors he will give,
And what the future course which we should take.
"Night came, and in its soothing arms sleep held
The animals of earth. And, as awake [1]

[1] Here is a passage where the VIRGILIANS are at clash. The occasion of difference arises from the choice presented between the phrases "in somnis," in sleep, or "insomnis," sleepless. I take the side of the "sleepless" party, the party of vigilance. Vigilantibus non dormientibus jura subserviunt. In the very passage Æneas says the apparition was *manifest*, with much light, afforded by a moon at the full. And in the outset he describes the *animals* of the earth as sleeping, a word capable of a restricted sense, excluding men. Besides, a few lines below he declares that he had not been overcome by drowsiness, "nec sopor illud erat," and that they came before him, and he saw their features: "coram . . . presentia ora videbar." It is important, too, to note that he does not say that he awoke. What he says is that a cold sweat seized him, and that he sprang from his couch. It is also important to note that the stress of his affairs was such, pestilence and famine prevailing, as would conduce to sleeplessness. And, too, he does not claim it as his own peculiar vision. He does not say "vidi," I saw, but "visi," they were seen, as though others might or could have seen the same thing. My brethren declare themselves as I shall state: —

DRYDEN, CONINGTON, and MORRIS are on *both* sides of the question, for they seem to have forgotten on the latter page what they said on the first. PITT says it was not a vision of the night, nor a common dream. CRANCH says it was not *deep* sleep. PIERCE vaguely says it was "a dream," and was "unlike a dream." LONG says it was "in dreams," and was "not sleep."

SYMMONS: "Waking I viewed the present deities."

I lay, before mine eyes were seen to stand
The honored effigies divine of Troy,

COOPER says: "Not a dream."

ANTHON says: "A dream."

It seems evident enough that (with the exception of SYMMONS and COOPER) the VIRGILIANS are not suffering from that distressing malady known to the faculty as *insomnia*, whatever may have been the state, in this particular, of the Trojan leader.

"Non ego dissensio," wrote one of the regicide judges beneath the opinion of the court which condemned Charles the First to the block. But when the Stuarts regained public favor this cautious legal light declared that the proper reading was, "Non ego; dissensio." (Not I; I dissent.) This judge furnished a marked case of *insomnia*.

The second line of the distich penned by the Marquis de Bierve, a French nobleman of the seventeenth century, is an amusing instance in point of the new meanings which arise from the separation of syllables: —

"Quid facies, facies Veneris si veneris ante,
Ne *pereas per eas?* Ne *sedeas, sed eas!*"
What would'st thou do, if face to face thou should'st
'Fore Venus stand, lest through such light thy soul
Should thee forsake? Sit thou not down, but go!

The party who believe VIRGIL's meaning to be that Æneas was in his waking senses can cite the vision of the cross seen in the heavens at noonday by Constantine and his army, and the vision of the beheadings seen and prophecy heard in the Riksal by Charles the Eleventh of Sweden and two of the highest officers of his realm, one of them his Chancellor and the other a court counsellor, — a vision preceded and followed by another prophecy, that of the destruction of his palace by fire, a destruction which mysteriously came upon it at the very time predicted: events which introduced to history the brilliant and eventful career of Charles the Twelfth.

And strangely enough, another ÆNEAS (as the story is told by GIBBON, *Decline and Fall*, ch. xxxvii.) was connected, towards the close of the sixth century of our era, with a supernatural event, which seems to stand in some weird form of resemblance or analogy to that in our text. Certain holy men, colonists of Tipasa on the Mauritanian coast, had been the subject of an Arian persecution, during which they suffered by violence the loss of their tongues. But, in spite of the destruction of the organs of speech, the faculty of speech was not destroyed, and they spoke *without* tongues: indeed, one who with a tongue had been dumb, now that his tongue was removed acquired at once the power of speech. GIBBON, in his text, claims ÆNEAS of Gaza as a Platonic philosopher, but, in a note, describes him as a Christian author, writing on the subjects of the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body; and he indorses him, with emphasis,

The deities and Phrygian household Gods,
Whom from the burning town I had borne forth, 150
In much light manifest, which poured its rays
The windows through, shed from a full moon's disc.
"Then thus they spoke, driving my cares away:
'The answer which Apollo would pronounce
To thee returned to Delos, chants he here; 155
For us, behold, he sends unto thy doors.
Troy burnt, thee have we followed and thine arms,
The sea, 'neath[1] thee, and in thy ships, have climbed,
And we thy sons will lift unto the stars,
And give unto thy city Empire wide.

as "a cool, a learned, and unexceptionable witness, without interest and without passion." It is such an ÆNEAS who says of these men, some of them afterwards in high official positions on the greatest theatre of the world, the imperial court of Constantinople, and submitting, during a series of years, to the calm examination of the senses, "I saw them myself; I heard them speak; I diligently inquired by what means such an articulate voice could be formed without any organ of speech: I used my eyes to examine the report of my ears; I opened their mouths, and saw that the whole tongue had been completely torn away by the roots, a deprivation which the physicians generally suppose to be mortal."

[1] "Nos tumidum *sub* te permensi classibus æquor."

This passage, I venture the opinion, was penned by VIRGIL with especial reference to supporting the prediction of Jupiter in his Speech to Juno (line 839 of the Twelfth Book), where he predicts the moral elevation of the mixed Ausonian race: —

"Supra homines, supra ire Deos pietate videbis."

"Them thou shalt see in piety all men excel, all Gods."

Herein may be seen a prediction of the rise and prevalence of the New Dispensation.

While the Nazarene was yet subject to his parents; while his mother was keeping his sayings in her heart, he, the while, increasing in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man, the Mantuan was composing, in his study, in the focus, as it were, of the converging rays of two civilizations, this Story of Troy and Rome.

Do thou great walls for mighty people build, 160
Nor quit the labor of thy flight, though long.
And thou thy seats must change. Not thee the God
Persuaded to these shores, not thee in Crete
Doth his command as in fixed seats detain.
A place there is, (by Greeks Hesperia called,)
An ancient land, of weapons full and power,
And rich in crops. Œnotrians tilled it once, 165
But Italy since, so Fame declares, their sons
Have called it, from the name of him
Who led their race. Our proper seats are there.
Hence Dardanus came. Hence, too, Iasius [1] came,
The Father he and Prince from whom we spring.
Rise! Act! and, glad, these words unmixed with doubt
To him, thine aged parent, do thou bear: 170
Corythus seek and far Ausonian lands.
To thee Dictæan mastery Jove denies.'
By visions such amazed, and by the words
Of Gods, (and sleep it was not, but were known
Their features face to face,[2] and seen their hair
In fillets bound, and seen their lips to move,
The while a cold sweat on my body stood,) 175
I leap from bed, and humbly reach to heaven
My hands and voice, and on the hearthstones pour
Libations clean.[3] And so, these honors done,

[1] From Iasion, a saviour, he that saves (ἰάομαι); son of Jupiter and Electra, and brother of Dardanus.

[2] "We see," says COOPER, "how much pains the poet takes to make us believe that it was no dream, no mere fancy. He mentions a variety of circumstances which go to show that Æneas was awake, and not in sleep."

[3] "And in every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering" (a clean oblation). — MALACHI i. 11.

Anchises then, with gladdened heart,[1] I seek,
And him make sure of all, and plain set forth 180
In order due, what happened first and last.
The double race he owns, the parents twin,[2]
His error, too, as to their different seats;
Then thus recounts: 'My son, in Trojan Fates
Well trained,[3] alone of all, Cassandra sung

[1] "Perfecto lætus honore." The poet seems to delight in the cheerful piety of his hero.

[2] The Cretan Teucer and the Italian Iasius, or Italus.

[3] "Iliacis exercite fatis." The phrase is a military one.

DRYDEN has it: "*Turmoiled* in Trojan fate."

PITT: "O, exercised in all the woes of Troy."

CONINGTON: "The *slave* too long of Ilian destiny."

PIERCE: "Bowed down by Ilian fates."

LONG: "O'erburdened with the fate of Troy."

CRANCH compromises on: "By Trojan fates *still held*," which may mean anything.

MORRIS has the true sense, nearly: —

"*Well-learned in all the lore* of Ilium's fate."

Had he said, "well-*trained* in all the *march* of Ilian fates," he would have hit the sense of VIRGIL still more closely. The MORRISIAN singular "fate" is by no means an equivalent for the VIRGILIAN plural "fates."

DRYDEN, CONINGTON, PIERCE, and LONG forget that the Ilian fates belong not only to the past of Æneas, but to his future. The Æneid, throughout its whole scope, is concerned with the Ilian fates, not only at Troy, but at Rome.

SYMMONS ignores fate and fates in the phrase: —

"My son, in Ilion's fortune's versed."

But the VIRGILIANS will have another opportunity of defining their sense of these words; and this opportunity will be furnished them by the same speaker, only not then in the flesh, but in the spirit. The Speech of the Ghost of Anchises to Æneas in Sicily (Book 5, line 725) will contain the same words, "Iliacis exercite fatis," and the VIRGILIANS will express themselves as follows: —

DRYDEN: "O son, in *various* toils and troubles tossed!"

PITT: "My son, in all the fates of Troy approved."

CONINGTON: "My son, long exercised and *trained* in Ilium's destiny."

PIERCE: "Sore-pressed by Ilium's woes."

LONG: "O'erburdened with the fates of Troy."

CRANCH: "Still by Trojan fates *long-tried*."

To me such things to come. I mind me well,
She prophesied such happenings to our race,
And oft Hesperia mentioned, and oft, too, 185
Italian realms. But who could e'en suppose
That Teucrians e'er upon Hesperian shores
Would land, or whom by prophecy's awe could then
Cassandra move?[1] Apollo, then, let us
Obey, and, guarded, better fates pursue.'

"So says my father, and we all consent,
In one ovation[2] honoring, glad, his speech.
Then this seat, too, abandoning, forth we fare, 190
A few alone remaining,[3] and set sail,
Our hollow crafts the vast sea traversing.

"Then kept our barks the sea, nor sight of land
Was ours, heaven all, and all the deep, when stood,
Straight overhead, a cloud coal-blue,[4] and, full
Of night and tempest, o'er the waves spread forth 195
Its horrid shadows. Ceaseless rolls the sea
'Neath mighty winds, and high the billows leap.
Abroad upon the maelstrom vast we toss.
The day clouds swallow up, the heavens are lost

MORRIS: "Well-learned in Ilium's fates."

SYMMONS (as before): "Versed in Troy's fortunes."

Thus CONINGTON will embrace the opportunity, perhaps a coveted one, to give the true sense of this phrase.

And in the Sixth Book (line 759) the same Ghost will say to Æneas, "Te tua fata docebo," a phrase which will give our learned VIRGILIANS no trouble.

[1] Apollo had freely granted her the gift of prophecy, but afterwards, in his displeasure, had decreed that no one should believe her predictions.

[2] "Cuncti ovantes." The poet loses no opportunity to set forth the eminent respect shown to Anchises.

[3] This VIRGIL states to meet the fact that afterwards a town of Pergama existed in Crete.

[4] "Cæruleus," VIRGIL. "Coal-blue," MORRIS.

In watery night. From abrupt clouds the fires
Ingeminate.[1] Lost is our course, our guides 200
The waters blind. E'en Palinurus fails;
He knows nor day nor night from the black heavens,
And through the watery waste can see no track.
"Three thus uncertain suns with blinded light
We wander on the sea; three starless nights
The same. Upon the fourth the land first rose 205
To sight; afar the mountains faint were seen
In silhouette, and from their tops came smoke.
Sails fall; all strain with oars; no lingering now;
The sailors emulous strive, the sea-foam twist,
And plow the blue. Saved from the waves, me first
The shores receive of isles Strophades called, 210
A Grecian name, in Great Ionia's[2] sea.
There dwell the Harpies, there Celæno dire
And all the rest, from feasts driven forth by fear
In Phineus' house polluted. Than these pests
No monster is more dread. Nor Stygian waves 215
Nor heavenly anger e'er have missioned forth
A plague more harsh. Wing'd shapes are they like birds,
With faces as of maids, their excrement most foul,
Their hands like claws, and ever pale
Are they with hunger's pangs . . . [3]

[1] "Ingeminant ignes." Redouble. From the same root as Gemini, the Twins.

[2] As distinguished from the Lesser Ionia in Asia Minor.

[3] A short line, suggested by the still shorter one in the original: —
"Ora fame . . ."

VIRGIL'S reason for an imperfect line in this place is said by BURKE (Works, vol. 5, p. 187) to be that verse and language failed the poet in his

"The harbor reached, we land, and lo! glad herds 220
We see of beeves throughout the fields, and goats
Unguarded browsing at their will. Sword on,
We rush upon them, and invoke to share
Our booty Jove himself. Our couches fix we
On the winding shore, and boards, with viands choice.
But swift, with fall horrific, from the heights, 225
The Harpies come, and wings with clangors shake
Immense, and snatch the food, and all things soil
With touch unclean; then rose their voices dire
Among the stench. Again the feast we spread

attempt to set forth so abominable an imagination, and BURKE avers that the break in the line was intentionally left to mark the poet's despair. The entire passage is noteworthy, and its political application interesting: —

"The Revolution harpies of France, sprung from Night and Hell, or from that chaotic anarchy which generates equivocally 'all monstrous, all prodigious things,' cuckoo-like, adulterously lay their eggs and brood over and hatch them in the nest of every neighboring state. These obscene harpies, who deck themselves in I know not what divine attributes, but who in reality are foul and ravenous birds of prey (both mothers and daughters), flutter over our heads and souse down upon our tables, and leave nothing unrent, unrifled, unravaged, or unpolluted with the slime of their filthy offal.

Tristius haud illis monstrum, nec sævior ulla
Pestis et ira Deûm Stygiis sese extulit undis.
☞ Virginei volucrum vultus, fœdissima ventris ☜
Proluvies, uncæque manus, et pallida semper
Ora fame . . .

Here the poet breaks the line, because he (and that *he* is VIRGIL) had not verse or language to describe the monster even as he had conceived her. Had he lived to our time, he would have been more overpowered with the reality than he was with the imagination. VIRGIL only knew the horror of the times before him. Had he lived to see the revolutionists and constitutionalists of France, he would have had more horrid and disgusting features of his harpies to describe, and more frequent failures in the attempt to describe them."

Within a recess deep, beneath a rock
O'erhanging, and closed 'round with trees, and grim 230
With gloom, and fire on altars place. In vain.
From every part of heaven, from hidden haunts,
The noisy pack around our tables flies,
And, with foul claws and beaks, defiles the feast.
My comrades [1] then I order to take arms, 235
That 'War on this vile people must be waged.'
Not otherwise they do than I did bid,
And, through the grass, their swords dispose concealed,
And place their shields in ambush also hid.
Then, when of their return the sound was heard
Along the winding shore, Misenus gives
From lofty cliff the signal sound agreed [2] 240
By bugle-blasts ; straight then my comrades charge [3]
And try the novel warfare, with the sword
Sea-birds to strike. But wing nor back
The slightest harm sustain, and gliding swift
Beneath the stars, they leave us half-way fed,
And leave their stinking tracks.[4] / One, on a rock

[1] "Sociis." This word, socius, whose translation as "comrade" I borrow from Captain PIERCE, indicates the amiable terms of fellowship existing between Æneas and his men.

[2] "Therefore, when swooping down, they send forth their notes through the winding
Shore, from a lofty lookout Misenus a blast from his brazen
Trumpet gives forth."

HOWLAND.

These hexameters are supposed to be good enough for the Harpies.

[3] The "charge" I have, of course, from Captain PIERCE. But he had forgotten the bugle.

[4] "Semiesam prædam et fœda vestigia linquunt."

High-placed, sits down, Celæno, prophet sad, 245
And croaks this message from her loathsome breast:
'War, then, in payment for our slaughtered beeves
And heifers hacked; war, then, seek ye to bring
Laomedon's[1] descendants, and to drive
The unoffending Harpies from their home?
Bear well in mind, then, this my prophecy plain, 250
Which Jove to Phœbus gave, Phœbus to me,
And I, the Chief of Furies, give to you:
Your course for Italy's coasts is marked, and Winds
Invoked, ye Italy's coasts shall reach, and there
Her harbors sail within, but not with walls 255
Shall ye surround the City given ye there,
Till hunger fierce and vengeance for our wrongs
Shall make ye gnaw your tables with your teeth.'[2]
"She said, and winged her flight unto a wood.
But, cold with sudden fear, curdled the blood
Within my comrades' veins; their courage fell; 260
Nor longer now with arms, but vows and prayers,
They ask that peace be sought of these their foes,
Or be they very Goddesses pure or birds
Obscene and dire. Father Anchises then,

[1] Laomedon, the father of Priam, withheld from Neptune and Apollo their pay for building the walls of Troy. This may mean that he used the money belonging to religion for the public works, and in any case it gave him a bankrupt fame.

[2] DRYDEN, to flatter, perhaps, the taste of his age, makes the Harpies even more disgusting than VIRGIL makes them, and here fully justifies the censure of HALLAM, who says (*Literature*, vol. 4, p. 238) that at times DRYDEN is "*spitefully* vulgar."

CONINGTON, too, although belonging to a more refined age, is savage.

MORRIS and CRANCH are VIRGILIAN.

PIERCE and LONG are subdued.

PITT and SYMMONS are vigorous.

His palms stretched forth from shore,[1] the Great Gods calls,
And orders gives for honors merited:
'Their threats, Gods, render vain; such fates avert; 265
Ye placid Gods, the pious still preserve!'
Then gives command to rip [2] our hawsers in,
And spread our sails wide open to the wind.
"The South Wind swells the sails. The foaming sea
We cleave, what course the Winds and pilot say.
Now in mid-wave appear Zacynthus' groves, 270
Dulichium, Same,[3] too, and, rough with rocks,
Neritus. But the cliffs which mark the approach
To Ithaca, Laertes' realm, we shun,
And curse the land that reared Ulysses dire.
Then rise the cloudy peaks that Leucate owns,
And next the sailor's dread is seen, the town 275
Apollo. Weary draw we near; from prow
Is anchor cast; our ships stand on the shore;
The little city holds our sea-worn limbs

[1] To propitiate the sea-deities.

[2] "Deripere." The term strongly indicates Anchises' impatience to depart. It suggests the "let her drive" of King James's Version of the Acts. Anchises — to his credit it must be said — seems to have maintained a dignified reticence on this occasion. He doubtless thought, with Dogberry, that comparisons are odorous. His attitude on the sea-beach must have been an embarrassing one, as it removed his hands from their normal position in holding his nose, and this circumstance may account for the exceeding terseness of his invocation and the special stress he makes upon "Gods." Like Prince Morakanabad (one of BECKFORD's heroes, in *Vathek*), who exerted himself to extinguish the burning tower of the Caliph, he had but one hand at liberty. The Arabian sufferer contended against the fumes of burning serpents' oil and mummies and rhinoceros horns!

[3] Sa-me. Two syllables.

"And we, rejoiced at such unlooked-for land,
Lustrations make to Jove, and with our vows
The altars kindle, and the Ilian games 280
On Actean shores perform, our country's sports
Played by my naked comrades bathed in oil.
Our joy is full, t' have held our flight secure
Amidst our numerous foes, and, safe, t' have shunned
So many Grecian cities near the sea.
Meantime the sun the circle of the year
Completes, and icy winter frets the waves. 285
A buckler, mighty Abas' self had worn,
Bronze,[1] boss, and disc, on hostile gates [2] I fix,
And with a legend make its history plain:
'*These arms Æneas forced from conquering Greeks.*'[3]

[1] "Æs." Bronze, not brass. See note to Book 1, line 35.

[2] "Postibus adversis." With no warrant, or with very slight, the VIRGILIANS say these words must be understood as referring to the *temple*-gates; that the buckler was a votive offering. But the legend affixed to it by Æneas shows that the words postibus adversis were spoken of hostile doors, not temple-doors (or, as some would have it, city-gates) at all, but on doors belonging to a Greek or Greeks, probably of Greeks who had annoyed them during their stay. It should be remembered that Æneas was on the Greek frontier, the line between Greece Proper and Epirus; he was about to depart; and on the eve of departure he leaves behind him this cartel of defiance. It was the last salvo of a heroic enemy in retreat. It was Ney's charge at Waterloo; Lawrence's "Don't give up the ship!" Dessaix's (or Napoleon's?) "Sire, we have lost a battle, but we have time to gain another!"

[3] "Æneas hæc de Danais victoribus arma."

The verb is wanting. To this line, in the selection of the verb, I may safely say that I have given more force than any translator whose work I have had the privilege of examining. The verb which my brethren select is either "*took*," or "*won*," or "*gained*." The first is unpleasantly suggestive of the definition of larceny, "took, stole, and carried away." "Won" is a word we hear at county-fairs in connection with the sports of the amphitheatre. And "gained" has too much the sound of lucre.

Then order I departure from the port,
And call my comrades to the rowing-seats. 290
They race, they row, they lash and plow the seas.
Phæacia's towers aerial soon we pass,
We coast Epirus, cross Chaonia's Bay,
And reach, at last, Buthrotum's city steep.

PITT is very tame in this connection. He says that Æneas, on this occasion, on leaving, fastened to the *door* a shield which he had *gained* from the Greeks. Doubtless he had *torn* it from Abas, as from Demoleus he tore his coat of mail given as a prize to Mnestheus, the victor in the naval contest. See the Fifth Book, line 259. There was, too, the Didymaon shield, given as a prize to Nisus. See the Fifth Book, line 359. According to the usual version, this shield was wrenched by Greeks from a pillar of the Temple of Neptune in Troy (doubtless during the burning of the city), and, if so, it is safe to account for its being found in the possession of Æneas by supposing that he recaptured it from the plunderers during the combats and chances of that eventful night. SERVIUS thinks that it was torn down by the soldiers of Pyrrhus, and given by Helenus to Æneas. It is true Helenus gave Æneas gifts heavy with gold, gifts of cut ivory, silver, Dodonean caldrons, and the helmet and coat of mail of Pyrrhus himself (see this Book, line 465), — part of the effects, we may suppose, of Pyrrhus's widow, Andromache, brought to her marriage with Helenus; but we nowhere learn that the Didymaon shield, or any other shield, was given to Æneas, either by Helenus or Andromache. SERVIUS can only bring this shield into the inventory by supposing that it was intended by VIRGIL with this shield to fill the blank left at the close of the imperfect line 470, — a supposition utterly idle. And where is it learned that this identical shield was torn down by the soldiers of Pyrrhus? It would be safer to say that it was torn down by the soldiers of Agamemnon; he, not Pyrrhus, being in chief command. FORBIGER and THIEL, indeed, conceding these difficulties, make the suggestion that the word "Danais" used in connection with the Didymaon shield is the dative of disadvantage, and that even this Didymaon shield was torn by Æneas himself from some *Grecian* temple, met with by him in the course of his wanderings.

I am sustained in my translation by TASSO and by his translator WIFFEN. TASSO so much admired the legend that he put it in the mouth of a Turkish chieftain, whose ambition it was to make a practical application of it to the armor of Godfrey: —

"'These arms in war from the Frank chief, the curse
And scourge of Asia, brave Ormondo *tore*,
When him he *slew;* the fame whereof this verse
And trophied marble laud forevermore.'"

"Here fills our ears a rumor past belief,
That o'er Greek cities ruled King Priam's son 295
Prince Helenus, wife and crown from Pyrrhus gained,
The son of Æacus; and that again
Andromache to one of Troy was wed.
I stood amazed, while burned with wondering love
My breast, the man to greet and fortunes such
To know. The shores, the fleet, I leave and seek 300
The port. So happened it that then, beside
A feigned Simois, in a grove just next
The town, Andromache twin altars blest
Had placed, and the libations due, of feasts
And offerings sad, was making to the dead,
And to an empty tomb was calling, sad,
The ghost of Hector, her lost spouse beloved,
The tomb a grassy mound heaped high with turf, 305
And, o'er this tomb Hectorean, shedding tears.
Me when she saw approaching, and the arms
Of Troy about me, failed her senses quite,
And, stunned by prodigies new so great, she swooned.
Chilled to the bone she fell, and it was long
Before her strength sufficed to utter words:
'Is 't thine own mouth, and is 't thy very self, 310
Thou Goddess-born, bring'st messages to me?
Art thou alive? or, if dear life is gone,
My Hector, where is he?' she said, and tears
Her utterance choked, and all the grove she filled
With clamorous grief. So wild her frenzy was,

That little could I say, and my distress
So deep, that what I said was said in words
That hesitating came, and strayed apart.
'I live, indeed. Through all extremes of fate 315
My life remains.[1] Doubt not. For what thou see'st
Is very truth itself . . .[2]
Alas! what Fates have thee befallen, since torn
Thou wert from him a spouse so great?
Or what good fortune worthy thee hast thou
Attained? Andromache, once Hector's wife,
Of Pyrrhus now, is 't true, thou art the bride?'
"Then cast she down her face, and with a voice 320
Subdued she spoke: 'O happy far before
All others she, the Priameian maid,[3]
Led out for death upon a foeman's tomb
Beneath Troy's lofty walls! Not she the lot
For captives cast obeyed, nor touched, a slave,
A conquering master's couch, disgraced and sad.
In flames our country lost, abroad borne on 325
Through diverse seas, the scorn of Peleus' line,
We suffered his embrace, th' imperious youth,
And bore a child[4] in bondage. But then he
Hermione, the Ledan princess, loved,
And Spartan nuptials sought, and me made o'er

[1] DRYDEN is here anything but dignified: —

"All of me that remains appears in sight."

[2] "Nec dubia, nam vera vides."

The line is short. VIRGIL'S purpose was to leave the passage imperfect. Æneas' voice sank down under his emotion.

[3] The Princess Polyxena, daughter of Priam, immolated on the tomb of Achilles.

[4] A son, Molossus.

A slave to Helenus, he his slave.[1] But then
Orestes, fired by his great love for her, 330
His own betrothed, and by the Furies urged,
Those punishers of crime, his victim caught
Careless, or trusting to religion's awe,
And him beheaded at his father's shrines.[2]
So perished he, Neoptolémus [3] named.
By his death, part of his dominions fell
To Helenus, who gave Chaonia name 335
From Trojan Chaon, eminent in war,
And added to these hills a Pergamus's towers,
And that strong work which there thou see'st,
An Ilian citadel. But thee, what brought
Thee here? What course of wind? What Fates?
What God?
And what of him, the boy, Ascanius? Yet
Lives he? And doth she breathe the vital air
Who unto thee, while Troy yet . . . [4] 340
And cares the boy for her, his parent lost?
And antique valor firm and manliness
To him, Æneas, doth his father teach?
And uncle [5] Hector's great example, too?'

[1] "Me famulo famulamque Heleno transmisit habendam." The words are the technical words used in the conveyance of property.

[2] It was the ancient custom to erect altars to the memory of the illustrious dead. Andromache, we have just seen, had erected two to the memory of Hector; and Æneas erected two to the memory of Polydorus. This Book, line 63: —

"Stant Manibus aræ."

[3] I place the accent on the penultimate through preference.

[4] Andromache breaks down at the word "Troy." She could not say, "Troy was." The countenance of Æneas assures her that Creusa is dead. A silence ensues. But she recovers her composure, and renews her talk of the boy, to relapse again into quiet at the mention of Hector.

[5] Creusa was sister of Hector.

"Such things she poured forth weeping, and great floods
Of salty tears rolled, ceaseless, down her cheeks,[1]
When from the walls approaches Helenus, too, 345
Priam's heroic son, with him a crowd
Attending, and his kin knows well, and glad
Them leads within, while tears pour down their streams
Between his separate words. I recognize,
As I advance, a mimic Troy, and shaped
Much like the larger one, a citadel's towers, 350
And e'en a petty stream, dimpling in sands,
From Xanthus named, and run with eager joy
To kiss the pillars of a Scæan gate.[2]
And now the friendly town we all enjoy;
Its king, in porticoes, the Teucrians feasts;
And, in the mid-hall, cups to Bacchus pour
Libations forth, the while the meats on gold 355
Are served, and flow the bowls with cheer.[3]
"A day, and yet another day, passed on.

[1] The majority of the VIRGILIANS seem to fail to appreciate, or to lack ability to express their appreciation of, this exquisitely natural and touching interview. Even DRYDEN falls far beneath the dignity of the occasion. The minority consists of WAGNER and DR. TRAPP. WAGNER has redeemed the text from error; and DR. TRAPP declares the scene, in its pathos and its fidelity to human nature, the most affecting in the entire Æneid. On its dramatic management I might remark that VIRGIL here displays the tact and skill of a consummate artist.

[2] Observe how small and trifling appeared to Æneas these imitations of the great originals.

[3] "Mit Sauss und Brauss."

LELAND.

"Fill the cup and fill the can,
Have a rouse before the morn."

TENNYSON.

The breezes call the sails, the canvas swells,
Puff'd by the Eastern wind. And questioning thus
To him, the prophet-priest, I bend my steps:
'O son of Troy, interpreter of heaven,
Thou who Apollo's will, the tripod's voice 360
And bays of Claros knowest, and the stars,
And omens of the tongues and hastening wings
Of birds, come, tell (for my whole course to me
Religion's favoring voice [1] hath shown, and all
The Gods persuade to seek th' Italian realms,
And trial make of those far-distant lands:
Alone Celæno sings, the Harpy she, 365
A portent new, a dread unspeakable,
And wrath denounces sad and hunger dire)
What perils of the way I shall avoid,
And guided how, throughout such labors vast,
Their wear and stress I may at last survive.'

"Here Helenus wise, first having heifers slain
In sacrifice, begs peace of heaven, and lays 370
From off his consecrated head aside
The fillets that he wore,[2] and to thy shrines,
O Phœbus, awed, and hanging on thy nod,
Here in the scene of thine abundant power,[3]

[1] "Prospera religio."

[2] Lays aside as a mark of respect to the God; or, as some say, in order the better to assume the enthusiasm of prophecy, one of the proprieties of which, according to this notion, is that the hair should be disordered.

[3] "Multo suspensum numine." The words are full of meaning, and difficult of translation. I am not satisfied with any version of them which I have seen, nor with my own; and I have thought it proper to use a full share of words in the effort to approach the original. The original brings to my mind the exclamation of my coachman on the Corniche Road, when we had arrived, one peerless day in May, upon the heights above Roccabruna, as he pointed to the entrancing view of shore and sea and sky, em-

Me leads, his own hand clasping mine ; and then,
From mouth divine, the priest thus prophesies :
'O Goddess' son, the faith is manifest [1]
That thou upon the sea dost make thy way 375
By all the mightier auspices cheered and blest.
(So he, the King of Gods, the Fates allots ;
Such is the turn of things ; such order now
Proceeds.) Therefore to thee I will set forth
Of many words a few, whereby more safe
Thou shalt the hospitable waters pass
And sit thee down within the Ausonian port.
The rest that Helenus' mind should know, the Fates 380
Deny, and Juno's mighty self forbids.
And, first that Italy fair, which thou dost deem

bracing the Augustan Tower and Monaco and Mentone, nestling amid orange and lemon groves, and mountains which, while their feet were bathed in the exquisite tints of the sea, bore aloft heads crowned with perennial snows: "Molto bell'! Molto bell'!"

But there is, besides, a supernatural thrill, brought on by an excess of inspiring surroundings, and this I have experienced on the two occasions on which I have approached that incomparable shrine of Apollo on Monte Casino, the ancient Casinum, so called from the Oscan Casca (the last town within the borders of Latium, on the Latin Way), wherefrom the earlier Christians displaced the statue of the God, and where, in the sixth century, St. Benedict established the main seat of his order.

[1] "Manifesta fides." The VIRGILIANS ignore or compromise this word "faith."

DRYDEN, PITT, and CONINGTON omit it utterly.

MORRIS compromises on the phrase "full certainly."

PIERCE says: "'T is clear thou hast crossed yon swelling flood," thus making it a thing of the past, and therefore not of faith at all.

CRANCH retains the word, but makes it personal to Helenus: "Certain is *my* faith."

ANTHON says: "Sure is *my* faith, or strong is *my* belief."

SYMMONS: "I see." This, from a Doctor of Divinity, is renouncing faith for sight.

So near, that thou, not knowing better, seek'st
At once to sail within the ports thereof,
A long and pathless path through long lands strays
Afar remote.[1] For first thine oar must bend
Trinacria's wave within, and by thy ships
The salt Ausonian waters must be plowed, 385
And thou the lake infernal must behold
And islands see of Circe Ææan base,
Before upon safe ground thou canst build up
Thy promised city. Let me now a sign
To thee declare. Keep thou it well in mind.
When anxious thou shalt walk near by a stream
That hides its waves, and there shalt find
Beneath the ilex'd shores a great white sow 390
Reclining on her side, who hath brought forth
A birth of thirty head, and round whose teats
Nestle her litter white, then know that this
Thy city's site will be, and here thy rest
Assured from toil. Nor do thou dread the tale
About the tables to be gnawed. The Fates
A way will find, and he will come, invoked,
Apollo.[2] But this coast of Italy fair 395
Which, nearest, by the very tide is washed
Of our own sea, shun thou, for there the towns
Are all inhabited by evil Greeks.[3]

[1] "Longa procul longis via dividit invia terris."

HEYNE shrewdly conjectures that a play on words is here intended: "longa procul longis," "via dividit invia."

[2] "Aderitque vocatus Apollo."

[3] "Malis Graiis." These bad Greeks were from Greece Proper. They were possessed of that inveterate Greek nationality which was wanting in the Epirote Greeks.

There lofty towers the Narcyian Locrians [1] build;
In siege Idomeneus the Lyctian holds 400
Sallentine fields; that little Petilia, too,
Is fenced with walls by Troy's dread foeman built,
Philoctetes the Melibœan chief.[2]
Now, when thy fleets have passed the waves beyond,
And thou, on altars placed upon the shore,
Thy vows shalt pay, a purple veil wear thou 405

[1] Called also Epizephyrii, the people of the region of the Zephyrs, the people of the West.

[2] Philoctetes brought to the Trojan siege the poisoned arrows of Hercules.

"Illa parva Petilia:" as though Petilia were in plain view? A thing not difficult to suppose by any one who has traveled in those delightful regions, where the mountains lift into view a dozen towns at once, shining like mosaics upon their lofty bosoms in the clear air. This entrancing view I myself have seen along the Mediterranean Alps, where, on the French and Italian coasts, they skirt the sea. DRYDEN seems to understand the phrase in the same sense: —

"And *on the mountain's brow* Petilia stands,
Which Philoctetes with his troops commands."

DRYDEN, indeed, is so impressed with this circumstance that he drops the adjective; the city only seemed little because of its distance. He might have made this idea the occasion of another line, which I will (if not too late) attempt: —

And little seems among those distant lands.

But all this romance is spoiled, in the given case, by the consideration that the nearest point of Italy was a hundred miles away from Buthrotum, and that the mountainous island of Corcyra intervened. The "illa" must therefore have been used in some other sense. I think the true sense to be that which ANTHON assigns to it: that little Petilia founded by Philoctetes, and relying for defence on the wall built by him. It was a small city because a new one, not yet built.

CONINGTON, it may be observed, quite gives Petilia away: —

"While here Petilia's tiny tower
Is manned by Philoctetes' power."

In this instance CONINGTON's method and style serve to remind one of two other lines, in the same metre, by a rival rhymester: —

"Whoever dare these boots displace
Shall meet Bombastes face to face!"

PITT and SYMMONS escape the little difficulty by ignoring the word.

Upon thy locks, lest 'mongst the sacred fires,
Which burn to render homage to the Gods,
Some hostile face may come, and so disturb
The omens seen.[1] This do thou hold a rule
In sacrifice, thou and thy comrades all.
And in this same religion may remain [2]
Thy late posterity devout and chaste! [3]
But when towards Sicily's shores the shifting wind 410
Shall send thy ships about, and open forth
Pelorus' narrow straits,[4] seek thou the left,
The left-hand land seek thou, by circuit long.
The right-hand bank shun thou, and its mad waves.[5]

[1] "Ne qua . . .
Hostilis facies occurrat, et omina turbet."

AURELIUS VICTOR relates that Æneas, in the act of sacrifice, suddenly saw Ulysses and his fleet approaching, and to preserve his incognito covered his head with a purple veil. Thence VIRGIL makes Helenus, as every circumstance in the life of his hero is important, enjoin the act as one to be followed forever. Ignatius Theophorus of Antioch, a saint of the primitive church in its first century, was accustomed to commit to paper, at the close of each day, a list of his faults of that day,—a list, it is said, which embraced even the last day of his life. This method of self-discipline became, in consequence, the usage, if not the rule, of his disciples. Noteworthy, too, is the curious story told by SERVIUS: That Diomede, suffering under the anger of the Gods, came to Æneas, to restore to him the stolen Palladium. Approaching Æneas, he found him sacrificing with the purple veil upon his face, and Æneas, continuing with the sacrifice without noticing Diomede, the Palladium was received by Nautes, one of the officers of the Trojan hero: "unde Nautiorum familia Minervæ sacra servabat."

[2] "Hac casti maneant in religione nepotes."

[3] This leading word "casti" is either wholly ignored by the VIRGILIANS, or paraphrased into "devout," or "pious," or "righteous." PITT, CONINGTON, and CRANCH ignore it utterly.

[4] The Straits of Messina.

[5] DRYDEN has it:—
"Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea:
Veer starboard, sea and land."

DRYDEN is here emulating HOMER, who was a thorough sailor.

For here, they say, by force, 'midst ruin vast,
(Such change can long antiquity produce,) 415
Were lands divided, which before were one.
With violence keen between them comes the sea,
And Sicily cuts from off Hesperia's bulk,
And flows between the sundered fields and towns
In narrow frith. The right is Scylla's [1] side,
The left implacable Charybdis [2] holds, 420
And thrice, in deepest whirlpools' gorge headlong,
He sucks the waves, again to cast them forth
By turns, and lashes with the spray the stars.
But Scylla in blind shades a cave conceals.
Her neck extending, draws she ships on rocks. 425
Her form is human first, a maid, whose breasts
Are beauteous, but below the groin a shark,
Whose dolphin-tails a womb of wolves adjoin.
'T were better far, with wise delay, a course
Round Pachynus' winding length to trace, and thus,
Doubling Trinacria's southern coast, than once, 430
Her cave within, the monster's form to see,
And rocks that ring with yelps from coal-blue dogs.
Moreover, if in aught is Helenus wise,
Or any faith to him, a prophet-priest,
Be due, if truth it is with which his mind
Apollo fills, this one thing, Goddess' son, 435
This, above all, thee I will plainly tell,
And will thee warn, again and yet again
Repeating: see that thou with earnest prayer,

[1] Daughter of Phorcus and rival of Circe, and, through Circe's arts, transformed into a monster; a dangerous rock.

[2] Charybdis stole Hercules' oxen, and was by Jupiter smitten with a thunderbolt and hurled into the sea; a whirlpool.

Great Juno's power adore; to Juno chant
Thy vows with liberal heart, and overcome
With supplicating gifts the potent Queen.
A victor, then, Trinacria left, shalt thou
Be sent of Italy's realms the bounds within. 440
When, then, the Cumæan town thou shalt approach,
The Lakes divine, and with its voiceless woods
Avernus,[1] her, the prophet-priestess wild,
Thou shalt behold, who, 'neath a sombre rock,
Sings Fates, and unto leaves her notes and names 445
Commits, in order due. And these the maid
Aside within her cave lays by, where safe
And undisturbed they stay. But when the door,
Upon its hinges turned, the wind admits,
And fly the fragile leaves throughout the cave,
No care hath she their places to restore, 450
And join the scattered writings verse to verse.[2]
So, uninformed, her votaries sad depart
And hate the Sibyl's [3] seat. But grudge thou not
Whate'er delay may come nor lapse of time,

[1] "Et Averna sonantia silvis."

[2] History, it is well said, repeats itself. Characteristics of mind are the same yesterday and to-day.

Conversing with a printer as to the printing of lawyers' briefs, he said to me, "A lawyer once refused to look at his manuscript, on my request to explain an undecipherable word, which I afterwards found was 'constitutionality,' looking like a carriage-whip. Now, was not that strange, that he should make me such a refusal?"

"That depends, as the French say," I answered. "Who was he?"

"Zebulon Baird."

I then attempted to explain that the apparent folly of my deceased friend, who possessed one of the finest legal minds of his time, had its parallel in one of the most brilliant pages of classical literature; and that printer went away wondering more than ever.

[3] "Vates," "Virgo," "Sibylla:" prophet-priestess, maid, and Sibyl.

Although thy comrades chide, and though thee call 455
Thy sails to make safe ventures on the deep;
Do thou the prophet-priestess urge, and pray
That she herself the oracle's words declare,
And freely give them with her lips and voice.[1]
She, thus approached, to thee will plainly show
The tribes Italian all and coming wars,
And how fatigues to shun, and what, and how
To bear; and by thee honored, she will crown 460
Thy struggles with success. So much may we
To thee impart, so much of warning give.
Go, act! and raise by deeds great Troy to heaven!'
"When thus unto his friend the prophet-priest
Had spoken, he order gave to carry gifts, 465
Heavy with gold and ivory, to the ships,
(The ivory cut,[2] and with the gold inlaid,)
Great weight of silver,[3] Dodonean jars,
A coat of mail, triple with rings and gold,
And by Neoptolémus worn, with cone
And hairy crest, a helmet grand. Gifts, too, 470
He makes my father; horses adds besides;
Adds grooms; . . . [4]

[1] "Vocem atque ora."

[2] "Secto elephanto." It was upon this *sheet-ivory* that the Laws of the Twelve Tables were engraven, that, pendent from the rostra in the Forum, they might be read by all the people. How wisely patriotic, then, was VIRGIL, in remarking upon the sheet-ivory as part of the gifts of the seer!

[3] "Ingens argentum." Big money.

[4] An imperfect line: "Addit equos, additque duces." The poet may have reserved the space for another gift or gifts. The word "duces" is of such general import that we are left to conjecture to fix its meaning in this instance. Had VIRGIL perfected the line, it is possible he may have made

A bank of rowers supplies, and arms provides,
The last a gift unto our comrades made.
"Meanwhile Anchises gives command to fit
The fleet with sails, lest by delay the wind,
Now favoring, might be lost; whom, while he can,
The interpreter of Phœbus presses [1] yet
With deep, abundant praise and honor due:
'Anchises, thou whom peerless Venus deemed 475
Worthy her love in wedlock proud bestowed,
Of Gods the care, and twice from ruins saved
Of Pergamean wars, behold for thee
Ausonia's land! [2] Possess it with thy sails.
And, yet, must thou it pass upon the sea.
That part to which Apollo shows the way
Of thy Ausonia still is distant far.
Go, then, O thou,' continues Helenus, kind, 480

its meaning clear. The position of the word (between horses and rowers) makes it probable that it should be translated either grooms or pilots. DRYDEN says "captains *and* pilots." WAGNER, SYMMONS, and ANTHON say pilots. HEYNE and PIERCE say "grooms," and I think with good reason. Horses without grooms would be a troublesome present, and accordingly PIERCE, with his nice eye for the practical, makes the horses "sleek" and the grooms "trusty." The horses seem to be presents to Anchises, and this is a circumstance tending in favor of the rendering of "grooms."

PITT, CONINGTON, MORRIS, CRANCH, and LONG say "guides." In this they seem to administer a rebuke to VIRGIL, for it is as much as to say that "duces" is unintelligible. The word may have had, in the time of VIRGIL, a restricted sense, in its connection either with horses or sailors, which it has since lost.

The word "dux" as a driver of horses is applied, in the 574th line of the Tenth Book, to Niphæus, whose horses run away and throw their master out, "effunduntque ducem."

[1] "Compellat." "Multo compellat honore."

[2] Said as though he would make him a present of it: —

"Ecce tibi Ausoniæ tellus!"

'A happy parent of a pious son!
But why am I thus carried forward? Why
Do I by words the rising winds delay?'
"Nor less Andromache, with this supreme
This parting moment sad, brings robes on woof
Of gold embroidered for Ascanius' gifts,
And brings a Phrygian war-cloak purple-wove
To wrap the boy; nor does she honor less
T'wards him display than Helenus' self had shown
Anchises.[1] So with textile gifts the youth 485
She loads, and thus she speaks her last farewell:
'Accept, then, these as souvenirs given,[2] the work
Of mine own hands, my boy, and the long love
Of Hector's wife, Andromache, may they
Attest. These final gifts from thine receive,
O image sole of my Astyanax mourned
To me remaining. Such his own eyes were; 490

[1] "Nec cedit honori." A phrase which troubles ANTHON, but in which there should be no difficulty. Evidently "honori" should be taken for "honore," in the ablative, and is probably a misprint. I have made an ample use of words to set forth what I consider to be the VIRGILIAN idea.

With me is SCAURUS, as reported by COOPER. But the other VIRGILIANS wander from the point.

DRYDEN, PITT, and SYMMONS ignore it altogether.

CONINGTON: —

"*Nor stints her hand*, but more and more
Brings broidered vestments from her store."

MORRIS: "Nor will she have our honor *wax a-cold*."

CRANCH: —

"A Phrygian cloak,
An offering *not unworthy*."

SYMMONS, it may be noticed, in his notes to this Book, again breaks out upon the "unfaithful evasions" of the translators, and says that, although they do "as honestly as they can," yet they present us with "strange stuff."

[2] "Monumenta."

And such his hands ; and such his countenance was.
He, had he lived, would now, of equal age
With thee, be budding into manhood's flower.'
"And leaving them, through tears that would stream down,[1]
I thus bespake our hospitable friends :
'Farewell, ye happy ones, ye unto whom
The chances of this life are acted out !
While we in Fate are called from change to change,
By you is quiet gained, no flood of sea 495
To plough, nor no Ausonian fields, that e'er
Recede, to seek. And Xanthus' effigy here
And Troy ye see, which your own hands have made, —
Made, let me hope, with better auspices, friends,
Than those of old, and that will less the rage
Imperious on them draw of Greekish hands.
If once the Tiber and the Tiberine fields 500
My feet shall stand upon, and I shall see
The walls unto my people given, then one
We 'll make the kindred cities, and the lands
But one (of whom, both in Epirus here
And in Hesperia yonder, Dardanus famed
Alike is founder, and who thus in race
And origin old one land, one people, are)
One Troy[2] in their good will from each towards each. 505
May this the care of our descendants be !'

[1] "Lachrymis obortis." ANTHON notes the force of the *ob*: *against* all efforts to restrain them, the tears arose.

[2] It will be found in the close of the poem that this hope of Æneas can-

"Seaward we fare, the near Ceraunian coast
Along, whence runs the watery way direct
To Italy's shores. Meantime, the sun goes down,
And dark the shadows on the mountains rest.
We set the sea-board watch; the rest seek land, 510
The goodly land that reaches to the wave,
And on its bosom lie we down to rest,
And on the dry sea-beach our food prepare,
And seek in sleep balm for our weary limbs.
Not yet had Night, driven by the Hours, o'er-passed

not, in name at least, be realized. Juno will stipulate, as the condition of the withdrawal of her hostility to the Trojan colonists, that the name of Troy, as an Italian name, shall not be used.

Desirous, at this point, of associating the New Æneid with still another Troy, I sent to a friend residing in Troy, New York, a copy of my rendering of this final interview between two parties of wanderers from the old Troy, one of which parties had already founded a New Troy. The fancy I thought worth gratifying to make, in that way, my link of union between the three Troys, the Asiatic, the Epirotic, and the American. My friend, the Hon. HARVEY J. KING, an enthusiastic student of VIRGIL, did me the honor to address me in response a complimentary letter, from which (omitting the compliments) I have his permission to extract the following very just remarks on heroic poetry: —

"A rhymed version must, of necessity, sacrifice something of accuracy, as well as of spirit, to the inexorable demands of terminal words and syllables. These, without strict reference to the original, must be so selected as to harmonize in sound. No one can dispute the fact that heroic verse must limp when mounted upon the stilts of rhyme. It is equally beyond dispute that to translate an epic successfully requires something more than either a literal rendering of each word of the text, *in totidem verbis*, or the composition of an epic in the vernacular embodying the same theme in the writer's own language. I am not competent to say just what *is* necessary, or to use the best words to express the idea; but I suppose the great essentials are to retain and fitly exhibit the dignity and force of the author and of his language, and at the same time to do justice to the grace and beauty of his diction by the use of like substance and methods."

The middle orb, when from his couch arose
Unslothful Palinurus, and explores
All winds, and seizes with his ears the airs . . .[1]
And all the stars he notes, gliding serene 515
Throughout the silent sky: 'Arcturus there;'
'And prophets true of rain, the Hyades;'
'And yonder Bears the Great, the Less;'[2] and looks,
Besides around all these and many more,
Around Orion armed with gold; and sees
That all the signs declare a favoring day.
Then signal gives he clear from his boat's stern.
Our camp we move, resume the seaward way, 520
And spread our sails' broad wings. Was blushing now
The dawn the fleeing stars among, when far
Dark hills we saw, and the low coast's dim line:
Our ITALY 't was! Achates 'ITALY!' first
Shouts forth; and 'ITALY' we, with joyful cheers,
Salute.[3] Then, jubilant, with a garland fair 525

[1] The dramatic pause is my own. Adsum qui feci.

[2] These words, so quoted, I am the first translator to place in the mouth of Palinurus. And, in so doing, I make a new reading. It seems well worthy of remark in this connection that the influence of the planets upon the state of the weather, and especially in controlling the recurrence and extent of rain-storms, is claimed as one of the latest triumphs of modern astronomical science.

The poet, with much art, thus scans, with Palinurus, the great constellations, and remarks upon the favoring indications of the heavens as the prelude to the announcement which he will make presently of the first sight of Italy.

[3] It should be observed that as the Gods in solemn invocation are called on thrice (the number three being a sacred number), so the poet here names Italy thrice, the threefold repetition being supposed to be propitious. And so, according to TASSO, the Crusaders saluted Jerusalem: —

A mighty bowl father Anchises crowned,
And with unwatered wine he filled it high,
And then the powers of heaven invoked, while he
Upon the lofty stern stood forth . . .[1]
'Gods, potent over sea and earth and storm,
Make easy way for winds, breathe favoring airs.' 530
The winds desired blew fresh, the port, more near,
Grew wide, and on the embattled heights was seen
Minerva's fane. The sails our comrades furl
And turn to shore the prows. The port, by dash
Of eastern storms, into a bow was curved,
Each horn with foam of salt-sea waves was washed
And stood the harbor back, while rocks their arms
Send forth, twin rocks in shape of rising towers, 535
And stands withdrawn the temple from the shore.
Four horses here upon the sward I saw,
Grazing at large the field, and white as snow.
An omen, and our first. 'Thou bearest war,'
Father Anchises[2] said, 'O land, although
With welcome beams thy face, because for war 540
Are horses armed. These creatures threaten war.
Yet, from of old, have quadrupeds been used
The car to draw, and quietly tame the yoke

"'Jerusalem!' a thousand voices cry,
'All hail, Jerusalem!' hill, down, and dale,
Catch the glad sounds, and shout, 'Jerusalem, all hail!'"

[1] "Stans celsa in puppi."
An imperfect line; and apparently intentionally so.

[2] It will be observed that Anchises is now frequently brought upon the scene. The reason with VIRGIL seems to be that his death is soon to be announced, and that therefore he should now be made especially prominent.

To bear, and this means hope and peace.'[1] And then
The holy will[2] of Pallas we invoke,
Pallas armisonant,[3] who first received
Our glad ovation; and to Juno, too,
Argive though she,[4] our heads in purple veiled, 545
The Phrygian veil which Helenus' care had urged
So strongly we should wear in sacred rites,
With solemn ritual, sacrifice we burn.[5]
"Delay is none. Our vows performed, we go.
Our yards sail-clad swing round. We leave
Suspected fields, homes of the sons of Greece. 550
Tarentum's Bay (Herculean once 't was called,
If Fame be true) we see. And opposite these
Arises Juno's fane, Lacinian named,
And Caulon's citadel famed, and, foe to ships,
Sylaceum. Out of that wide watery waste
Rose up Trinacrian Ætna's summit high.[6]
Then hear we of the sea a groaning great, 555

[1] It seems to me noteworthy, in this connection, that the horses of Turnus whom we shall see vanquished by Æneas, were white.

[2] "Numina sancta."

[3] "Palladis armisonæ." *Armisonous*, sonorous with arms, part of which, on occasion, were the very thunderbolts of Jove, which she was privileged to wield. But I prefer the word of my own making, *armisonant*, just as I prefer resonant to sonorous. MORRIS says: "Pallas of the weapon-din."

[4] It goes hard with a Trojan to invoke Juno. Patriotism.

[5] "Jussos adolemus honores."

[6] Although far inland, this mountain is so lofty that from the sea its top is seen before the surrounding land appears. Its summit seems to emerge from the waves. So have I seen, from the balconies of the Hotel of Peace in Geneva, Mont Blanc's summit pierce the sunshine at a distance of sixty miles; and, from those of the Hotel of Great Britain in Mentone, the peaks of Corsica, at a distance of a hundred.

And beaten rocks, and broken voices weird
Sound on the shore; leap up the lower depths,
And with the whirling foam is mixed the sand.
'No doubt that here,' father Anchises said,
'Is that Charybdis. Helenus' words foretold
These cliffs, these fearful rocks. Ho! comrades, quick,
And save the ships! Rise to the oars in ranks,
As though one man!' Nor less did they than bid.
First Palinurus to the left his prow
Brings round. And for the left the convoy all
With oars and winds contend. Nor aught too soon.
For by a whirlpool upwards to the skies
They're borne, and then, as sinks the wave that quick
Returns, down to the Shades they plunge submerged.
Thrice roared the cliffs their hollow caves within.
Thrice leaped the foam. And thrice the stars we saw
Bedimmed with dew terrene that dashed on high.
"Meanwhile us, wearied, wind and sun forsake;
And, all unknowing of the way, we glide
Upon the Cyclops' coasts. A harbor there
Receives us, safe from stir of winds, and vast
Itself,[1] but near it Ætna huge in wastes
Horrific roars. A cloud all black to heaven
It belches forth, through which the pitchy tints

[1] "Et ingens ipse."

Of smoke in fury wreathe, and ashes burn,[1]
And, into which, in lurid light upborne,
Rise up bright globes of flame, and licks
The stars,[2] the while, its vaporous sides adown 575

[1] "Candente favilla," ashes white hot.

[2] "Et sidera lambit." *Ætna* licks the stars. There is a temptation to make the globes of flame lick the stars, and to this temptation it must be said that PITT, CONINGTON, and CRANCH succumb. Of course, the idea is rather novel than proper that globes have tongues. The idea is less novel, but more proper, that volcanoes have tongues. VIRGIL's graphic power is nowhere more manifest than in this description of Ætna.

ADDISON has attempted a translation of this passage of the Æneid, but he ignores the "sidera lambit:" —

"Lost in the gloomy horror of the night
We struck upon the coast where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vast showers of ashes hovering in the smoke;
Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame
Incensed, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or flings a broken rock aloft in air.
The bottom works with smothered fire, involved
In pestilential vapors, stench and smoke."

ADDISON paints a grander picture of the same scene, when under the inspiration of patriotism. In his *Poem to the King* (William the Third), he says: —

"Behold where Berkley stands
And executes his injured King's commands;
Around thy coasts his bursting bombs he pours
On flaming citadels and falling tow'rs;
With hizzing streams of fire the air they streak,
And hurl destruction round 'em where they break;
The skies with long-ascending flames are bright,
And all the sea reflects a quivering light.
Thus Ætna, when in fierce eruption broke,
Fills heaven with ashes, and the earth with smoke;
Here crags of broken rocks are twirled on high,
Here molten stones and scattered cinders fly:
Its fury reaches the remotest coast,
And strews the Asiatic shore with dust."

All of which proves how much greater, in the imagination of Addison, was a British than an Italian Ætna. But an Englishman is always eloquent in speaking of England. Thus Thomson in his *Autumn:* —

It vomits rocks and its own entrails torn,[1]
And, with a groan, it gathers from its depths
Masses of melted stones, and pours them forth.
Report so says that by this mount is pressed
Enceladus,[2] struck down by thunderbolts

"Ribb'd with oak
To bear the British thunder, black and bold,
The roaring vessel rushed into the main."

Admirable is WEST's translation of PINDAR's description, in his First Pythian, of

"Snowy Ætna, nurse of endless frost,
The pillared prop of heaven;"

. . . . . .

"Forth from whose nitrous caverns issuing rise
Pure liquid fountains of tempestuous fire,
Which veil in ruddy mists the noon-day skies,
While wrapped in smoke the eddying flames aspire;
Or gleaming through the night with hideous roar,
Far o'er the reddening main huge rocky fragments pour."

[1] Lava. "Avulsa viscera montis." The lava on the sides of Vesuvius, as I saw it, on two occasions, resembles the rent entrails of an army of elephants.

The translators (CONINGTON excepted) would seem to have confused notions of the contents of a volcano.

VIRGIL here amplifies one of the causes of his own burst of wonder, near the close of the First Georgic, at the portents attending the assassination of Julius Cæsar: the sun withholding his accustomed heat during a whole unfruitful year, wolves howling in the streets of cities, animals uttering human words, the water in the wells turning to blood, the statues sweating blood, the images of the Gods shedding tears, the sounds of battle heard in the heavens, the destructive inundations; the very mountains amazed, the Alps reeling, and Ætna pouring forth from her uncontrollable furnaces fields of lava, while globes of flame attested a wrath which melted the very rocks within her bosom: —

"Quotiens Cyclopum effervere in agros
Vidimus undantem ruptis fornacibus Ætnam,
Flammarumque globos liquefactaque volvere saxa!"

In the year 1737, the Academy of Naples, in describing the incidents of the eruption of that year, confirm VIRGIL's account of the intensity of volcanic fires, for they declare that in that eruption, the rocks *were* melted.

[2] Son of Titan and Terra, and the chief of the Giants who warred upon Jupiter. As he fled, discomfited by the thunderbolts of the Supreme God, Minerva hurled upon him the Island of Sicily.

And half consumed, and that vast Ætna yet
From out its broken caverns breathes the flame,[1] 580
And that when, wearied, he from side to side
His posture changes, trembles with his groans
Trinacria's isle, and veiled is heaven with smoke.[2]
"Throughout that night we, shielded by the woods,
Hear horrible alarms, nor can perceive
What cause can give the sound.[3] For not the stars 585
Their fires to earth cast down, nor was the pole
With air sidereal bright, but clouds the heaven
Obscured, and in dark shade was held the moon
Dulled by the haze and dimness of that sky.
"And now the day was struggling through the East,
And from the pole Aurora fair had driven

[1] The flame of the thunderbolts.

[2] Ætna, then, in the Greek mythology, typified the punishment of rebellion.

[3] The commonly received version makes these sounds proceed from the mountain. But the mountain they had seen from the time they sailed out of the Bay of Tarentum. The fable of Enceladus they knew as a prominent feature in mythological learning. The sounds, therefore, must have been the bellowings of Polyphemus suffering from the loss of his eye bored out, the day before, by Ulysses and his Greeks. The sounds of Ætna had been heard and accounted for. The new sounds, for which they could assign no cause, were the outcries of the wounded Polyphemus. And, too, the connecting particle and conjunction "jamque" sustains my theory. They connect the sounds heard with the appearance of Achemenides: "We heard strange sounds, for which, the night being dark, we could not account, and it was not mere imagination, for Achemenides, at break of day, made his appearance, and informed us of the wounded condition of Polyphemus, in whose near vicinity we had passed the night."

Addison so fully concurs with my opinion that he adds to the sounds "dismal *yells*."

The humid shades nocturnal, when there came 590
Advancing suddenly from the woods: what was it?
An unknown man's new shape,[1] a wretched shape [2]
In style,[3] and, supplicating, to the shore
Its hands extended. We upon it gaze.
For dire its foulness was. Neglected fell
Its beard; and held in place its coverings [4] were
With thorns. But, otherwise, a Greek, and once 595
Sent forth [5] to Troy in arms of Greece. And now,
As he advanced from where he stood, and spied
Our Dardan costumes and our Trojan arms,
A little stuck he,[6] in aspect dismayed,
But then renewed his pace, and soon bore down [7]
Precipitately for the shore with tears
And prayers: "I do obtest, by stars, by Gods, 600
And by this light of heaven we breathe; take me,
Ye Teucrians; whatsoe'er the lands whereto
Ye lead me, I shall go content. I know
That I belonged to Danaan battle-ships,

[1] "Ignoti nova forma viri." A phrase which has troubled all the translators, who escape the trouble by ignoring or compromising "nova forma," a new style, as it were, of an Arkansas traveler. Thus DRYDEN compromises: —

"Somewhat between a mortal and a sprite
. . . he scarce resembled man."

And PITT: "A suppliant stranger more than half a ghost."

And CONINGTON: "A shape he was resembling man."

[2] "Miseranda," agreeing with "forma."

[3] "Cultu."

[4] "Tegumen." *Not* "clothing;" the word clothing, "habitus," is refused. It is used below, as to the Æneans, but this sans-culotte, this nondescript, had no clothing. ADDISON ignores.

[5] It is observable that the gender changes. "Missus" is masculine, and agrees, not with "forma," but with "Graius."

[6] "Conterritus hæsit." See the Second Book, note to line 243.

[7] "Tulit."

And I confess that I have sought in war
The Trojan household Gods. For which, if such
A punishment deserves our crime, strew me 605
In floods,[1] submerge me in the mighty deep.
If thus I shall my sad life yield at last,
Glad will I be that 't is through hands of men.'
"He spoke, and clasped our knees, and to the ground
Rolled down, but still to our knees held fast.
Him, what his name might he, and what his race,
To tell, we urge, and by what fortune ill
Harassed. Himself Father Anchises gives 610
His right hand to the youth, with slight delay,
And by this present pledge his heart makes strong.
And so, all fear abandoned, speaks he thus:
'From Ithaca I am, my native land,
And I was with Ulysses,[2] hapless chief.
My name is Achemenides. To Troy
My father Adamasto, a poor man, 615
(And oh that this estate had still remained!)
Me brought. For here, within the Cyclops' den,
A cavern vast, me timid comrades left,
Careless of me, but mindful of themselves.
A den it is of gore and bloody feasts,

[1] "Spargite me in fluctus."
Did the misery of this wretched man inspire the Avonian Muse?
"Blow me about in winds! Roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!"
Last Scene of Othello.

[2] "Comes infelicis Ulixi."
"I was with Grant . . .
. . . before the war!"
BRET HARTE.

Within opaque, immense: he, full of force
And lofty as the stars, (Gods, save the earth
This plague!) no kindly look gives forth, no word 620
Compassionate[1] speaks, but he on entrails feeds
And clotted gore of miserable men.
I saw, myself, him with his huge hands seize,
While he, stretched out upon the cavern's floor,
Lay prone, two of our men; and them upon the flint
He dashed, until the place all swam with gore 625
Exuded. And I saw how he their limbs,
With black ooze flowing, chewed, and how the flesh,
Yet warm, trembled beneath his teeth. And yet
Not long to stay unpunished. For our chief,
Ulysses, suffered not such things, not thus
Forgetful of himself the Ithacan shrewd,
In so great stress of peril. For it came 630
That gorged with flesh, and buried deep in drink,
His neck fell limp in sleep, and through the cave
Immense he spread, gore vomiting, and bits
Of bloody flesh mingled with fiery wine.[2]
And we, having the will of heaven invoked,
And cast the lots, pressed one and all around,[3] 635
And bored, with spear well-sharpened for the work,
His eye immense and sole, which, 'neath his brow
Severe, lurked round like shield of Argolis bright

[1] "Nec dictu affabilis ulli."

[2] One of the French VIRGILIANS suppresses this passage as indelicate.

[3] "Una undique circumfundimur." The active sense in the passive form. Consult note to line 383 of the Second Book.

Or Phœbus' lamp.[1] And thus, at length, well-pleased,
The shades of our lost comrades we avenge.[2]
But fly, fly, wretched men, and from the shore
Your cables tear . . .[3] 640
For, like to Polyphemus, in his cave
His woolly flocks inclosing for their milk,
A hundred more, his fellow Cyclops, dwell
Unspeakable within these hollow caves,
And on the mountains range. Already now
Her third horn Luna fills, since I have passed 645
My life here in the woods, amidst the lairs
And desert homes of beasts, and from the cliffs
Have watched the giant Cyclops, and with dread
Have trembled at their sounds of step or voice,
My food the berries or the cherries[4] hard 650
The branches yield, or roots sought in the fields.
From my high place for watching looking round
On all the view,[5] the objects first I saw
Were your ships making for the shore. To this,
Then, come what will, come weal or woe, alike
I am resolved. Enough it is this race
Unutterable to have shunned. Do ye
This life of mine quench by what death ye will.'

[1] The terror of Achemenides is well exhibited in his words. The Cyclop is high as the stars, and his eye suggests the sun.

[2] Polyphemus was one of the sons of Neptune, and for this injury Neptune pursued Ulysses with fury on the sea, in storm and shipwreck.

[3] "Rumpite." This one word is the entire VIRGILIAN line. A dramatic pause. Terror suspended the speaker's power of articulation. He says only a few lines below that the Cyclops are infandous (unspeakable), and nefandous (unmentionable).

[4] "Corna." The Cornelian cherry. The usual and unmeaning translation is "cornel."

[5] "Omnia collustrans."

"He scarce had spoken, when on highest mount 655
Himself we saw, moving his flocks among,
The shepherd Polyphemus,[1] his huge bulk
Its course directing towards the well-known shores,
A monster horrible, uncouth and huge,
Of light deprived. A trunk of pine he holds
And guides it that his steps it may support.
Around him flock, with wool clad thick his sheep, 660
The evil man's sole joy, his meek-eyed friends,
His consolation sole . . .[2]
And then the surf he touched, and to the floods
He came, and with them laved the flowing sore
His eye dug-out displayed, while his teeth gnashed, 665
And groans he heaved intense. And now, although
Deep in the middle waves, his bulky sides
Were unwet by the sea. We far off thence
Our flight dismayed urge swift with him who well
Our kindness merited; silent we cables cut;

[1] "Pastorem Polyphemum." Pastor Polyphemus. Keenly ironical, especially from a pastoral poet. It is, indeed, remarkable, how readily VIRGIL here surrenders himself to the charm of pastoral surroundings, even under adverse circumstances. His surrender is so complete that he forgets the heroic style and even lapses into the petty prettiness of rhyme: —

"Ipsum inter pecudes vasta se mole moventem
Pastorem Polyphemum, et litora nota petentem:
Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum."

The last syllable rhymes with seven words of the three lines, and is so playful that it suggests the "tum tum" of a serenade.

[2] "Solamenque mali." An imperfect line. The pause may be intended to mark the interval of time between his progress from the mountain-top to the coast.

And prone we plow with striving oars the waves.
He hears, and towards the sound his footsteps turns.
But since his strength was now by waters checked, 670
Nor further forth could stem th' Ionian Gulf,
A cry immense he raised. Trembled the sea
And all its waves; the noise the Italian land
Far inward horrified, and echoes found
In Ætna's gloomy caves.[1] But, from the woods
And mountains high, the race Cyclopean huge, 675
By that dread summons of their master called,
Down to the harbor rushed, and thronged the shore.
The Ætnean brotherhood arrayed we see,
And each severe with single eye, their heads
To heaven upheld; a congress most abhorred.[2]
So stood they, as with lofty peaks the oaks 680
Aerial, or cone-bearing cypresses tall,
The forest high of Jove, or Dian's grove.
Sharp fear us drives precipitate to scud [3]
Where'er we may, and sails to stretch prepared
For prosperous winds. But yet came to our minds
The words of Helenus grave and his commands
That we should steer from Scylla free and from
Charybdis clear, each with small difference dread. 685
Safe is the backward course. But now behold
Sent down from out Pelorus' narrow strait
Comes Boreas. And Pantagia's live-rock mouths
I pass, Megara's Gulf and Thapsus flat.

[1] "Curvisque immugiit Ætna cavernis."

[2] "Concilium horrendum."

[3] "Excutere." Capiet extremum scabies, is the phrase of HORACE. Sauve qui peut. A qui mieux mieux.

Unto the shores which now again we reach, 690
In passing on our backward course, such names
Gave Achemenides, he who, secure,
Sailed forth with us, hapless Ulysses' friend.
"Stretched wide in the Sicanian Gulf there lies
An island opposite Plemmyrium's shores,
Plemmyrium washed by waves, which men of old
Ortygia called. Thither, so fame reports
Was Elis' stream, Alpheus, beneath the sea,
By hidden ways brought o'er, which through thy mouth,
Blends, Arethusa, with Sicilian waves.[1] 695
There, by command, we pious reverence pay
Unto the mighty deities high whose wills[2]
The honored place control, and thence I sail
Fertile Helorus' marshy soil along.
Hence coast we[3] the high cliffs and jutting rocks 700
Of Pachynus' coasts; and Camarina far,
With all its towered hills, looms up to view,
Obedient never to the oracle's voice.[4]

[1] Alpheus, a river in the Peloponnesus, in love with Arethusa, pursued her, but Diana transported her to Ortygia in Sicily, and there transformed her into a fountain. The river made its way beneath the sea to mingle its waves with those of the fountain.

"Divine Alpheus, who, by secret sluice,
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse."

MILTON, *Arcades.*

[2] "Numina magna loci."

[3] The changes in the pronouns here and lower down, follow VIRGIL.

[4] "Fatis nunquam concessa moveri." The oracle counseled Camarina *not* to drain a marsh between her and the sea. In disregard of the oracle she made the drain, and across the marsh an invading force advanced to the capture of the town.

And then the fields Geloian ; Gela,[1] too,
Wide-spread, called from its river's name. And thence
Acraga's [2] steep its lengthy walls far shows,
Once breeder of high-mettled steeds,[3] and thee,
Selinus, with thy palms I leave, borne on 705
By prosperous winds, and pass the hidden shoals
Of Lilybeia's coast. Hence me receives
Dread Drepanum's port and joyless shore. For here,
By such stress driven, and tempests of the sea,
I lose, alas! my father, him the stay 710
Of every care and hurt, Anchises dear.
Here thou, O best of fathers, dost me leave,
Thou snatched in vain from perils that have thronged
Our ways around! Not Helenus' self, the priest,
The prophet-priest, when me he sought to guard
'Gainst many griefs to come foretold this woe ;
Not e'en Celæno, prophetess dire.[4] My last
This labor was, and this of lengthened ways
The final bound. Departed thence, some God 715
Me hither brought a Wanderer to your shores."
Thus, while intent and eager listened all,
Father Æneas, he the speaker sole,

[1] "*Immanisque* Gela," says ANTHON, because its shield bore the device of the Minotaur. But is not this far-fetched?

[2] Agrigentum.

[3] "Magnanimum Equorum."

[4] Observe the vehemence of this filial outburst. It should have been remarked that the narration of Æneas had already disclosed that he, superseding Anchises, had lately assumed command of the fleet; an indication of the failing health of Anchises.

Æneas rests.

Of Gods the Fates [1] recounted and their course.
Silent he was at length, and of his words
An end being made, he rested from his speech.[2]

[1] The Gods of Troy (the Penetralian "and the Mightier Ones") controlled and driven about by the Fates.

[2] VIRGIL closes this narration with a dignity altogether incomparable. "Quievit," he *rested*, a phrase of the Forum and the Law-Courts, for which some of the VIRGILIANS substitute "*he retired to rest*," a term of fashionable conventionality wholly apart from the dignity of an epic poem, which does not propose to pursue the hero beyond the audience-hall.

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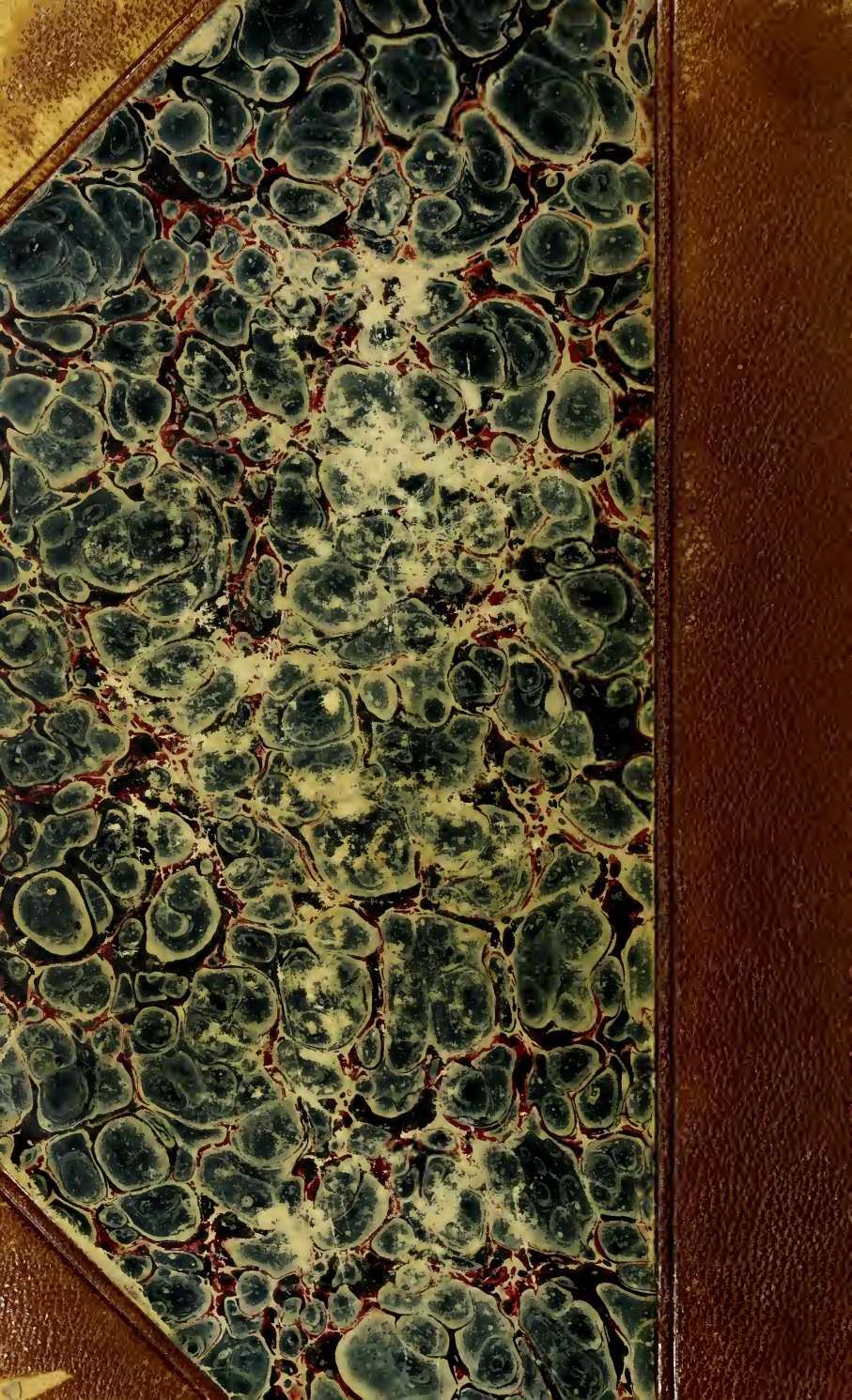
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